CORNUCOPIA

TURKEY FOR CONNOISSEURS

ISSUE 56 2017

NEYHAN GÜLEN

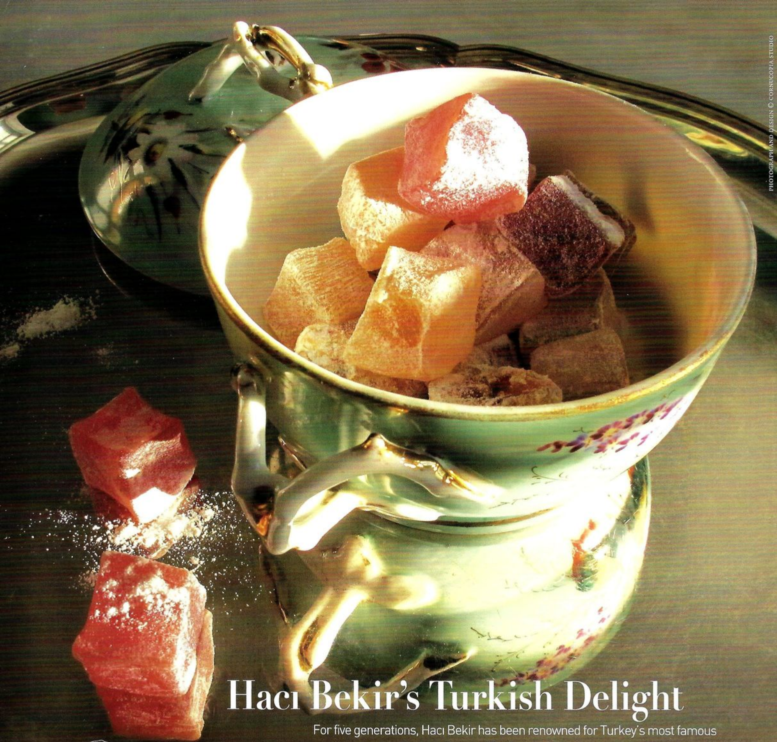
GOOD VIBRATIONS
ISTANBUL'S NEW BOHEMIA

GLAMPING WITH NOMADS
A LIFE IN TENTS

STONES OF THE STEPPE
ANI'S 1,001 CHURCHES

TURKEY'S FINEST WINES

APHRODISIAS
PACKS A PUNCH



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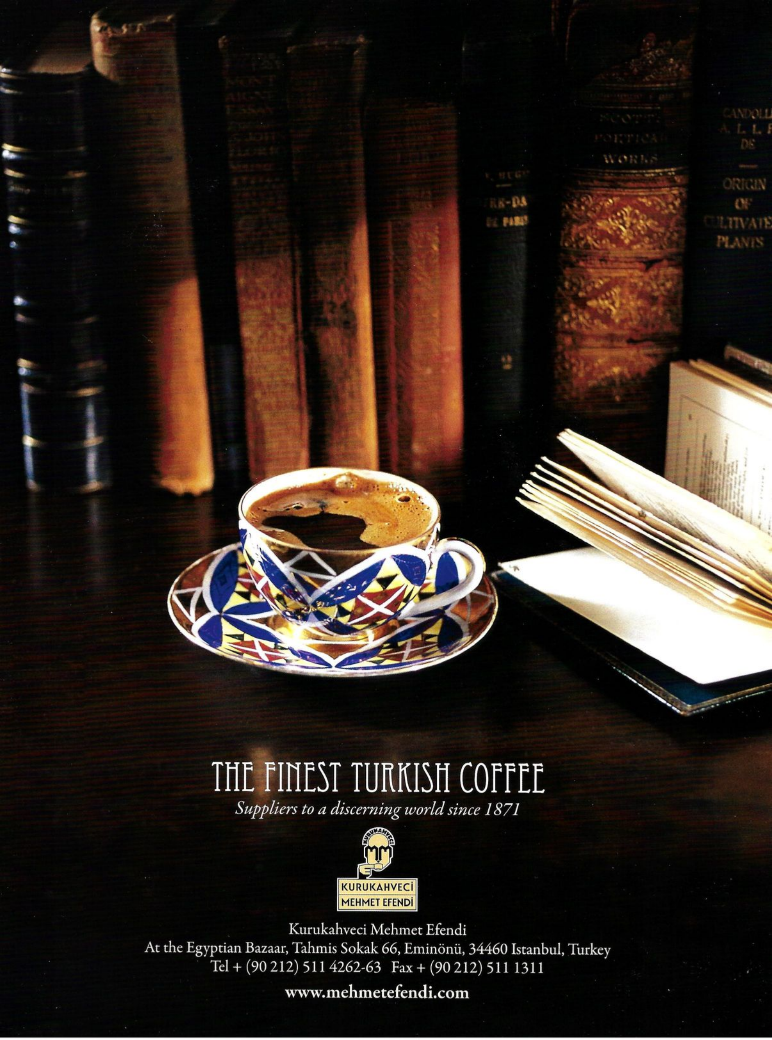

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CONNOISSEUR

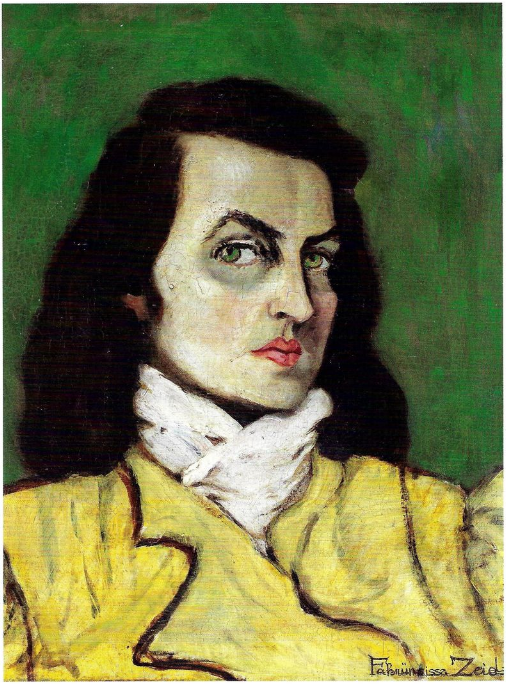
ADVENTURES OF THE PAINTER PRINCESS. PLUS OTTOMAN STREET FASHION, THE PAST THROUGH A LENS, SCYTHIAN TREASURES AND A FLASK FOR THIRSTY PILGRIMS

THE DAZZLING PRINCESS

FAMOUS FOR HER PROLIFIC LARGE-SCALE ABSTRACT COMPOSITIONS AND CAPTIVATING LIFE STORY, THE 'PAINTER PRINCESS' OF TURKISH MODERN ART RECEIVES A LONG-OVERDUE TRIBUTE. BY ZEYNEP UZUNER

There is about the art of Fahrelnissa Zeid a sense of irrepressible strength and blind devotion in the face of loss, illness, exile and struggle. "You must have a story to tell, a song to sing," her biographer, Adili Laidi-Hanieh, reports the artist proclaiming, "otherwise you will only be a painter, not a creator." And Zeid certainly had a story to tell. Now, after many years of relative obscurity, both her life journey and her extraordinarily versatile work are reaching a wider audience as a retrospective at Tate Modern in London moves to Berlin.

Zeid was born Fahrelnissa Şakir Kabaağaçlı, in 1901, on Büyükada, largest of the Princes Islands, to an Ottoman diplomat, Şakir Pasha, and his Cretan wife, İsmet Hanım. She grew up in a home filled with books and objets d'art, exposed



A 1944 SELF-PORTRAIT BY THE REMARKABLE FAHRELNİSSA ZEİD (1901–99), WHO MARRIED A PRINCE AND LIVED THROUGH TWO WORLD WARS, AN UPRISING AND ASSASSINATIONS

SEMA AND BARBAROS ÇAĞA COLLECTION © RAAD ZEID AL-HUSSEIN. PHOTO: HADIYE CANGÖKÇE

to myriad cultural influences, but her privileged existence descended into tragedy when she was 13, with the fatal shooting of her father by her brother Cevat.

Nonetheless, she was one of the first to attend the School of Fine Arts for Girls in Istanbul, in 1919; her sister, Aliye Berger, also became a well-known figurative painter. In 1920, Fahrelnissa married İzzet Melih Devrim, an author and businessman. One son, Nejad Devrim, would in his turn become an abstract painter, while her daughter, Şirin Devrim, became an actor, film director and author. The marriage was dissolved in 1934.

Zeid's expressive style was deeply influenced by her formative years in both Paris and Istanbul. She studied Old Master paintings and Neoclassical sculpture on museum visits in Europe, was introduced to Post-Impressionist and avant-garde painting methods at the studio of Roger Bissière in Paris in 1928, and completed her art education as a student of the Impressionist Namık İsmail at Istanbul's State Academy of Fine Arts.

In 1935, Fahrelnissa married the Hashemite Prince Zeid al-Hussein of Iraq, then ambassador to Turkey, with whom she had a son, Raad.

Her husband was posted to Berlin, but with the outbreak of war was recalled to Baghdad. In Iraq, Zeid suffered depression, for which art was her therapy. Moving between Paris, Budapest and Istanbul, she was introduced to the avant-garde Turkish D Group, including such advocates of the plastic arts as Abidin Dino, Nurullah Berk and Bedri Rahmi Eyüboğlu.

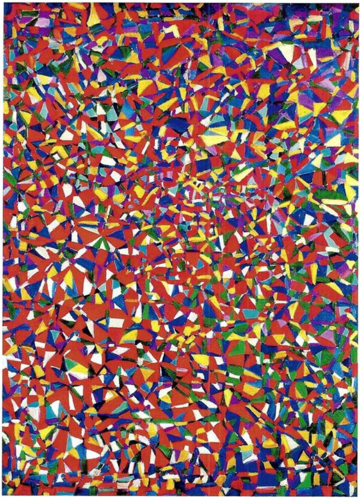
Her first solo exhibition was held in her apartment in the fashionable Maçka district in 1945, when her subject matter ranged from still lifes and nudes to landscapes and portraits. Already in evidence were the vibrant colours and black lines that would become her signature.

In 1946, Zeid was chosen to represent Turkey at the first important post-war exhibition organised by UNESCO in Paris, and received favourable notices. Sarah Wilson, in her catalogue essay for the Tate Modern exhibition, argues that "her large paintings remain unrivalled in their ambitious scale by any woman artist until Joan Mitchell and her 1960s triptychs". *My Hell* (1951) was the first work by a female Turkish abstract artist to be exhibited at the ICA in London, in 1954, and the first painting in the Istanbul Museum of Modern Art collection.

When Zeid's husband was appointed ambassador to England in the late 1950s, the family settled in London, though Zeid kept an atelier in Paris, living and working between the two cities, exhibiting her work in the London Embassy as well as in Parisian galleries. Paintings from this period reveal a new-found sense of space, freedom and movement. The main hall of the Tate Modern retrospective was filled with her vigorous and almost sculptural large abstract canvases.

In her memoirs, Zeid would recall how her style was influenced by her love of swimming and counting the reflections of the sunbeams on the blue waters of the Bosphorus or around the island of Ischia. It was while in Ischia, in 1958, that she and her husband learnt of the assassination of the Iraqi royal family, and were given 24 hours to vacate the London Embassy. Zeid's turn towards darker colours and heavier layering, with much heavier brushstrokes, reflects her deep sorrow at these events.

After her husband's death in 1970, Zeid moved to Jordan to live near her son, and established an Institute of Fine



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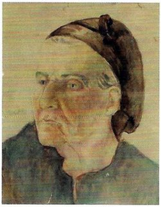
ABOVE 'RESOLVED PROBLEMS', 1948
LEFT 'MY GRANDMOTHER', SIGNED FAHRELNISSA CHAKIR 1915, PAINTED WHEN THE ARTIST WAS 14
RIGHT 'SOMEONE FROM THE PAST'
BELOW A PORTRAIT OF HER HUSBAND PRINCE ZEID-AL-HUSSEIN, 1967
OPPOSITE ZEID IN PARIS IN THE 1960S; HER 1947 WORK 'FIGHT AGAINST ABSTRACTION'



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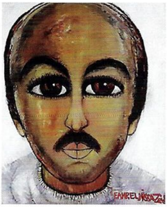

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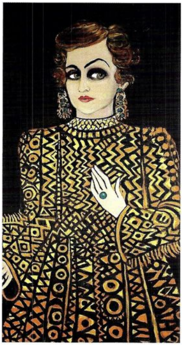

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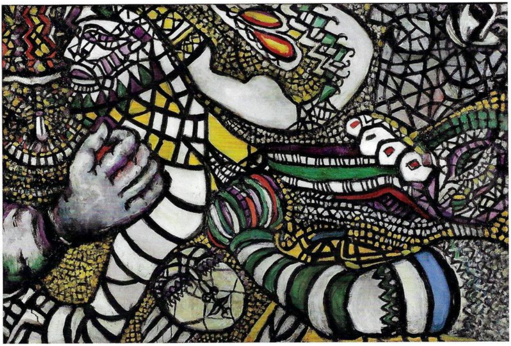

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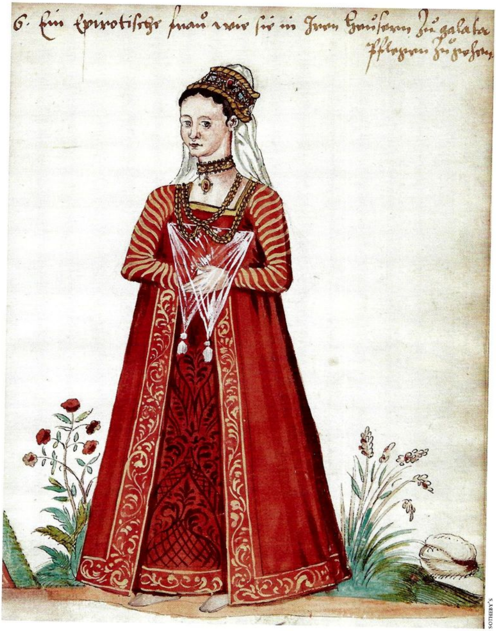
Arts. In her later years she concentrated on portraits, always part of her oeuvre. Very strong, dark, surrealistic figures with large, expressive eyes are centred against contrasting backgrounds, displaying an acute awareness of the sitter's emotional landscape.

The long-overdue Tate Modern show, said Elif Bayoğlu, a Sotheby's Turkey specialist and one of the exhibition's supporters, has helped to put Zeid back on the international art history map, "presenting a new opportunity to rediscover this distinguished artist's exceptional life story and her unequalled talent in creating some of the most complex, sophisticated compositions". ◆

'Fahrelnissa Zeid' is at the Deutschebank KunstHalle, Berlin, Oct 20–March 25, before transferring to Beirut

STREET FASHION

This detailed costume drawing of a Christian woman from Istanbul, described in the German inscription as "a woman of Epirus in street dress going to her house in Galata", comes from a collection of eight 16th-century watercolours in the Travel, Atlases, Maps and Natural History sale at Sotheby's in London (Nov 14, est £30–40,000). Until recently the vellum album was in the legendary Henry M Blackmer Library, sold at Sotheby's in 1989. In the 1700s it belonged to Ferdinand Sigismund Kress von Kressenstein of Nuremberg, whose father signed the Peace of Westphalia, ending the Thirty Years War. The artist is unknown, but like Pieter Coecke van Aelst, featured in this issue (page 58), would have travelled in the entourage of an envoy. Comparisons have been drawn to a set of drawings c1573 in the Gennadius Library in Athens, as well as to the much-copied costume illustrations of Nicolas de Nicolay, published in 1568.


6. Ein Epirotiſche frau wie ſie in Iren Heüſern zu galata
pflegen zu gehen.

SOTHEBY'S

ONE FOR THE ROAD

One of the stars of London's Islamic Sales Week held by Christie's, Bonhams and Sotheby's is this rare, beautifully decorated 17th-century Ottoman tombak (gilt-copper) *matara*, or pilgrim's flask at Sotheby's (Oct 25, lot 202, est £60–80,000).

SCYTHIAN GOLD

The British Museum's exhibition *Scythians: warriors of ancient Siberia*, organised with the Hermitage, St Petersburg, will thrill anyone with an interest in Central Asia and its deep-rooted Turkic associations. Both the gold plaque in the shape of a coiled panther and the gold belt plaque in the shape of a Scythian funerary scene date from the 4th or 3rd century BC and belonged to the Siberian collection of Peter the Great, now in the Hermitage.
Until January 14, 2018

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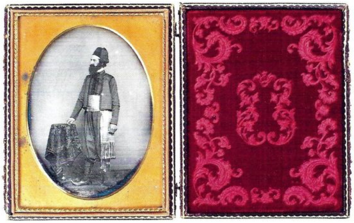
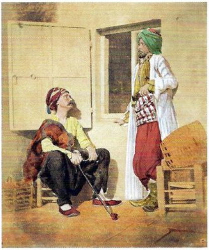
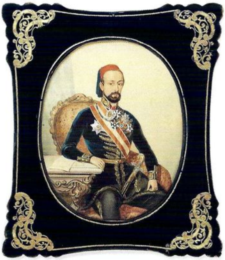
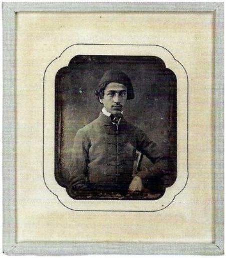
LONG EXPOSURE

Gümüşten Suretler (Faces from Silver) takes its name from the silver plates of daguerreotypes, forerunner of photography. This summer show of early photographs from the Ömer M Koç Collection at Istanbul's Sadberk Hanım Museum focused on photography's impact on portrait and landscape art in 1843–60. "Snappers" were then painters first, and their attention to colour and composition showed. Sadly, a dearth of foreign visitors has meant that this gem of a show came only with an excellent Turkish catalogue (available from cornucopia.net).

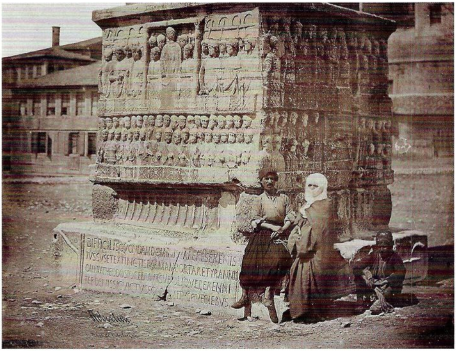








'Faces from Silver' at the Sadberk Hanım Museum
Top A daguerreotype of 'Miner Kilbourne Kellogg', New York, 1846
Above Michael Halliday and the Pre-Raphaelite painter William Holman Hunt in Turkish costume. The 1856 photograph coloured with watercolour and gouache is by the Scotsman James Robertson
Centre An 1849 calotype tinted with watercolour of Kibrisli Mehmed Emin Pasha, taken in London when he was ambassador there
Far right Osman Hamdi Bey, the great Orientalist painter and founder of the Istanbul Archaeological Museum, shown as a boy in a photograph attributed to Carlo Naya, c1855
Right Byzantine reliefs on the pedestal of the obelisk in Istanbul's Hippodrome, by James Robertson, 1853. Colourful local figures impart scale

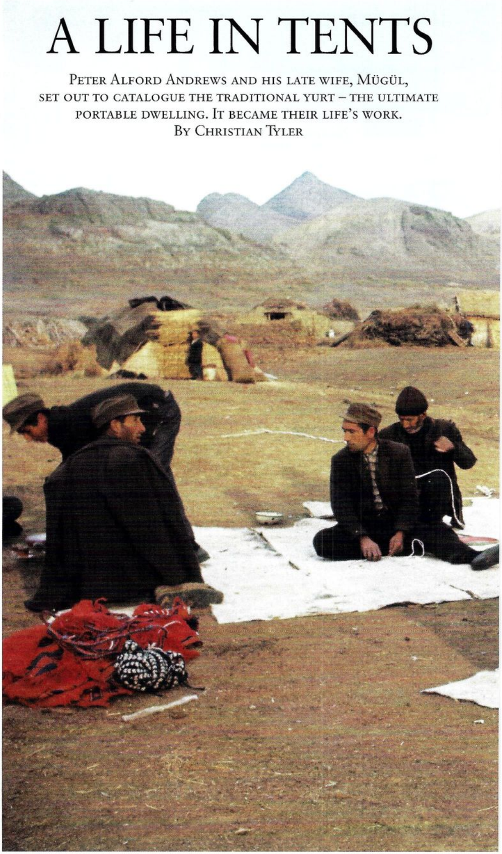


ALL IMAGES: ÖMER M KOÇ COLLECTION

A LIFE IN TENTS

Peter Alford Andrews and his late wife, Mügül, set out to catalogue the traditional yurt – the ultimate portable dwelling. It became their life's work.

By Christian Tyler



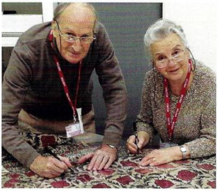
Some 30 years ago, on a working visit to north China, I was invited to lunch in a yurt on the Mongolian steppe. The meal consisted of camel broth and roast lamb, washed down with mare's milk and lashings of Maotai firewater. My host was a Mongol herdsman, a part-time nomad and – of course – a trusted member of the Communist Party. The other guests were a group of Chinese tourists from Hong Kong.

Last year I spent a night in a "luxury yurt" in the mountains above Santa Barbara, California. It was equipped with a full kitchen range, a giant fridge, dishwasher, high-tech sound system, and had a double bedroom with en-suite bathroom tacked on the back.

Today there are probably more tourist yurts in Asia than there are nomads, and yurt mania has swept the West. So it is comforting to discover that someone has devoted a lifetime to cataloguing authentic nomad dwellings from north Africa to Anatolia, the Middle East to Central Asia. And it is somehow appropriate that this painstaking inventory should be the work of an Englishman.

Dr Peter Alford Andrews is no romantic, however, but a methodical researcher whose encyclopaedia-sized books have been hailed as the last word on the subject. I went to see him at his modest suburban house in Bristol and found a man much younger and livelier than his 80 years. He showed no ill effects from his arduous life under canvas (or, more accurately, felt). He spoke rapidly and fluently, with what seemed total recall. His extraordinary attention to detail led Mügül, his Turkish wife, to joke that he was "trying to embrace the ocean". For nearly 50 years, until her death last year, Mügül was his close collaborator.

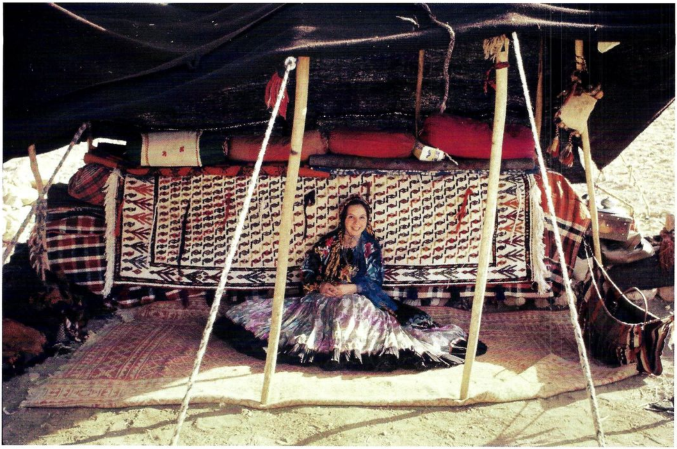
Andrews was born in Lyme Regis, Dorset, where his father was a doctor. He was sent to Stowe School and got into Cambridge University, where he read medicine before switching to architecture. He found in Bernard Rudofsky's book *Architecture*



ELIZABETH-ANNE HALDANE

Above Peter and Mügül Andrews examine the Tipu Tent from Powis Castle in Wales
Right Mügül with Ali Khan, leader of the Geyiklü tribe of the Shahsevän, Iran, 1974

PETER ALFORD ANDREWS



PETER ALFORD ANDREWS

Without Architects a reference to a complaint by Arthur Upham Pope, the doyen of Persian art historians, that no one had given the "architecture" of tents the attention it deserved. Andrews decided to put that right.

While employed by a firm of architects, he determined to make a survey of nomad tents throughout the Muslim world and started to visit nomadic areas. Time was short: the way of life was vanishing. Nomad families who resisted the temptation – or official pressure – to give up their way of life were importing modern technology and materials. In Turkey they were using polythene skins and Terylene ropes, and everywhere trucks were replacing camels.

Andrews realised that to fulfil his aim he needed to become an ethnologist and linguist, and began an intensive round of postgraduate study in art history, Persian, Ottoman, Turkish and Russian.

In 1964 he met Mügül, who had come to London for a difficult (and successful) operation for a congenital heart condition. The meeting was a defining moment for them both. Not only was she prepared to give her life to his project, but she helped expand and deepen it: the architecture of tents became the starting point for an ethnological inventory of their decoration, hangings and furniture; of how the domestic space was adapted to marriage and children; the planning of the camp ground; the annual migratory pattern of the occupants; the history of the tribe – even the climatic background.

TENTAGE AT THE CALICO MUSEUM
and its patterns
Peter Alford Andrews
Mügül Andrews

Top Mügül Andrews in Qashqay costume among the Kashguli-ye Kuchek, Iran, 1970
Above The couple's last book, 'Tentage at the Calico Museum', examines the Sarabhai Collection in Ahmedabad, once a centre for tent production. For India's Hindu and Muslim rulers, tents were an applied art with a specific symbolism and expressions of status

Opposite, top Mügül's drawing of one of the Calico Museum's tent panels
Bottom Andrews pores over the tent of the 18th-century Indian ruler Tipu Sultan at Powis Castle, one of the few complete tents to survive India's climate and insect life

Mügül Ataç (her first name was a contraction of Ümmügülsüm, a courageous ancestor) came from a distinguished background, the Kadirbeyzade family of pashas from Gümüşhane. Her paternal grandfather was Atatürk's finance minister. Andrews revisited Turkey in 1967, and became a Muslim. For her part, Mügül agreed to share with her husband the nomadic life he had set his heart on. After a few days' honeymoon in an elite club in the Princes Islands, the couple decamped to the Taurus Mountains to live with "black tent" nomads – so-called because their tent felts were made of dark, oily goat hair.

Mügül, who had grown up in a house with ten servants, had a gift to get on with all sorts of people. Her presence in nomadic camps was accepted by men, and she soon learned to talk in various Turkic dialects to tribeswomen reluctant to converse with strange men. Mügül became her husband's intermediary and fellow fieldworker and illustrator of his books. She also made her own paintings and drawings and produced her own book on Türkmen needlework.

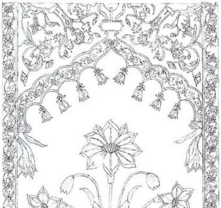
A year after the wedding, the couple were in Morocco, working from a VW camper van – later discarded because it distanced them from the nomads. Mügül discovered she was pregnant and returned to England to give birth to the first of two sons.

Andrews meanwhile embarked on a PhD thesis at the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) in London. It was to take him ten years. Emerging as *The Felt Tent in Middle Asia*, the two-volume thesis was later accepted as part of a German academic series and, financed by the J Paul Getty Trust, was eventually published in 1999 in two even bigger volumes by Melisende, London, as *Felt Tents and Pavilions: The Nomadic Tradition and its Interaction with Princely Tentage*.

The books traced the development of everyday (nomad) dwellings and ceremonial ("princely") tents – which under the Timurids and Mughals could house several thousand people and required several thousand more, using windlasses and elephants, to put them up. The research covered the period from 3000 BC to the 19th century, and an area from Manchuria to Turkey, including India. The result, wrote one reviewer, was "detailed, daunting, exhaustive, exhausting and richly rewarding".

While writing his PhD, Andrews taught architecture at Oxford Polytechnic (now Oxford Brookes University), a post from which he says he was dismissed for exposing an embarrassing case of plagiarism by one of the students. He was offered a job by the Institute for Ethnology in Cologne. He and his wife stayed in Germany for 25 years.

During this time, a second big work on tents was compiled, this time omitting the "princely" or "urban" types. It is an encyclopaedic work of reference called *Nomad Tent Types in the Middle East*, though it covers virtually the whole "felt belt". Tents are divided into two broad categories and the book is in two parts.



The first part, published in 1997, deals with "frame tents", structures with separate covers which can be dismantled and transported separately. They are usually called yurts, but this is a misnomer. A yurt is not a tent but a camp site or tribal area – in modern Turkish it can mean anything from a youth hostel to homeland. Tents are *oi*, *oüy* or *üy* in Turkic languages (hence *ev*, the Turkish for house) and *ger* in Mongolian.

The typical "yurt" is the trellis type of frame tent – one of no fewer than 56 types that Andrews identifies. Others include rib, bender, tunnel, armature, vaulted and arched. Everything is described: the frames, the coverings, cordage, bands, screens and furnishings. Campsite plans are included, except in cases where the camp dogs proved too officious and would not let Andrews roam freely. There are two volumes: one of text and one of illustrations.

The second part, still in preparation, deals with velum tents (from the Latin for sail or covering) or black tents, in which poles and covering are interdependent. In this they are said to symbolise marriage, the man being the pole, the woman the felt, and neither able to stand without the other.

But it is for another kind of survey that Peter Andrews is best known in Turkey – his ethnic survey of the country, which was as controversial as it was unusual. Nothing like this had been attempted (at least since Nazi times). With the assistance of Rüdiger Benninghaus and various contributors, Andrews recorded the ethnicity claimed by people in 10,000 villages, many of which had never appeared on any map. The book was published in 1989, with a new edition and second volume in 2002.

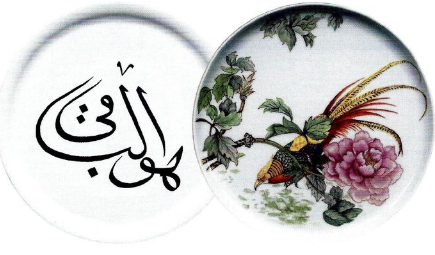
Other departures from his principal theme included a survey and description of Sazin, a fortified village in north Pakistan, done for the anthropologist Karl Jettmar, and a book about the tent collection at the Calico Museum of Textiles at Ahmedabad in India. Both had illustrations provided by his wife.

I asked Dr Andrews whether he hankered after the nomadic life he had spent so much time and effort recording. "I'm too busy to hanker," he replied. "Besides, it wouldn't be the same without Mügül anyway. Her companionship was so important to me."

Now an honorary research fellow at Bristol University, Andrews has plenty of work in progress besides the much-awaited second part of *Nomad Tent Types*. But he still keeps in his garage the trellis tent that he and his wife bought after selling an astrakhan coat that her mother gave her at her wedding 50 years ago. ◆

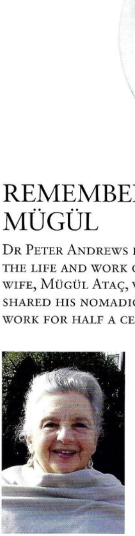
MÜGÜL ANDREWS

Christian Tyler is the author of 'Wild West China: The Taming of Xinjiang', a history of the Turkic Uighurs (John Murray, £8.99)



REMEMBERING MÜGÜL

Dr Peter Andrews recalls the life and work of his late wife, Mügül Ataç, who shared his nomadic life and work for half a century



DOMINIQUE LE BOURGEOIS

Mügül was born in Istanbul on October 15, 1937, into the Kadirbeyzade family, *sanjak beyler* (military governors) of Gümüşhane in the Eastern Black Sea Mountains. She grew up partly in Istanbul, partly in Ankara, where her grandfather, Hasan Fehmi Ataç, was Atatürk's finance minister (and where as a child she was once assigned to welcome Jinnah on a state visit). In summer the family regularly visited Gümüşhane, and she came to regard the experience of rural traditions and dialects gained there as crucial to her later work.

At the Girls' Art and Crafts Institute in Ankara, Mügül became expert at tailoring, embroidery and millinery (she made a set of hats copied from those of Princess Margaret) and created artificial flowers so realistic they evoked a *"Fesüphânallah"*, "Praise be to God", from her grandfather. Much later, in Cologne, she mastered Japanese braid-weaving and overglaze painting on ceramics.

Mügül and I first met in 1966 in London, where she had undergone open-heart surgery two years previously, and where I was working as an architect. A year later we were married – though not before I had warned her that I was about to undertake a study of nomad tents throughout the Islamic world. She agreed to help me, and did so, devotedly, for almost 50 years.

We began almost immediately, with fieldwork among the Yörük in Turkey, and went on to conduct extensive surveys in the 1970s throughout Morocco, Iran and Qatar, at the same time making collections for the British Museum and the Horniman Museum in London. Mügül's manual skills complemented my architectural ones, and her natural, spontaneous sociability made her the ideal intermediary with nomadic women, with whom the knowledge of these traditions rested. She delighted in her ability to communicate with them in Turkish, whether they were Shahsevän, Türkmen, Qashqay or Kerman Turks, or even Kyrgyz, once their initial resistance was overcome.

In 1970 she helped me assemble the travelling exhibition *The Turcoman of Iran*, with a catalogue, and wrote *Türkmen Needlework* (London 1976), illustrating it with her own drawings. In 1974 she wove a Bedouin tent at one-tenth scale as the centrepiece of the Qatar National Museum. Meanwhile, I completed my doctoral thesis at SOAS, and when I was invited to India in 1980 to work on the tents and tent panels in Ahmedabad, Jodhpur and Jaipur, she accompanied me to make meticulous tracings and analyses of the stitching.

Mügül and I and our two sons then moved to Germany, where I had been engaged by the Institute for Ethnology at the University in Cologne, and where we would spend the following 25 years.

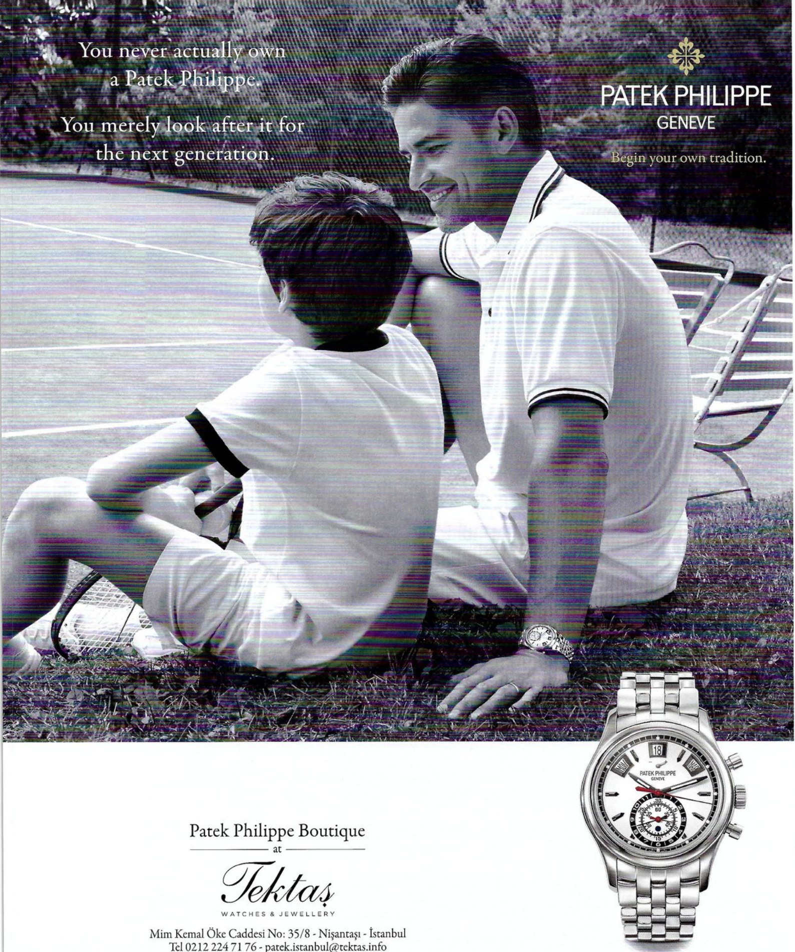
Above left Mügül Ataç Andrews in 2011
Above Two of Mügül's painted plates: 'Hu el-Baki' ('He It is Who Remains'), and 'The Pheasant and the Rose' (representing Andrews and herself). She excelled at porcelain painting

In 1985 she organised the two Turkish sections for the exhibition *Die Braut* at the Rautenstrauch-Joest Museum, drawing illustrations for my chapter of the catalogue, as she did for the book *Mafrash*, in which I cooperated with Siawosch Azadi (Berlin and Munich 1985), and my article on Türkmen costume in *Folk 33* (Copenhagen 1991). In 1987 Mügül set up an exhibition of Turkish embroidery, with demonstrations, for the Volkshochschule, Cologne, and another in 1992 for the German-Turkish Society in Bonn. Meanwhile we undertook a survey of nomadic and urban tents in European museums and St Petersburg.

Mügül then set to work on comprehensive sets of technical drawings for my *Nomad Tent Types in the Middle East* (Wiesbaden 1997), the enlargement of my thesis, *Felt Tents and Pavilions: The Nomadic Tradition and its Interaction with Princely Tentage* (2 vols, London 1999), and *Sazin: A Fortified Village in Indus-Kohistan* (Mainz 2000); augmenting the last, she redrew many metres of my rubbings of architectural woodcarving. Finally she worked up the tracings made in 1980 for our book *Tentage at the Calico Museum and Its Patterns* (Ahmedabad 2015). After being awarded the Ancient and Modern Prize in 2014, we made a thorough study of the tent of Tipu Sultan of Mysore at Powis Castle, and of his throne canopy, now in a private collection.

Mügül remained intensely proud of her nationality, and retained her ability to speak an elegant Turkish, with an endless flow of colourful anecdotes. Unfailingly enthusiastic, she is remembered as a warm-hearted presence at meetings around the world – "Small but irrepressible", as *Halı Magazine*'s Danny Shaffer once remarked. ◆

Mügül Ataç Andrews died on February 18, 2016, after a severe stroke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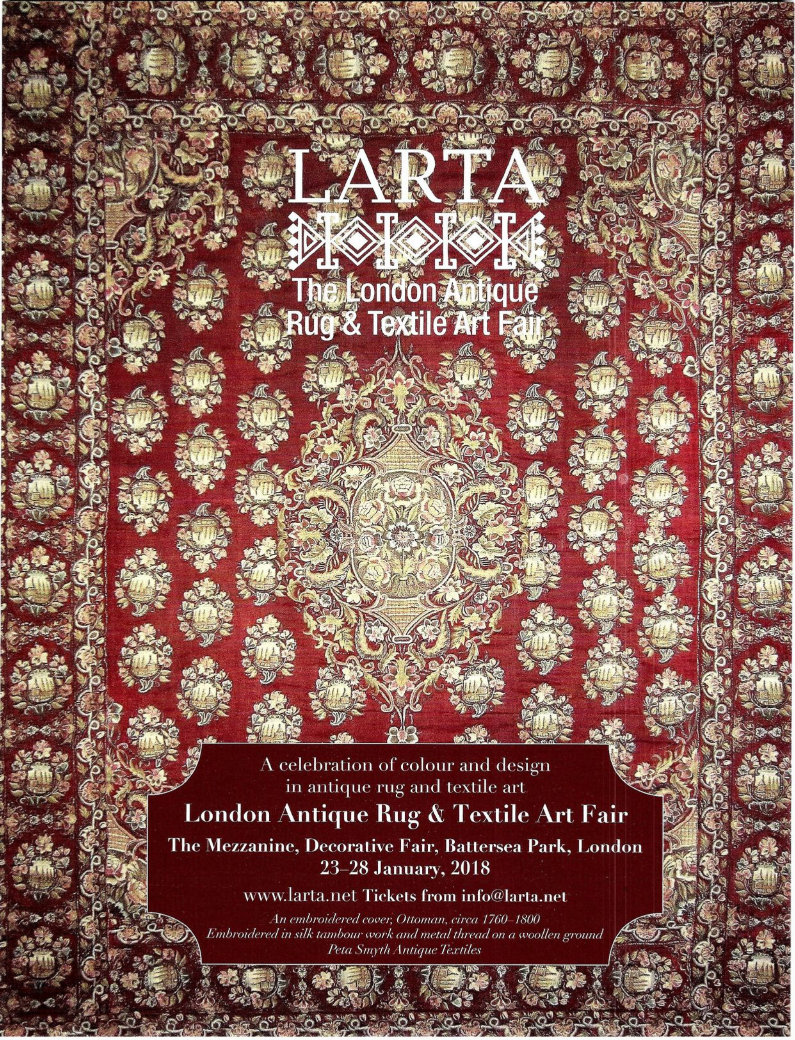

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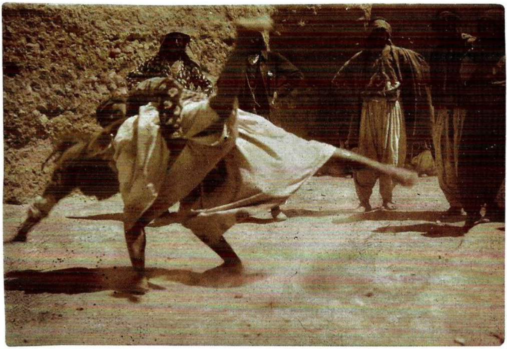
BOOKS

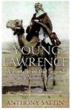
The formative years of TE Lawrence; Cappadocia, where landscape and architecture come together; life, death and love in Seventies Istanbul; a beguiling tale of dreams and dreamers; John Henry Haynes, pioneer of archaeological photography

LAWRENCE OF ANATOLIA

TE Lawrence was a troubled, complex figure who remains an enigma. But the two years he spent as a young man at the archaeological site of Karkemish, on the Turkish–Syrian border, were the happiest of his life, says his biographer Anthony Sattin


SOTHEBY'S

Camp life at Karkemish, 1911. One of the wrestlers is the waterboy Ahmed Dahoum. Lawrence wrote on the back: 'The pace is tremendously hot, and they wrestle nearly every day at noon'



The invitation came from the mayor of Gaziantep, from Professor Nicolò Marchetti of Bologna University and Assistant Professor Hasan Peker of the University of Istanbul.

At the Zeugma Museum in Gaziantep in November 2014 they revealed the results of the latest excavations at Karkamış, ancient Karkemish (Carchemish). Marchetti, who heads the excavations, wanted to focus on progress at the ancient Hittite city, the thousands of objects recovered, the century-old expedition house excavated, and the fact that the site would finally be opened to the public the following summer. But most publications who ran the story also talked about TE Lawrence and ISIS (ISIL). *The Daily Telegraph*'s headline was typical: "Archaeological site uncovered by Lawrence of Arabia to be opened under the eyes of ISIL."

While the British might be comfortable with who Lawrence was and what he did between the Hejaz and Damascus in 1917 and 1918, many others are not. A Kuwaiti newspaper recently pointed out that while Lawrence was alive he was betrayed by his own country and doubted by the Arabs he was trying to help. Since his death following a motorbike accident in 1935, almost everything about his activities during the First World War has been scrutinised. Even his role in the attack on Aqaba, usually seen as one of his more brilliant and daring ideas, has been questioned: in his new biography, *Faisal I of Iraq*, Ali Allawi claims Faisal conceived the attack on Aqaba long before he met Lawrence. Allawi also points out that Faisal's cousin, Sharif Nasir, who took part in the attack, made no mention of Lawrence planning the raid.

People in Turkey seem more certain about Lawrence's role in the region. When the Pera Museum hung a poster of Lawrence for a recent exhibition, the words "*İngiliz casus*", "British spy", were scrawled across it. The president picked up the theme in a speech, referring to "new voluntary Lawrences, disguised as journalists, religious men, writers and terrorists… making Sykes-Picot agreements" in the region today. It was a similar comment made to me by a Syrian friend several years ago that started me wondering why Lawrence would have wanted to be involved in the Arab Revolt.

Carchemish
TURKEY
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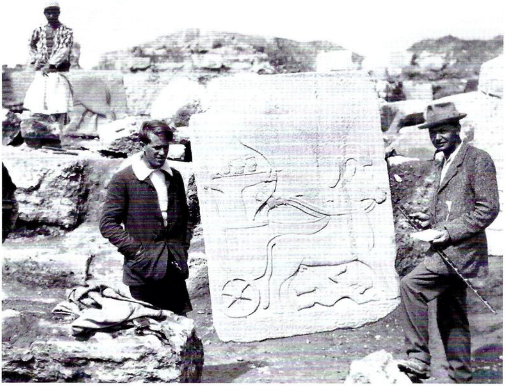
Lawrence was 25 in July 1914 and had just returned to England from the Euphrates. It wasn't immediately obvious that the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand would bring about a world war, and Lawrence thought he would soon be back at Karkemish, digging… There had been a time, not so long before, when he had thought of setting up a boutique printing press with Vyvyan Richards, a friend from Oxford. But the previous December, 1913, he had given up on that and explained to Richards: "I have got to like this place [Karkemish] very much: and the people here... the whole manner of living pleases me."

But this pleasure (Lawrence's youngest brother, Arnold, later wrote that the Karkemish years were the happiest of TE's life) was not what convinced me to write *Young Lawrence*. Two other details were responsible for that. In a one-page epilogue to *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, only published after his death, he admitted that "the strongest motive throughout had been a personal one… present to me, I think, every hour of these two years". The other detail relates to a book he wrote about his adventures in the eastern provinces of the Ottoman Empire. The manuscript was sufficiently important for him to take it to England in June 1914, when he left behind so many other belongings. But in August 1914, when the war had started and it was clear he would not be returning to his old life, he tidied up his affairs and burnt it.

Asked about it after the war, Lawrence explained he had burnt the manuscript because it was immature; but so, too, was much of his other writing, and he didn't burn that. I assumed the "personal motive" behind his involvement in the Arab Revolt was connected to his happiness in Karkemish, to the burning of that manuscript and the futility he felt after the war.

There are several excellent biographies of Lawrence, but none has looked closely at his formative years, at how one goes from being Ned Lawrence, the second son of a middle-class Oxford family, to become Lawrence of Arabia. None takes that "strongest motive", the personal one, as its central concern. Nor has anyone observed the coming of the war through Lawrence's eyes and ears, from the stresses felt in Anatolia because of the rise of the Committee of Union and Progress (CUP) to the



WIKIMEDIA COMMONS

TOP LAWRENCE AND LEONARD WOOLLEY (RIGHT) SHOWING OFF A HITTITE BAS-RELIEF OF CHARIOTEERS UNCOVERED AT KARKEMISH IN 1913. WOOLLEY WOULD MAKE HIS NAME EXCAVATING THE CITY OF UR
ABOVE A WALL OF RELIEFS AT KARKEMISH IN THE EARLY 1910S

OPPOSITE LAWRENCE'S PHOTOGRAPH OF DAHOUM – 'THE WATER-BOY, AND OUR MOST INTELLIGENT PERSON: TAKEN WHEN HE WAS VERY TIRED ONE EVENING. HE USUALLY LAUGHS, AND SPOILS MY PHOTOS'. THIS PHOTOGRAPH AND THE ONE ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S IN LONDON IN MAY

SOTHEBY'S

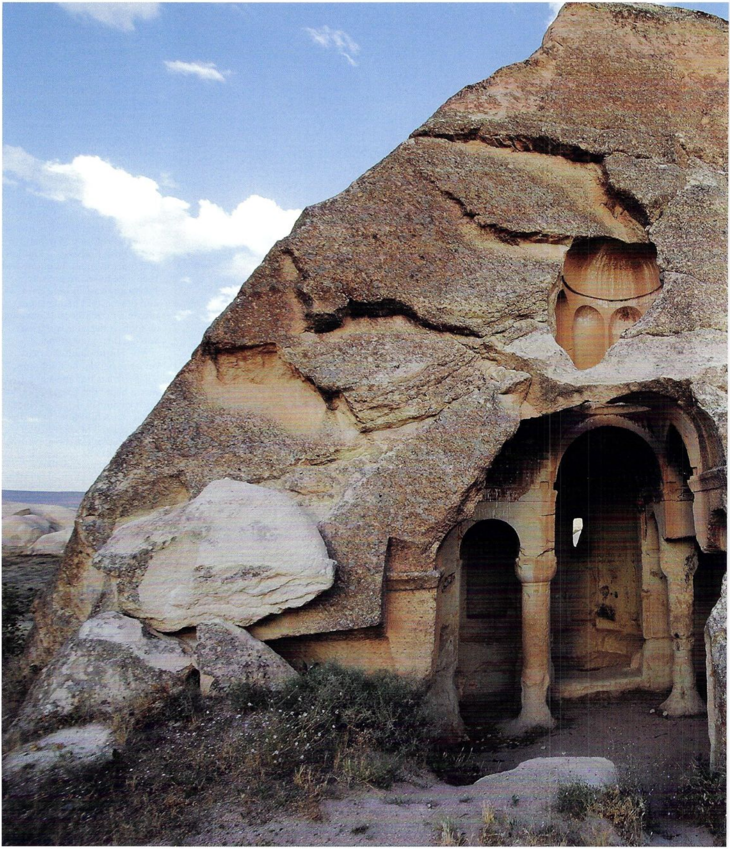
plotting of Mesopotamian Kurds, inspired by the loss of the Ottoman Empire's Libyan provinces in 1912.

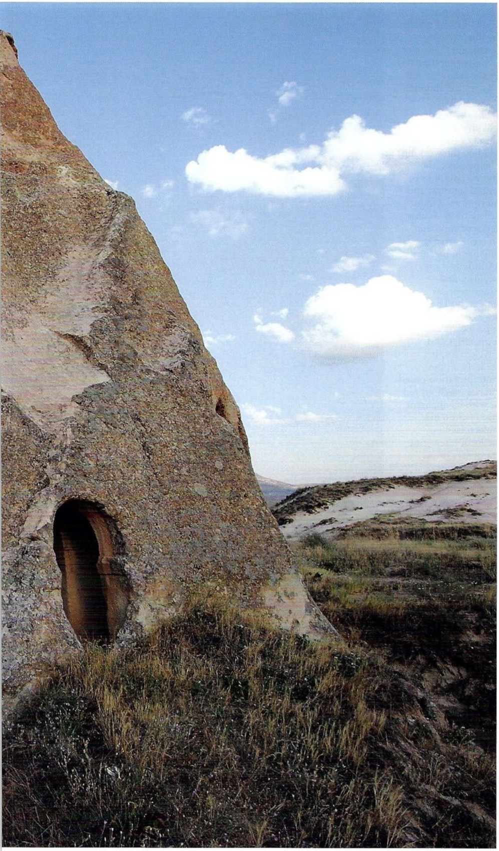
The research trail led from the Bodleian Library, where much of Lawrence's archive is held, to Istanbul, which he had enjoyed so much on pre-war visits and where I arrived just after the Gezi Park protests of 2013, to Aqaba and on to Cairo just as President Morsi was toppled. The one place I failed to visit was Karkemish. I had tried to arrange a permit through the Global Heritage Fund, which was supporting the excavations, through Professor Marchetti, the Turkish Embassy in London and other avenues, but none had been able to secure my entry. I went anyway, in June 2013, and the reason I had failed to obtain a permit became obvious as soon as the guards started waving their guns at me.

The Hittites built their city on a rise beside the Euphrates. That rise has become a hundred-metre-high "tell", layer upon layer of human deposits. Since Lawrence left in June 1914, the top of the tell has served as a military post, watching over the excavations, the farmlands beyond and, perhaps most important, the Euphrates. While Lawrence worked there, German engineers built a bridge that would carry the railway from Istanbul to Baghdad. The railway, and the bridge, now mark the border between Turkey and Syria, and at the time of the press conference in 2014 the black flags of ISIS were flying on the other side.

Those black flags were the reason why, despite the press conference, Karkemish was not opened to the public. The flags have gone now, the frontier is quiet, excavations have continued and, according to the latest announcement, the site will be opened in spring 2018. Some people will still be reluctant to visit, but I am still curious to see where Lawrence found himself and happiness. ◆

'The Young Lawrence: A Portrait of the Legend as a Young Man', by Anthony Sattin, published by John Murray, price £9.99, is available from cornucopia.net





ALL PHOTOGRAPHS: ROBERT G OUSTERHOUT

UNDERGROUND PERSPECTIVE

Henry Maguire

Visualizing Community
Art, Material Culture, and Settlement in Byzantine Cappadocia

Robert G Ousterhout
Dumbarton Oaks Research Library and Collection (Dumbarton Oaks Studies 46), $90

The region of Cappadocia in central Anatolia is famous for its landscape: layers of ash and lava, eroded by wind and water, have been shaped over time into a succession of valleys and outcrops, the latter often curiously shaped as cones, domes, and occasionally gigantic mushrooms. Within this phantasmagorical setting its medieval Byzantine inhabitants excavated at least one thousand rock-cut churches and chapels, of which over a third preserve some of their painted decoration. In addition, the region contains more than 40 multistorey underground complexes, with rooms and corridors defended by rolling stone doors, as well as rock-carved monasteries, houses, and villages with their agricultural installations, including wine presses, mills, apiaries, dovecotes and stables.

Visualizing Community, written by Prof Robert Ousterhout of the University of Pennsylvania and beautifully produced by Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, DC, provides for the first time a systematic account of this wealth of habitation. The book has important new ideas to offer, while it draws together and

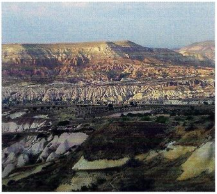
Left Sarica Kilise, in the Kepez Valley, Ürgüp, carved out of an isolated cone in the 10th century – a 'miniature' attenuated version, 4.7 metres wide, of contemporary 'built' churches. The dome, 8 metres tall, has partially fallen interprets the abundant but widely scattered scholarship from the past. Previous writers had tended to prioritise the study of the paintings in the churches; this book, however, takes a fresh perspective that integrates the rock-cut architecture both with its internal decoration and with its external setting in the inhabited landscape.

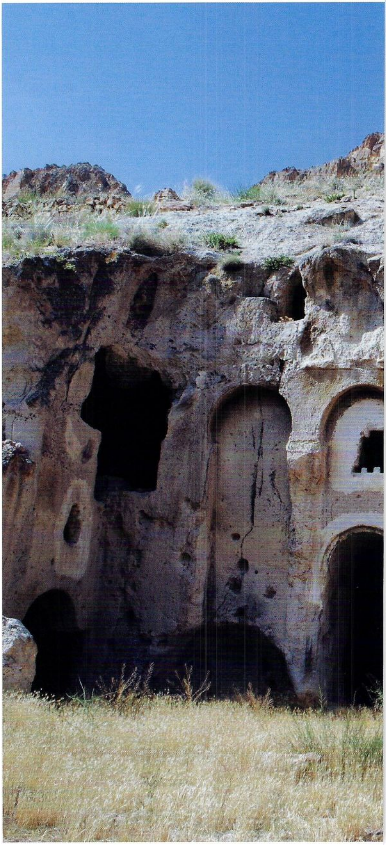
As the author notes, there are very few written sources, particularly from the medieval period, that throw light on the history of Cappadocia. The region is rich in its material remains, but poor in its textual record, apart from the inscriptions on the monuments themselves. Thus the evidence has to come from the landscape and the remains of its settlement. This is the material that furnishes the author with his "text", and he reads it with extraordinary care.

Many earlier writers on Cappadocia had believed the rock-cut complexes to be monasteries, on the supposition that they had been excavated by Christian monks fleeing persecution. The author, on the other hand, argues that a number of the complexes were large houses, with halls and kitchens excavated behind impressive rock-cut façades. For example, at Soğanlı a substantial rock-cut residence (pictured right) and a monastery faced each other on opposite sides of a valley. The author proposes that John Skepides, who is recorded together with his court titles in a long inscription in the monastic church, may have been both the donor of the monastery and the owner of the nearby mansion.

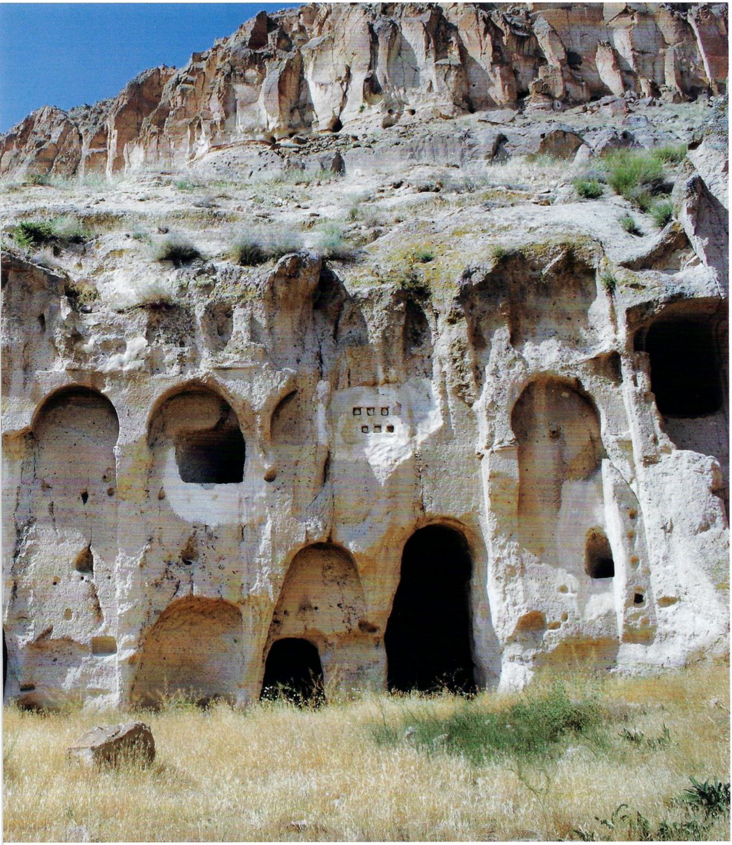
The book itself comprises four chapters, the first of which focuses on the interaction between rock-cut and masonry architecture, comparing the cave churches with the relatively few freestanding Byzantine churches in Cappadocia as well as examples outside the region. The second chapter is devoted to the decoration of the churches, including the working practices of the painters, the relationship of the paintings to their architectural settings, and the role of inscriptions within the churches. The third chapter uses the evidence of surviving settlements to reconstruct aspects of daily life in medieval Byzantium, including agriculture, security and domestic arrangements at different social levels. The last chapter discusses death in medieval Cappadocia, considering cemeteries and commemorative spaces. It focuses particularly on the problems of interpretation posed by the caves in the much-visited Göreme area, with its apparent overabundance of churches, chapels and refectories.

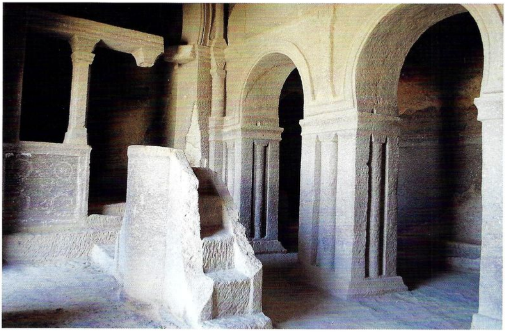
Some of the most interesting and important observations in the book concern the relationship of rock-cut to built architecture. The excavated churches are often small, or, as the author puts it, "miniaturized". They are also notable for reproducing elements of built architecture, such as columns, capitals, pilasters, ribbed groin vaults, banded barrel vaults, domes with pendentives and, occasionally, squinches, together with liturgical furnishings





LEFT THE CAPPADOCIAN LANDSCAPE EAST OF UÇHISAR, WITH ITS MULTICOLOURED LAYERS OF LAVA AND ASH
RIGHT 'THE HAN', IN SOĞANLI VALLEY, WAS LONG THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN A MONASTERY. OUSTERHOUT SUGGESTS THAT IT WAS THE COURTYARD MANSION OF JOHN SKEPIDES, PATRON OF A MONASTERY ACROSS THE VALLEY. THE ARCHED DOORS IN THE SOUTH-FACING FAÇADE OPEN INTO TWO BARREL-VAULTED HALLS CUT 12 METRES INTO THE ROCK





including altars, pulpits and sanctuary screens (above and top). Since the rock-cut churches did not have to obey structural laws, they could evoke masonry architecture by replicating its forms, but they did not have to assemble the elements in a way that complied with the structural logic of freestanding buildings. Often the architectural detailing was exaggerated, as if to declare loudly: "This is architecture" – a phenomenon that the author calls "architectonicity".

The liturgical furnishings present a conundrum typical of Cappadocia. While they are relatively well preserved in the rock-cut churches, in contrast to masonry churches elsewhere in Byzantium, we have no textual information on the liturgies performed in those spaces. In Constantinople, on the other hand, we have liturgies preserved in texts, but a near-total lack of liturgical furnishings in the surviving monuments. But just as the churches in Cappadocia often were miniaturised, so too was their furniture. The author cites a pulpit at Durmuş Kadir Kilisesi in Avcılar (above), for example, that would have challenged anyone to remain upright while reading from it.

He suggests that in such cases the carving of liturgical spaces represented "liturgicality", in that these fittings may have been more for show than for the actual performance of services. He concludes that many of the caves should be considered more as commemorative chapels than as functioning churches.

The miniaturised spaces were essentially symbolic, carved and decorated to serve the dead rather than the living. Holy bishops painted on the walls of their sanctuaries eternally conducted services to benefit the souls of the deceased; orderly ranks of painted soldier-saints guarded the buried; images of the Virgin and of John the Baptist standing before the throne of Christ in the apses ceaselessly conveyed the petitions of the dead. The author goes so far as to draw a comparison between the cave chapels of Cappadocia and the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, as both were fitted out to provide the deceased with what they would need in the afterlife, albeit in very different ways.

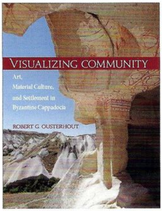
The book concludes by arguing that Cappadocia should not be seen as a sacred landscape similar to Mount Athos, solely inhabited by monks. Rather, it was an area given over to both secular and religious pursuits, which demanded houses and agricultural complexes as much as monasteries and commemorative chapels for the dead.

Finally, credit should be given to the lavish illustration of this book, which includes a wealth of plans and elevations, many newly produced by the author, as well as numerous colour photographs, most of them also taken by him.

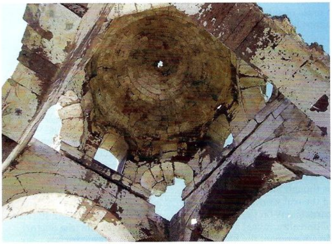
The photographs reveal the author as an archaeologist with a sense of poetry, for several of them are evocative, and at times even dramatic. These qualities are conveyed in the image on the book's jacket, a striking record of the half-destroyed apse of Church One at Balkan Deresi, which gapes ominously above a prospect of the valley far below. In another carefully composed shot, a ruined arch belonging to Church Two of Kemerli Kilise at

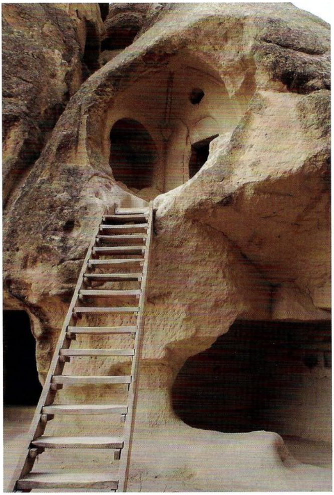
Viranşehir (left) frames a scene of a mountain rising partly sunlit in the distance. A view of the ruined skeleton of Kızıl Kilise at Sivrihisar (below left) shows four isolated arches at the centre of the building raising aloft a dome still miraculously intact against a blue sky, in spite of the depredations of time. Another photograph (below) suggests the spiritual ascent of a Byzantine ascetic through the image of a wooden ladder, which leads us up step by step to the Hermitage of Symeon at Paşabağı.

The book closes with a splendid view of Cappadocia (page 22), looking eastwards from Uçhisar, inviting us to read its multicoloured strata of landscape layer by layer, and thus to uncover the complexities of its past. To those complexities we could have no better guide than the author. ◆


VISUALIZING COMMUNITY
Art, Material Culture, and Settlement in Byzantine Cappadocia
ROBERT G. OUSTERHOUT

Henry Maguire is a former Director of Byzantine Studies at Dumbarton Oaks and Professor of Art History at Johns Hopkins University. 'Byzantine Magic', ed. Henry Maguire (Dumbarton Oaks, £15.95), and 'Visualizing Community' are both available from cornucopia.net, post-free to subscribers





Opposite, top The vaulting in Göreme Church Twelve. The decoration highlights the architecture borrowed from freestanding churches, the red pigment set off by a white background and a dull green
Opposite, bottom The pulpit in Durmuş Kadir Kilisesi in Avcilar, a well-preserved sixth-century church 'with all the trappings of a grand metropolitan basilica'

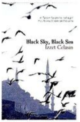
This page, top Kemerli Kilise at Viranşehir frames a view of Hasan Daği
Above The miraculous sixth-century dome of Kizil Kilise (Church Two) at Sivrihisar, on the slopes of Hasan Daği, the best-preserved of the early Christian freestanding monuments
Right A wooden ladder leading to the Hermitage of Symeon at Paşabaği, Zelve

HOW IT FELT TO BE THERE

Maureen Freely

Black Sea, Black Sky

İzzet Celasin
Translated by
Charlotte Barslund
MacLehose Press, £8.95



It's an era we know by a single date – September 12, 1980 – and its appalling statistics. All those who lived through it still carry its marks. And yet it seldom appears in fiction, except as a looming shadow (as in Orhan Pamuk's *The Black Book*) or a silence overshadowed by the betrayals and disenchantments that would seem to be the lot of all political actors, whatever their views.

Here at last is a novel that captures the wild, rash idealism that sent so many thousands of young people into the streets, and with time, into armed combat, prison and exile. It begins in Taksim Square on May 1, 1977, when shots fired onto demonstrators cause a stampede in which 34 people lose their lives. A lycée student named Oak is saved by Zuhal, a fierce young woman who turns out to be one of the leaders of the revolutionary left. She soon vanishes into the crowd, but he does not forget her. And she continues to dip in and out of his life when he moves on to an Istanbul University beset by boycotts and daily skirmishes between the militant left and the nationalist right. But as much as he admires her steely sense of purpose, he is made of gentler stuff. He loves literature, which he continues to study in the home of his favourite professor. And though he remains in thrall to Zuhal, who rejects the very idea of love, he finds plenty of others to console him.

There is Ayfer, his neighbourhood sweetheart. There is Semra, the classmate who would like to be more than a friend. And there is Nehir, who is much too young. By his own account, he lets them all down. Meanwhile, his friends keep falling away. Some escape with their guns to the mountains. Others flee the country. Levo, the kindest and least political of his classmates, is felled by a bullet at the gates of the university.

There are other memorable male characters in this novel: the rough-talking vegetable wholesaler for whom Oak works part-time; the mafia chief whose life he accidentally saves; the general who turns out to be a revolutionary at heart. But the best parts go to the women. Oak's widowed literature-loving mother is finely drawn, as is the elderly professor and the stripper who helps Oak locate a safe house. The love objects in particular are full of surprises. However Oak sees them, they are never prisoners of his gaze. The further Zuhal travels along her doomed and righteous path, the more he is in awe of her, and with good reason.

İzzet Celasin has lived in Norway since 1988, and he writes in the language of his adopted country. *Black Sky, Black Sea* won a Gyldendal prize for best political novel. It is slightly let down in its English translation by misnomers that annoy and distract. Oak attends a sixth-form college. The professor's house in Fatih looks out over a river. The Golden Horn is referred to as the Horn.

But even where there is an over-reliance on overfamiliar figures of speech, the story remains beguilingly fresh. This may be because the horrors visited on Oak and his young friends seem never to dent their spirits. No matter how bad things get, they are immune to self-pity. They simply pick themselves up and rush off to the next terrible surprise. Their author is wiser. But he refuses to pass judgement: this is how it felt to be there. This is what died on September 12 1980, when the tanks rolled in.

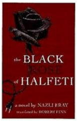
Maureen Freely is a novelist and translator, and Professor of English and Comparative Literary Studies at Warwick University

MADNESS IN MOTION

Katie Nadworny

The Black Rose of Halfeti

Nazlı Eray
Trans. Robert Finn
University of Texas Press, £21.95



Nazlı Eray's novel opens with an unsolicited love letter from an 80-something-year-old doctor to his neighbour's friend, and she is our unnamed protagonist through that action's fallout. "I'm struggling… inside that murky, sticky, thick spider web into which I have tumbled," she informs us, and as she tries to make sense of her own reaction to the illicit letter and her own desires, we follow her through a maze of subconscious that jumps from a hotel in Mardin to 1940s Izmir to a teahouse in Ankara to the dream geography of Luis Buñuel.

This is a book of magical realism that forgets the realism part. Almost immediately, the narrative is untethered from any anchor of reality, leaving the reader constantly off balance. The novel functions in a state of sustained dream logic, where even sane characters who seem as though they should be aware of the real world end up willing participants on the rollercoaster of unreality. When a literal dream woman, the Black Rose of Halfeti, appears as a sort of Virgil to our protagonist's Dante, it barely registers as an unusual occurrence.

"Nothing that exists ever disappears," says our protagonist. This could be the theme of the novel. Impossible scenarios combine the past with the present day, as though the past never left. She meets the ancient Persian king Darius, who is unstuck from time, delighting in the magic of television in the ruins of his Mardin castle, and attempting to woo an ageing Turkish chorus singer with egg-sized diamonds. The Spanish surrealist film director Buñuel and his actress Silvia Pinal have a habit of dropping in to the protagonist's hotel room without warning to chat about life and drink rose sherbet, while she never blinks at these supernatural intrusions. At one point she time-travels back to post-war Izmir, promptly breaking her ankle and encountering her letter-writing doctor admirer in the bloom of his youth.

These temporal leaps and the return of long-dead historical figures emphasise the characters' obsession with time and its potential to be malleable. The doctor, holed up in an Ankara tea room with fellow geriatrics after escaping from his apartment, listens to his friend Hıfzı Bey bemoan the years he's wasted and propose taking them back. "It's as though I didn't live for fifteen years. If they give those years back to me, I'd be sixty-nine years old. I'd be really young!" Everyone is trying to escape, whether from their own infirmities or an unexpected letter; the old men in the teahouse, not content only to escape from their homes, want to escape from the ravages of time itself.

Uniting all these disparate magical threads is the seductive Black Rose of Halfeti, who emerges from her namesake flowers to spend her nights visiting other people's dreams. She takes our protagonist along on these nightly journeys – a sort of subconsciousness-tourism that lets the main character learn the inner workings of both the real people in her life (the doctor) and the fantastic friends who surround her (Buñuel) – and, by extension, her own feelings.

This book takes delight in its study of tumultuous meditation. The protagonist's descent into other people's dreams and sweet interactions with impossible characters make for light and enjoyable reading. I only wish we had more of a chance to see the contrast between her stable world and her internal unravelling, instead of meeting her in the motion of her madness. The book's opening with the instigating letter gives us no chance to find our feet, and we have little sense of any universe outside her fantasies. The signposts are real, but the route past them buzzes with illusions and hallucinations, fanciful leaps of thought and impossible transfigurations. It's a journey through a scattered subconscious, joyful in its surreal inventiveness, but never quite finding its way to the conscious world.

DRAMAS IN THE DUST

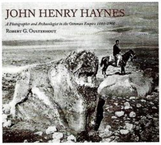
Ahmet Ersoy

JOHN HENRY HAYNES
A Photographer and Archaeologist in the Ottoman Empire 1881–1900

Robert G Ousterhout
Cornucopia Books, £22.95

PALMYRA 1885
The Wolfe Expedition and the Photographs of John Henry Haynes

Benjamin Anderson and Robert G Ousterhout
Cornucopia Books, £19.95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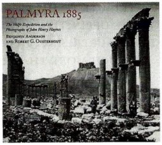
PALMYRA 1885
The Wolfe Expedition and the Photographs of John Henry Haynes
Benjamin Anderson and Robert G. Ousterhout

Two recent publications pay homage to John Henry Haynes (1849–1910), American archaeologist and long-unacknowledged pioneer of archaeological photography. *John Henry Haynes: A Photographer and Archaeologist in the Ottoman Empire* 1881–1900, by Robert G Ousterhout, was first published in 2011. The expanded 2016 edition includes hitherto-unpublished photographs. In meticulous detail it records the life and career of Haynes, from his first experiences as photographer with the Assos Expedition in western Anatolia, to his years as excavation director at the Nippur Expedition in Iraq. In *Palmyra 1885*, Ousterhout and co-author Benjamin Anderson provide an account of Haynes's life, focusing particularly on his five-day visit to Palmyra as part of the Wolfe Expedition in 1885.

Most of Haynes's surviving photographs – held at the University of Pennsylvania's Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology and the Aga Khan Archives at Harvard – are published here for the first time. The few that had been published previously were largely uncredited or attributed to (even claimed by) other archaeologists and photographers. Ousterhout and Anderson have achieved the remarkable feat of locating and identifying these photographs, and reclaiming them for Haynes, accompanying the many rare photographic reproductions with long, discursive captions that repay careful reading.

Ousterhout's *John Henry Haynes* provides an exposition of Haynes's lifelong engagement with archaeology and its documentary agent, photography. In investigating the photographs, Ousterhout makes careful note of sites and buildings that Haynes was the first to photograph, some since damaged or destroyed, from ancient Assyrian and Hittite finds to Medieval Christian and Seljuk monuments. Drawing on excavation reports, diaries, personal letters, and the internal correspondence of institutions, the author also engages in a rigorous analysis of Haynes's endeavours, bringing to life the dreams, challenges and frustrations of a self-made archaeologist in the formative decades of the discipline.

Haynes's most significant output was as archaeologist at the Nippur Excavation organised by the Babylon Exploration Fund of the University of Pennsylvania, which was to deal the final blow to his career. He had been affiliated with the project since its launch in 1888. Through the 1893–96 and 1898–1900 seasons, he was appointed director of year-round excavations, only because more accomplished archaeologists were unwilling to endure the near-intolerable conditions. In 1900 Haynes made a major discovery, unearthing 23,000 cuneiform tablets from the Nippur Temple's scribal office – at which point, Assyriologist H.V. Hilprecht stepped in and took the credit. Denigrated and in failing health, Haynes retreated to his home in New England. Tracing setbacks and tribulations, Ousterhout provides a sensitive account of Haynes's shortcomings, professional aspirations and their eventual collapse, exposing the way in which his modest background and education disadvantaged him within the academic community and doomed him to obscurity.

Haynes himself regarded photography as mere documentation, but Ousterhout observes a unique subjective vision that charges his images with a distinct energy. Thanks to the influence of his mentor, William Stillman, whose technique and outlook were rooted in the picturesque aesthetics of the 19th century, Haynes was able, the author argues, to combine the analytical and technical aspects of archaeological photography with the sensibilities of the picturesque, making him the "unknown father" of American archaeological photography.

The second book, *Palmyra 1885*, includes 85 of the hundred or so photographs Haynes took at the Syrian site. Most are included at the end in catalogue form, beautifully reproduced. While providing biographical information, the authors examine the specifics of the Wolfe Expedition within the broader context of 19th-century American archaeology.

There is an informative summary of Palmyra's fortunes, from its beginnings as an Assyrian settlement, through the reign of Queen Zenobia in Roman times and its medieval transformation under the Islamic empires, to the vandalism inflicted by ISIS in 2015, elaborating above all upon the singularity of the Roman city, abounding in temples and colonnades. Palmyra represented a short detour on the Mesopotamian expedition, so none of the Wolfe team was well prepared to investigate and evaluate the site. Thus Anderson and Ousterhout indicate what was visible and meaningful to Haynes, and what remained vague. Through his diary entries, they highlight his occasional mistakes and misattributions as he strove to piece together elements of the site.

While Palmyra was already well documented by such early photographers as Louis Vignes and Félix Bonfils, Haynes imbued it with life, revealing the ruins animated by local dwellers. Through his "unobtrusive" engagement with the site, his images "provide our best view of the ecology of the place, a balance between animals, people and things now fully irrecoverable".

Foraying into uncharted territory, these well-written books, with their enthralling visual content, offer a fresh and critical perspective. They would have benefited from the inclusion of maps, to help us to follow the archaeologist on his journeys, but these volumes make a noteworthy contribution to multiple scholarly fields, reinstating John Henry Haynes in photographic and archaeological history. ◆

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This is an edited version of a reveiw published online at cornucopia.net/haynesreviews

Andrew Finkel pays tribute to his friend and inspiration, the late John Freely, author of the definitive guide, 'Strolling Through Istanbul'. Ever curious, always surprising, his gargantuan appetite for life made him so much more than the sum of his 65 books

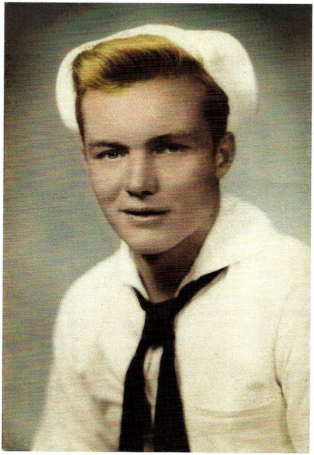
Private view

If it was Harry Truman who famously decided that "the buck stops here" then we had John Freely, physicist, historian, traveller, author and joyful companion, to remind us that the buck had to start somewhere and that he had it on the best authority (and thereby hung an engaging but not-so-simple tale) where that somewhere was. John's novelist daughter Maureen once confessed to the frustration of how to begin a story set in Istanbul, a city where not even the past stands still. The place you thought you should start was never the place you actually started – and then umpteen drafts later you found yourself starting from somewhere different again. Of course, the easier solution would have been to ask John.

For my generation, it was John Freely – not the Milestone by the Hippodrome – who stood at the epicentre of Istanbul. *Strolling Through Istanbul*, the 1972 guidebook that he co-authored with his fellow Robert College professor Hilary Sumner-Boyd, described exactly where to begin the adventure. Page one, chapter one plonks us on the Galata Bridge facing the Golden Horn and the historical skyline. At a glance, we appreciated the intimacy that the city has with the sea and how topography and geography shaped Istanbul's character.

And as we made our way through the museums and the monuments and got lost in the backstreets, John Freely was beside us, with one anecdote after another, chatting, holding our hand. Better still, he was nudging us in the ribs, telling us when to look up or round the next corner or simply to sit down for a moment's reflection.

Bookseller Hugh Grant advises Julia Roberts in the film *Notting Hill* to start with another Freely opus, *Istanbul, the Imperial City*, as one of the few travel books where the author had actually been to the place he described. Of course, to say that John had set foot in Istanbul was a bit like saying James Joyce had been to Dublin or Damon Runyon to New York. He was no casual visitor but helped define how we perceive the city – almost as much a part of the skyline as the domes and minarets whose geometry he understood so well.



Forever the traveller: at the age of 17 John Freely dropped out of high school to join the Navy

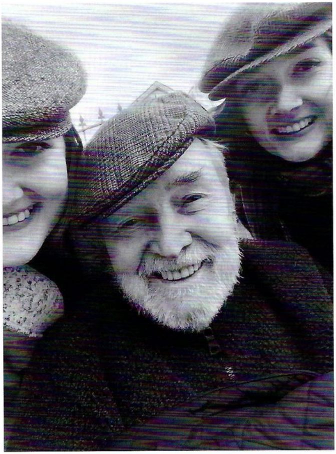
Strolling gave us courage to explore on our own. Book in hand, I knew to hunt for the man with the key to gain entrance into the ruins of St John in Studios. Without his advice I might never have stood long and appreciatively before the Anastasis fresco where a dynamic Jesus physically resurrects the dead in St Saviour in Chora. John spotted the piece of Krupp artillery in the basilica of Aya Irini while it was still a military museum. In the years that followed I would casually, with the air of the young know-it-all I was, point it out to visiting friends on our way back from Topkapı Palace.

The book's entry on St Sergius and Bacchus, by its very length and wealth of detail, helped restore the dignity of such an important but at the time much-ignored monument. It included a floor plan of the church-turned-mosque, built along a squiffy axis. But this was no dry Baedeker description. "As in almost all of the surviving Byzantine churches of the city, we must simply use our imagination in order to recapture the extraordinary beauty of its original condition," he wrote in his ceaseless endeavour to make us see past the façade of the present – advice badly ignored in the building's recent careless over-restoration.

John had a matchmaker's skill in making us feel – improbable as it seems in what has become the most populous city in Europe – that we had Istanbul and its history all to ourselves. It was more than 40 years ago but I remember the excitement in his voice, one summer, when he told me that the sultan's lodge in the New Mosque (Yeni Cami) had just been opened to the public as a carpet museum. I followed his instructions to the door at a concealed higher level on the back side of the mosque – the private royal entrance. A few months later, I tried to go again but the door was chained and, as far as I know, has remained locked ever since. The New Mosque now overlooks a busy commuting hub, crowded by day and mostly by night. There are still times when I smile to think that I know one of its secrets.

John's own guide was the 17th-century traveller, Evliya Çelebi – an itinerant courtier who travelled the Empire and never took the shortest route when a circuitous one would do. Evliya's *Britannica*-thick account of his travels, what he saw, whom he spoke to, all peppered by a liberal imagination, captured the spirit of place after place. John discovered an ancient translation of the Istanbul section of Evliya's *Seyahatname* in the college library during the very first week after he arrived, and was inspired to do the same. Evliya's observations are cited with great frequency in *Strolling* and Evliya is the acknowledged muse of John's own lyrical daybook, *Stamboul Sketches*.

Like Evliya, John was happiest on the road. He wrote about so many places and so many things: biographies, guides, compendia on subjects as disparate as the Seljuk dynasty and the history of science. He could produce another volume in the time it took others to clear their throats. Those who delighted in his company could also bristle about his intrusion into their own discipline. It is, however, a tautology born of envy to call a man who produced 65 books a generalist. It is true he would sometimes raid past work to produce the next. But even scholars have to live and who isn't guilty of telling a good story twice?



Freely with his granddaughters Helen and Pandora, on his last visit to his family's home in Dingle, County Kerry

How John survived could not entirely be explained by the laws of physics that he taught. Family and friends sat down last May in Istanbul to his funereal feast at Asmalı Cavit, a Beyoğlu meyhane that John loved. When it came time to leave, the eponymous proprietor Cavit Saatçi would not accept a penny –a generous gesture for sure, but all too fitting a tribute to a man who lived off the devotion he inspired. The spiritual guru Krishnamurti reportedly travelled the world without a penny in his pocket, supported and cosseted by a committed following. And while there was something about John being able to float through air, there are times when I thought of him affectionately as one of my favourite characters in SJ Perelman's humorous pieces for the *New Yorker* – the chap in the Dublin pub who, with an innocent air, gets by selling literary anecdotes about Leopold Bloom to passing American academics.

To declare my own interest, I first met John in 1968 when I was barely a teenager as the parent of my friends. My first recollection (though it may be a fictive memory) is of a conversation at a rickety table at Nazmi's, the famous garden meyhane on the shore in Küçük Bebek, where much of the real education of Robert College took place. It is not correct to say that John held court. He came to converse. The pleasure I recall (apart from being able at that young age to cadge one of those high-necked brown bottles of state-monopoly beer) is that he did not speak as professor to schoolboy but assumed an equality.

It is that openness, I surmise, his public lack of guile, which made him a memorable teacher and beloved colleague. I grew accustomed over the years to seeing faces of his former students light up on learning that John was back to teaching at what had become the Bosphorus University. On reflection, it is also the quality that makes his books a delight. He wrote not as an expert but as a friend eager to share. Of course, he had read around his subject, found the apposite, erudite quote, walked miles by day and burned the oil at his writing desk into the night. He had a rare affinity to engage instantly with what he saw and whom he met. But his body language was that he was merely doing something anyone could.

Almost anyone. His extraordinary moment, the one that lay at the heart of his final autobiographical books, was the bungee-jumping-off-the-Brooklyn-Bridge lack of caution that in 1960 pushed him to abandon a research position in Princeton in search of adventure. He took a job in Robert College, a liberal arts college on the Bosphorus, whose existenfce he had learned of by happenstance after falling into conversation with a faculty member. He had made a pact with his wife, Dolores, to lead a life of travel, and by his own account (*The Art of Exile: A Vagabond Life* was published in 2016) it took no persuasion to convince her to pack up the three children, aged between one and eight, and board a plane for Istanbul.

I read recently an account by the journalist Suzy Hansen of unravelling her own not quite rational decision to leave New York. The pin Hansen stuck in the map also landed in Istanbul, largely because she was curious how the author James Baldwin could have felt freer there as a gay black man than he had in Paris or New York. Would Baldwin have felt quite so liberated if he had not been a frequent guest at John Freely's parties and experienced that Never-Never Land sense of bohemia among the expatriate faculty in an outrageously beautiful campus overlooking the Straits? I have heard from more than one source the tale of John's joyful, inebriated chorus of 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes' as the firemen arrived at his university lodgings to put out a blaze in the flue of the wood-burning stove.

Baldwin left Shangri-La, drawn back to his own New York reality. John, too, made sojourns elsewhere (*Strolling Through Athens* appeared in 1991, *Strolling Through Venice* in 1994). But he returned to Istanbul. It is odd, I suppose, that he was adopted by a country whose language he never really knew. His reality was not the Istanbul of the here and now but uncovering layer after layer, deciphering palimpsest upon palimpsest in the city he had made his own.

In *Stamboul Ghosts* (still to be published and presumably his final book), he tells of his first meeting with Baldwin at one of the famous Robert College parties. "He had been a shoeshine boy and worked in a sweatshop, whereas I had been a scavenger and worked in a condom factory. Jimmy had left the US and made a new life in France, just as Toots [his name for Dolores] and I were doing in Turkey." John was a member of a different underclass.

The House of Memory: Reflections on Youth and War, published this year, is remarkable first as a crystal-clear

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recollection of a nonagenarian's early years, but also for the story it tells of a childhood spent shuttling between his mother's birthplace in County Kerry and his native Brooklyn while his father looked for work. John dropped out of high school, joined the Navy and took part in the brutal Burmese campaign. This allowed him to ride the GI bill into university and from there to obtain a doctorate at NYU. There is a huge difference between enjoying the privilege of good fortune and having a privileged sense of entitlement.

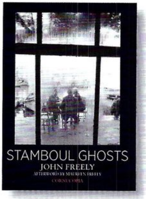
John was not ignorant of change but put a higher value on the things that remain. *Strolling Through Istanbul* still maintains its authority, despite having been written at time when the city had less than a third of its present population. In the final chapter, 'The Last Stroll', we hear his voice:

"The old town, for all its faults and flaws, has managed to retain some of the humane qualities of communal life and rich connections with the past that have been lost in most modern cities. In that mood we think of our own strolls through Stamboul and of the dear friends who were our companions here, many of them now departed and some gone forever. We think too of Evliya Çelebi, who has been our companion-guide for so long, and wonder what he might say if he could once again walk through the streets of his beloved town, so changed but so much the same."

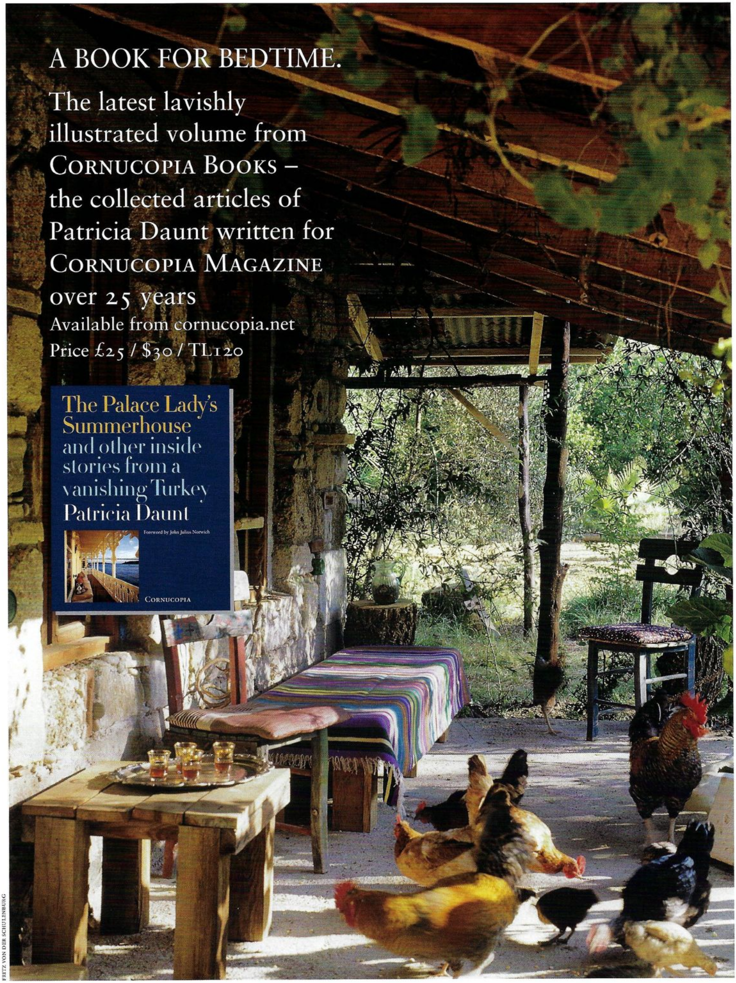
It is not correct to say that John held court. He came to converse. The pleasure I recall is that he did not speak as professor to schoolboy but assumed an equality

There is no easy answer to how we form an attachment to a place. The alchemy of attraction obeys its own weird formula. John's ability to share his love for a city, for what was and what had been, was a skilful act of persuasion that puzzles me still. ◆

John Freely, writer, born in Brooklyn, New York, June 26, 1926; died in England April 2, 2017



John Freely's 'Stamboul Ghosts', with photographs by Ara Güler and an afterword by Maureen Freely, will be published this winter by Cornucopia Books



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FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

Painted murals in Garda Café recall the glory days of nearby Haydarpaşa Station, when Bosphorus steamers picked up passengers from the quay as they stepped off the train from Asia

LOCAL COLOUR YELDEĞİRMENİ

GOOD VIBRATIONS

An exciting new spirit of creativity is flourishing in Yeldeğirmeni – once a place of windmills and construction workers. But will this vibrant neighbourhood of Kadıköy be able to maintain its delicate balance of old and new?

Katie Nadworny reports.

Photographs by Monica Fritz

At first sight, Yeldeğirmeni is a deceptive place. With its elegant old buildings rubbing shoulders with more recent nondescript apartments, this neighbourhood of Kadıköy seems like any other residential Asian-side enclave. But it is actually the centre of a new world, where artistic creativity is being nourished and celebrated.

The residential streets form a rough grid, with each narrow road sloping down to the Kadıköy docks. Divided cleanly by the long, busy artery of Söğütlüçeşme Caddesi from the districts of Bahariye and Moda, on the other side of Kadıköy, Yeldeğirmeni can initially seem like an island of local colour, more rooted in its residents than cosmopolitan Moda, with its yacht club and esplanade of leafy clifftop cafés. Karakolhane Caddesi is the central branch of Yeldeğirmeni's streets, where traditional *bakkals* and barbers' shops have only just begun to share space with bars and coffee shops, like **Bizim Kitap Kafe**, whose hallways, brimming with books, open up to a garden hidden away from the busy road.

Yeldeğirmeni is a place where the texture of previous years hasn't quite been sanded away; instead, stylish cafés and *atölyes* are tucked in beside laundromats with dry-cleaning hanging in the windows. The bright murals of the annual Mural Istanbul festival liven up unexpected corners, bursting over dusty parking lots or the sides of hotels. Historically, Jews and Armenians lived in this neighbourhood, which dates back to the 15th century, and it's still possible to catch the shadows of those communities in a tucked-away synagogue or orphanage.

Stylish cafés are tucked in beside laundromats with dry-cleaning hanging in the windows. The bright murals of the Mural Istanbul festival liven up unexpected corners, bursting over dusty parking lots or the sides of hotels

During the Ottoman era, this neighbourhood was dotted with flour mills that supplied

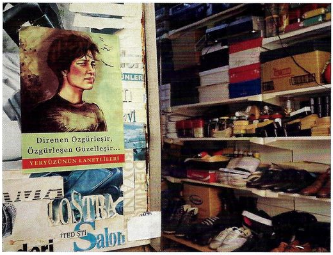
TOP YELDEĞİRMENİ'S MAIN STREET, KARAKOLHANE CADDESİ
LEFT A PATRIOTIC 'BAKKAL'
RIGHT THIS HAND-PAINTED BARBER'S SIGN IS NOT BY ONE OF THE AREA'S NEW ARTISTS, BUT SUITS ITS SURROUNDINGS PERFECTLY
BOTTOM A PROUD YOUNG LOCAL POSES IN HIS FATHER'S 'YUFKA' (PASTRY DOUGH) SHOP

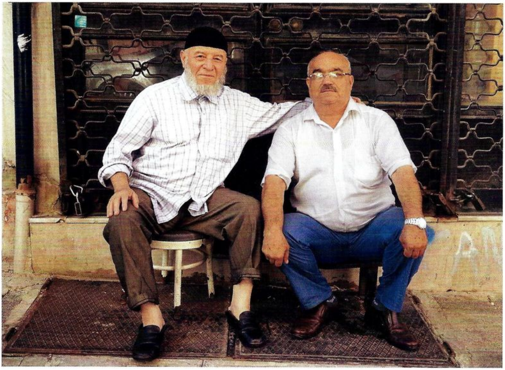
BER BER
ÇELİK
SAKAL 8 TL
SAÇ 10 TL

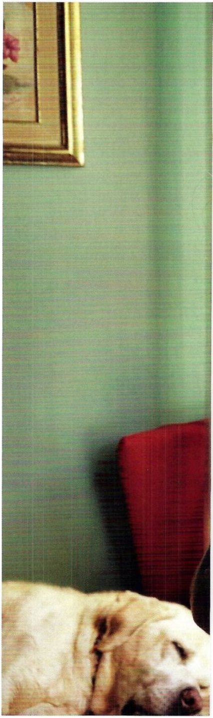
bread to the sultan's palace and the surrounding area. The windmills not only lend the neighbourhood its name but also explain the continued abundance, to this day, of bakeries. Later, at the beginning of the 20th century, Yeldeğirmeni housed the workers constructing the elegant Haydarpaşa railway station. Many of the station's engineers lived in the Valpreda Apartment (also known as the Italian Apartment), built in 1909 in the Art Nouveau style. This is still a residential building, and throughout the area there are deliberate echoes of this period – **Garda Café**, for example, is designed as a facsimile of Haydarpaşa. Elaborate wall paintings wrap around Garda's interior, and it's easy to imagine that you can hear the soft whistle of an incoming train, on its way to whisk you across Anatolia.

The blooming of Yeldeğirmeni is part of a larger cultural shift away from Beyoğlu and towards the Asian shore, thanks in large part to the centring of political unrest around Taksim Square. With the Beyoğlu district already ripe for redevelopment and plagued by ever-rising rents, the artistic community slowly started to drift away. After the Gezi Park protests – sparked by, among many things, the mindless crush of development – filled the area with nightly tear gas in 2013, the exodus quickened. The İstiklâl bombing in 2016 hastened the trend. As artists fled Beyoğlu, they slowly began to find their groove in the innovative cultural spaces of comparatively laid-back Kadıköy. While traditional greengrocers and cobblers still linger, and men sit in chairs smoking cigarettes and reading newspapers on the streets, energetic new bohemian spaces are transforming the fabric of the neighbourhood.

"There's not much alternative stuff happening on the other side any more," says Nuray Kerkük, the owner of **Hangart**. With her chestnut hair pulled back in a loose ponytail, she smiles and chats with regulars and first-time visitors. Her café-cum-performance space serves as a venue for concerts, exhibitions, readings, workshops and other creative projects. Drawn by both the convenience (she lives in the area) and the alternative artistic community already rooted in Yeldeğirmeni, Kerkük opened Hangart in 2015. The venue features jazz, classical and alternative music – mostly music that appeals to Kerkük herself, including that of local favourites like the bands Country for Syria and Flapper Swing. During the day, sunshine spills into the quiet mint-green café space as locals linger over *çay*. At night, the venue fills with people eager







to hear the live music. Though Hangart doesn't serve alcohol, Kerkük laughingly admits she will occasionally slip a glass of wine to her regular patrons during concerts. They are all part of her extended Yeldeğirmeni family.

Circuit is another European transplant, only recently relocated from its original haunt in Çukurcuma (Beyoğlu's antiques district) to a crisp new space in Yeldeğirmeni. Having started as a vintage clothing store with an emphasis on sustainability, it has kept the

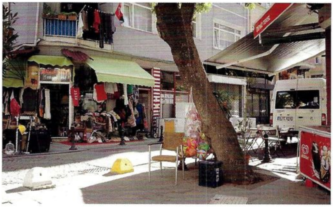
ABOVE HANGART'S FOUNDER, NURAY KERKÜK, STEALING A HUG FROM HER NIECE WHILE BAKING IN THE KITCHEN
LEFT HANGART'S INTERIOR, A PLACE FOR LIVE MUSIC

OPPOSITE, TOP THE SHOE REPAIR SHOP INNOCENTLY DISPLAYS A POLITICAL POSTER CALLING FOR REBELLION AND FREEDOM
BOTTOM ONE OF THE LAST NEIGHBOURHOOD TAILORS (LEFT) SITTING WITH HIS FRIEND, DOWN THE STREET FROM THE ORPHANAGE

HALİL ESEN
kahvaltıda sev.
BOX

emphasis but lost the clothes. Now Circuit hosts classes for everything from watercolour painting and yoga to permaculture, while also functioning as an alternative gallery space for local artists. "We were recommended Yeldeğirmeni as a suitable and supportive neighbourhood for our organisation," says Jessica Sim, Circuit's co-director, a vivacious Canadian in her twenties whose enthusiasm is palpable. The move has changed Circuit's mission as it adapts to its new neighbourhood. "To expand our reach, in particular to our more immediate neighbours, we are working to widen our community of collaborators; for example, by hosting bazaars and exhibitions that feature local artists and crafts-makers, and by bringing in new instructors for classes and workshops."

Wandering up Uzun Hafız Sokak past Müdavim Lokantası, a modern cafeteria with a deliberately retro feeling, brings you to **Nayn**, a café whose



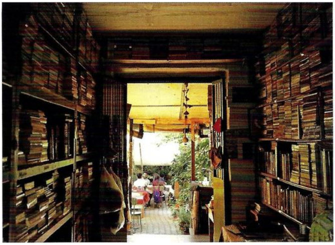
Above Garda Café is decorated to resemble a hall in Haydarpaşa Station
Top right Bizim Kitap Kahve, a bookshop with a secret garden café at the end of a long dark hallway
Centre Şafak Pala and his Nayn Café, full of bright, Seventies-style art
Right Treze's street art
Opposite An afternoon corner

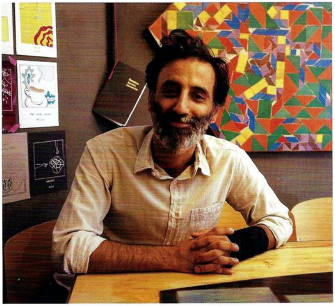
charcoal-grey walls are filled with brightly coloured art. The owner, Şafak Pala (below right), founded Nayn two-and-a-half years ago after a stint working at Galata Café in Beyoğlu. Finding there wasn't enough work on the European side and sensing the trend towards Asia, he decided to open his own café. "Everyone is moving back to Kadıköy," he says. In August, Nayn was one of the three venues hosting the *100 Days of Drawing* exhibition, an illustration project by a local artist, Merve Midilli. It is multipurpose creative spaces like this that are bringing a communal, artistic feel to Yeldeğirmeni.

Komşu Kafe is a pay-what-you-will collective that hosts themed culinary nights. While people nosh on the nightly selection of Syrian, Italian or Bosnian cuisine, the district's traditional men-only cafés remain just across the street, providing an echo of the past.

Arthere's café is a footnote to its main mission. Founded by the French-Syrian photographer Omar Berakdar as a space run by artists for artists, Arthere comprises a performance space, gallery and clubhouse. It hosts films, installations, performances, workshops and exhibitions, and artists including Syrians and other arrivals come together here to collaborate and share their work. The walls are covered with the art of the collective's members – all for sale – and home-made swings hang from the ceiling.

The venue **Art/ist** seems on the surface like a more straightforward café, but it too combines its café with a workshop and exhibition space. It was founded by the interior designer Özge Taştan early in the summer of 2017, when she sensed that this was fertile ground for launching a multi-tentacled creative project. As one of Yeldeğirmeni's newer spaces, it is both full of





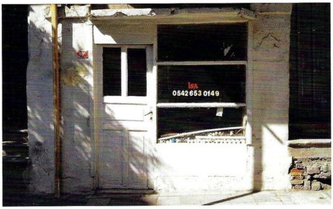
potential and indicative of the area's atmosphere. This is the place where creative Istanbullus can start something new.

Local support is key to all of this creative blossoming. "Like other central and historic neighbourhoods in Istanbul, Yeldeğirmeni is home to diverse groups of people," says Jessica Sim, "and gentrification is an ever more important topic." But, as she points out, Kadıköy is clearly in favour of artistic and creative initiatives: it has a record of supporting street art, and this year it organised the first municipal Environmental Festival.

Even as creative outlets shift from Beyoğlu to Kadıköy, much of this exciting artistic scene is local and home-grown, and great efforts are being made to keep the vibe of the neighbourhood true to its long-time residents, as well as its new arrivals. It's all helping to make Yeldeğirmeni the new centre of Istanbul's creative community. Kadıköy's moment is now. ◆

Katie Nadworny is online arts editor for cornucopia.net

A CUP OF
tea
hug



Top The anti-authoritarian Komşu Kafe collective
Above Street art by Max, known for painting over the grey paint used to erase political writings
Above left A young couple and their child outside their clothes shop
Left A traditional lonely light-bulb shop
Opposite Özge Taştan, interior designer and founder of Art/ist and her intimate café (top), both inside and out

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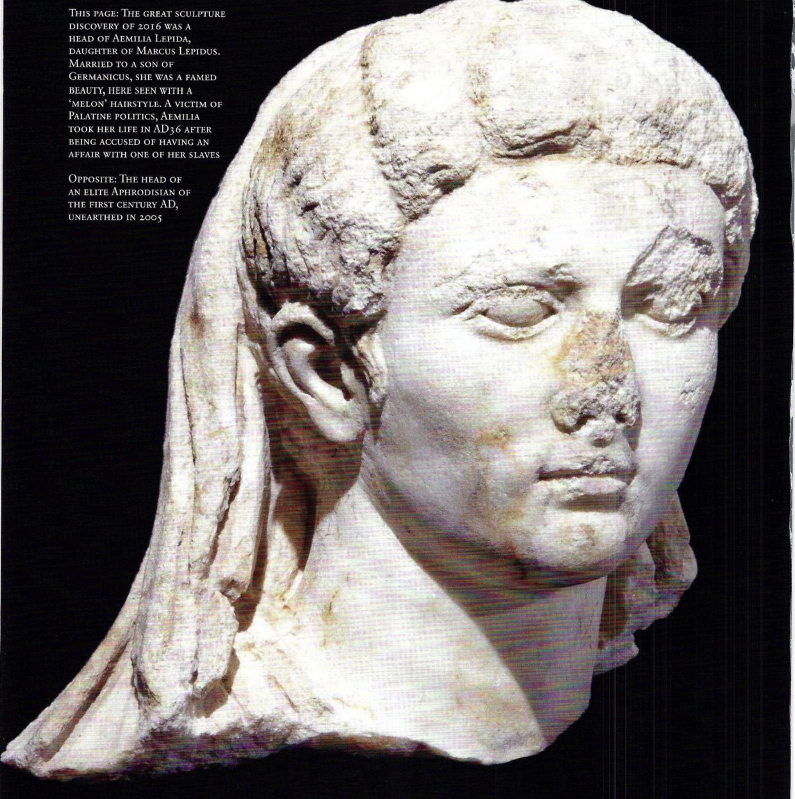
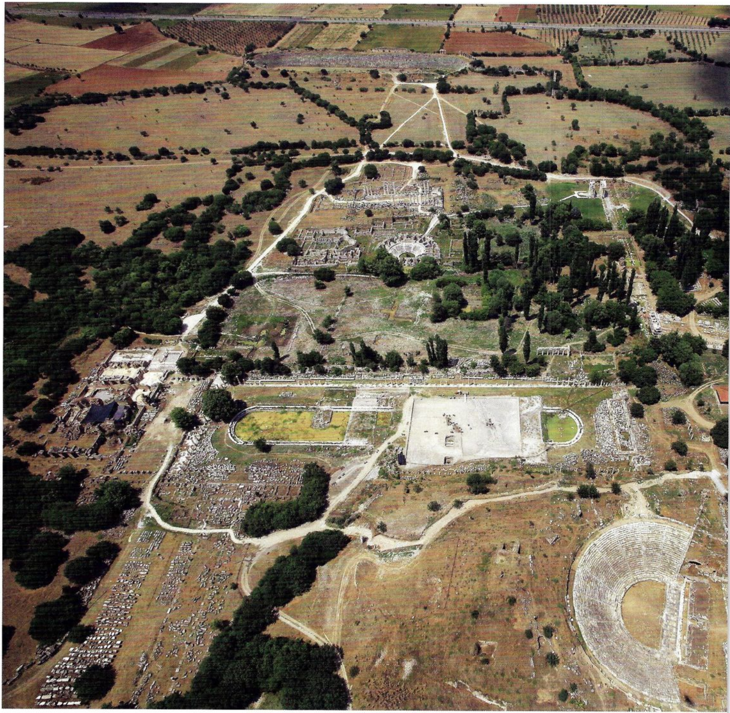


THIS PAGE: THE GREAT SCULPTURE DISCOVERY OF 2016 WAS A HEAD OF AEMILIA LEPIDA, DAUGHTER OF MARCUS LEPIDUS. MARRIED TO A SON OF GERMANICUS, SHE WAS A FAMED BEAUTY, HERE SEEN WITH A 'MELON' HAIRSTYLE. A VICTIM OF PALATINE POLITICS, AEMILIA TOOK HER LIFE IN AD36 AFTER BEING ACCUSED OF HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH ONE OF HER SLAVES

OPPOSITE: THE HEAD OF AN ELITE APHRODISIAN OF THE FIRST CENTURY AD, UNEARTHED IN 2005

APHRODITE'S CITY

No wonder Aphrodisias was the Emperor Augustus's favourite city in Asia. Famed for its exquisite sculpture and unsullied surroundings, for Patricia Daunt it is the most beautiful site in the classical world

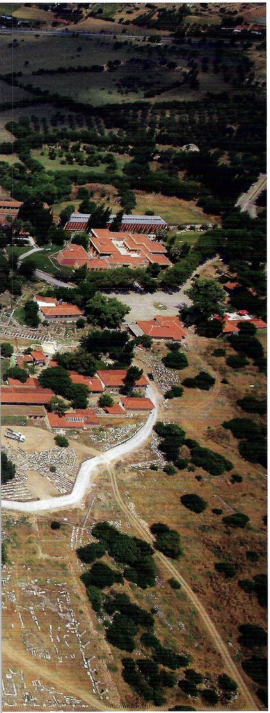


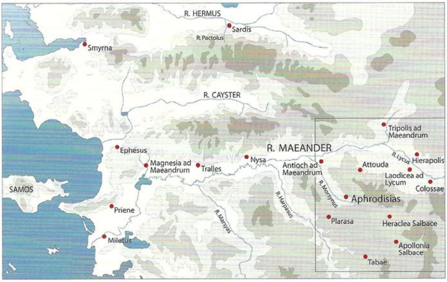
MAP AND ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE APHRODISIAS EXCAVATIONS AND RRR SMITH

Aphrodisias is, they claim, the most beautiful of all the archaeological sites in western Turkey – arguably of the whole classical world. Lying some 230 kilometres east of Izmir in a valley watered by a tributary of the Upper Menderes (or Maeander, ancient Maiandros), it is still relatively remote, though widening of roads, quarrying for marble and construction of new dams are changing the surrounding country.

Spectacular Graeco-Roman monuments adorn the city centre, some that have survived two millennia, others unearthed since excavations were begun in 1961, and yet others reassembled from the debris left by earthquakes. Nearly 60 years of continuous excavation is revealing the full extent of the grandeur of an inland city in the Eastern Roman Empire with a surprisingly long post-classical life which lingered into Ottoman times.

Excavation beneath the Acropolis mound during the 1960s unearthed settlements stretching back into the mists of time: Bronze Age, Chalcolithic, Neolithic. Ninoe,

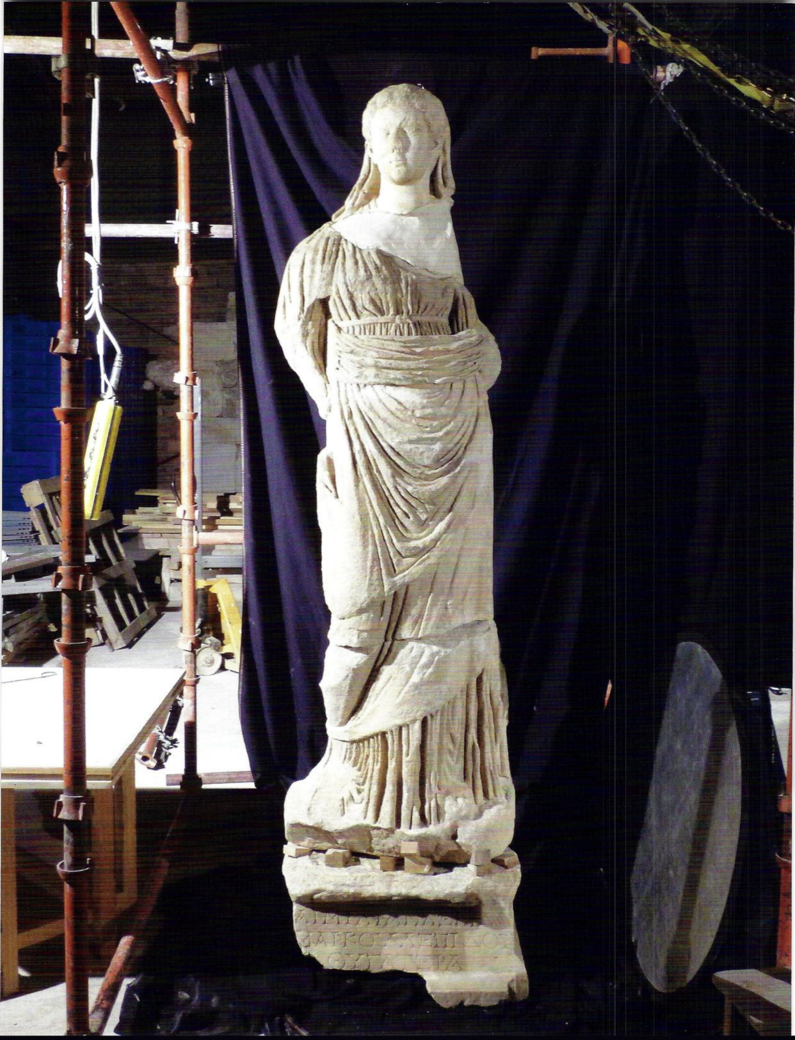



R. HERMUS
Sardis
R. Pactolus
Smyrna
R. CAYSTER
Tripolis ad Maeandrum
R. MAEANDER
Ephesus
R. Lycus
Hierapolis
Nysa
Magnesia ad Maeandrum
Tralles
Antioch ad Maeandrum
Attouda
Laodicea ad Lycum
Colossae
SAMOS
R. Morsynus
Aphrodisias
R. Harpasus
Priene
R. Marsyas
Plarasa
Heraclea Salbace
Miletus
Apollonia Salbace
Tabae

Main picture An aerial view from the south. It was not an especially large city, but its monuments were built on a massive scale as a magnet for visitors. The Theatre (foreground, right) held 8,000; the Stadium (top) was one of the largest in the ancient world, seating 30,000. The giant pool (centre) was part of a pleasure garden, the Place of Palms – its excavation was completed in 2017

Top The French railway engineer Paul Gaudin started excavating Hadrian's Baths in 1904 but was stopped by Osman Hamdi Bey, founder of the Ottoman Archaeological Museum. The baths were fully conserved in 2010–16

Above The Maeander Valley (the Büyük Menderes) in southwest Turkey. Aphrodisias lies 150 kilometres inland from the ancient port of Ephesus. Other notable neighbours are Nysa, Tripolis ad Maeandrum and Hierapolis, famed for the white cliff pools of Pammukale



as the place was then known, was steeped in the tangled legends of western Asia Minor. As seat of the Carian deities and their sanctuary, from early time it attracted devotees of the fertility goddess. Sometime during the fourth or third century BC Ninoe was renamed Aphrodisias, or 'the city of Aphrodite', and the old sanctuary given some kind of temple, the vestiges of which still lie beneath the temple we see today.

The relative prosperity of the settlement and its temple was rudely interrupted during the dark days of the early first century BC when the cities of Asia Minor were caught between Roman occupier and Pontic invader from the Black Sea. Only when the sea battle of Actium in 31BC finally saw the end of the Roman Republic did Aphrodisias's loyalty to Rome bear fruit with Roman patronage and a surge of pilgrims to her temple.

Under the stability of the Roman Empire, Aphrodisias enjoyed an explosion of urban expansion. It owed much, as did the school of sculpture for which the city was to become famous throughout the Roman world, to the extensive quarries of much-prized marbles in the foothills of Babadağı (ancient Cadmus) two kilometres from the city centre. Sumptuous buildings – the late-first-century-AD Basilica was so massive that it took up three city blocks – were ornately decorated with depictions in marble of deities, emperors and local notables, as well as domestic and wild animals: the late Hellenistic city was transformed.

Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century travellers were the first to be interested by the wealth of Greek and Latin inscriptions and intrigued by the graffiti which abounded on the site. Sir Charles Fellows, setting out from Izmir in early March 1840 to record the "beautiful city built wholly of white marble" for the London Dilettante Society, found incoming Turkomans had recently taken over the abandoned settlement that lay within walls that had encircled the Graeco-Roman city. Red-roofed lath-and-plaster houses, men, women, children, dogs, sheep and goats

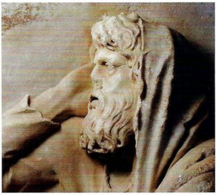
Opposite Aemilia's beautiful head reunited with her body. The statue once stood on the Propylon, the gateway to the grand Sebasteion Temple
Right 'Demos' (the People) greets the benefactor Caius Julius Zoilos, a native of the city and freed slave who became a trusted agent of the Emperor Augustus. It was photographs of this frieze in the Illustrated London News in 1958 that sparked new interest in the site

now huddled among the ruins. The fertility of the soil and the abundance of water had attracted them to settle; the village had been renamed Geyre (a modulation of ancient Caria). Of Aphrodisias's former glory the new inhabitants knew nothing.

In 1904 the Ottoman statesman and head of antiquities Osman Hamdi Bey put a stop to excavations in the Hadrianic Baths – by the French railway engineer Paul Gaudin – and the outbreak of the Second World War interrupted excavation by an Italian archaeological team. The work of unearthing, recording, conserving and restoring the marvels now evident on the site and displayed in a purpose-built museum had to wait until 1961, when the project was put in the hands of New York University (NYU). Over the following 56 years just two scholars have directed the project to achieve this.

Aphrodisias is unusual in owing much of its Roman splendour to a single benefactor, one Gaius Julius Zoilos. Inscriptions confirm that, echoing the city's political aspirations and devotion to the emperors, the initial building spree was financed by this remarkable Aphrodisian, who had been enslaved, possibly by Julius Caesar himself. Inherited and freed by Octavian (later Caesar Augustus), he made a triumphant return to Aphrodisias around 38BC. The former slave in the Roman imperial service was now a city oligarch.

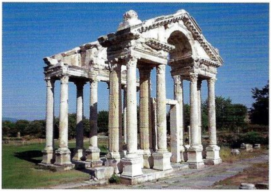
Appointed high priest of Aphrodite, Zoilos secured the boundaries of the

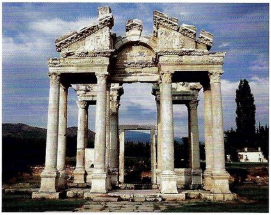


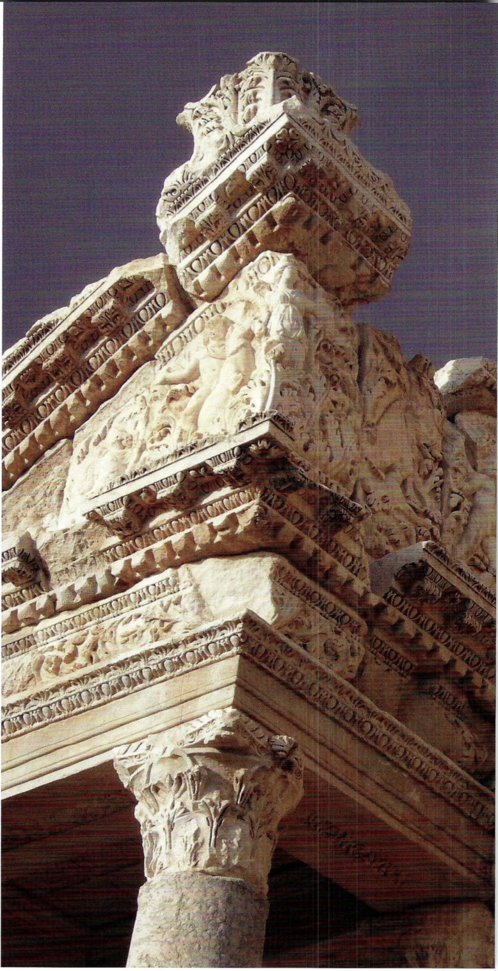
ABOVE AION, THE GOD OF ETERNAL TIME, FROM THE ZOILOS MAUSOLEUM
LEFT MORE THAN 80 RELIEFS SURVIVE OF THE 200 THAT COVERED THE SEBASTEION COMPLEX, WHICH EMERGED FROM UNDER A ROW OF COTTAGES IN 1979. THE SOUTH BUILDING, ONE OF TWO PORTICO-LIKE EDIFICES FLANKING THE PROCESSIONAL WAY, IS COVERED WITH RELIEFS OF GODS, CONQUERING EMPERORS, MYTHICAL HEROES AND ALLUSIONS TO APHRODITE

goddess's sanctuary, endowed the cult and paid for a new marble temple. He was also responsible for a new stage building for the Theatre, a grand marble portico for the North Agora and much else besides. The oligarch's munificence was commemorated by a series of sculpted panels that adorned his tomb. In 1958 a magazine article on Turkey showed a photograph of Geyre villagers banking an irrigation channel with these useful panels. Prof Kenan Erim, a Turkish archaeologist at NYU excavating that summer in Italy, said that that photograph first whetted his appetite for pioneering work at Aphrodisias. The Zoilos Frieze is now displayed in the museum's main passageway, probably no more than a stone's throw from where it was unearthed.

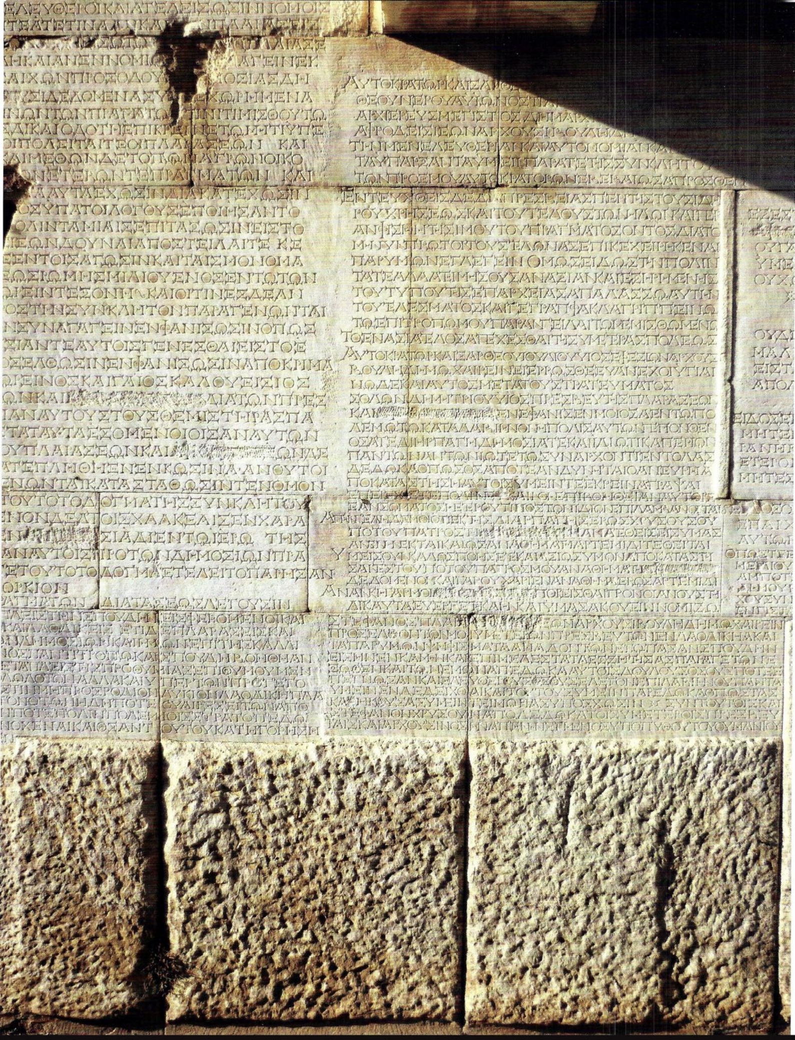
During the 1960s the first-century Theatre was cleared of the spoil that completely filled it, and the village houses perched on the eastern slope of the Acropolis were removed. The Hellenistic-style Theatre was found to have been







The heavily carved second-century Tetrapylon at the entrance to the sanctuary of Aphrodite – the Aphrodisians loved grand gateways



considerably modified when gladiatorial fights and contests with wild beasts became fashionable under Rome. Excavation brought to light Zoilos's elaborate three-storey stage building, together with a big cache of statues now in the museum. The jewel in the crown was a pair of boxers, complete, life-size statues of athletic victors of the third century AD. Mature and muscular in their nudity, they are bare-knuckled, with leather thongs wrapped around the full length of their arms.

On the east wall of the Zoilos stage building, the Aphrodisians later proudly inscribed an astonishing collection of documents bearing witness to their city's special relationship with Rome. These imperial letters record the grants of autonomy, immunity from taxation, and asylum rights for the shrine of Aphrodite. The inscription begins with a majestic testimonial, incised in exquisite Greek lettering, from the Emperor Augustus when he was Octavian the Triumvir, naming Aphrodisias the one city in all Asia he had selected as his own. The texts on this "Archival Wall" suffered slight later adjustment: when the Aphrodisians converted to Christianity during the fifth century AD, the pious denizens renamed their city Stavropolis (City of the Cross) and had most visible mentions of the pagan goddess Aphrodite chiselled out.

Repair and reopening to public access of the finest, grandest and largest of the city's pair of bathhouses, the Hadrianic Baths, was completed in 2016. A surprise find during that season was a bronze coin of the early seventh century beneath restored paving in the central *caldarium*, or hot room, suggesting that the Christian citizens of mid-Byzantine Aphrodisias were still affluent enough to afford expensive repairs to keep both aqueduct and furnaces functioning in the old Roman bathhouse. It is a building of a light freshwater limestone, once splendid with marble revetment on the walls and striking for its complicated underground service corridors, complete with furnaces and water channels. The decoration of the forecourt of the *palaestra* (wrestling school), with its large piers carved with figures of Eros hunting animals intertwined in scrolls of acanthus leaves, is unmistakably Aphrodisian.

When Aphrodite's Temple is surrounded by carpets of spring anemones, though greatly changed since Zoilos's day, it is much as Fellows saw it in 1840. It had been in due course converted into a church, with a massively engineered reordering of its structure to provide roof, apse, nave, aisles and narthex. When you sit on one of the fallen marble pillars, the outlines of the temple as well as the church are still evident.

Above Anastylosis of the pediment of Gaudin's Fountain, unearthed in 1904. Originally a temple, it had been dismantled, moved and re-erected as a fountain in late antiquity. The niche once displayed the temple's divinity
Opposite In one of the testimonials covering a wall of Zoilos's stage building, Augustus declares that this is the one city in all Asia he has selected as his own

Before entering by the West Gate, Fellows noted a "mile of ornately sculpted marble sarcophagi lining either side of the road". Some of these now line the pathways and ring the museum, introducing us to generations of Aphrodisian families seen through the eyes of gifted and original artists whose style of sculpture has been termed "mannerist", even "baroque".

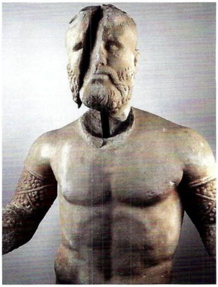
The spectacular first-century Stadium to the north of the West Gate is the finest complete example of its kind to survive from antiquity. In the AD350s city walls were hastily built against its northern line. Two curved ends and sides bowed out to form an ellipse ensure all spectators an unobstructed view of the entire field. It measures an astonishing 270 metres in length. Whilst the city had a population of some 8,000, the 30 tiers of seating are capable of accommodating 30,000 – though a notable adaptation in the east end was evidently made to accommodate gladiatorial fights and contests with wild animals following the city's decline. No ancient building at Aphrodisias escapes a share of telltale graffiti. In the Stadium, not only graffiti but cuttings for awnings, masons' marks and inscriptions for reserved seats, which include women's names, survive: a book on its own.

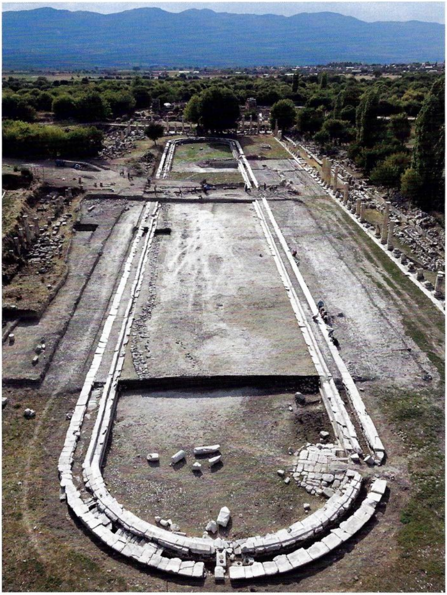
The Aphrodisians were notably keen on ostentatious gateways, particularly when embellishing their city's main thoroughfare running north-south through the city centre: the Tetrapylon Street. The monumental Tetrapylon is the most northerly monument revealed so far – a gateway leading westward into the holy precinct of the Temple of Aphrodite. It is of astonishing grandeur. Some could say it is overly grand. Whatever is said, this remarkable gateway with its four rows of four columns of mixed marbles simply defines religious and public space.

Further south, the Propylon, at the entrance into the Sebasteion, a temple complex dedicated to the emperors and Aphrodite, lacks the elaborate decoration and the grey marble barley-sugar columns of the Tetrapylon; for all that, it boasted life-size statues of Roman nobility. Rebuilding of the Propylon's main structure was completed in 2016, less eye-catching but no less interesting than the 1990 reassembly (anastylosis) of the Tetrapylon itself.

The Sebasteion was the latest in architectural fashion in the first century – an almost modernist, exhibitionist temple complex – dedicated to both Aphrodite and the Julio-Claudian emperors. It was paid for by two families and only discovered in 1979 beneath a line of cottages in Geyre. In the last decade, enough of it has been rebuilt, incorporating casts of sculpted panels of gods and emperors, to give an understanding of the lost temple and the precinct's ancient splendour as well as the Aphrodisians' dedication to the emperors – more so than to Aphrodite herself.

It is hoped that anastylosis of the





Above left The Stadium, built in the first century AD, boasts 30 tiers of marble seats, many inscribed with the names of wealthy individuals or associations for whom they were reserved
Left Excavation of the Place of Palms, 2016
Above and opposite These statues of Piseas (above) and Candidianus, champion boxers on the international circuit, flanked the Theatre stage in late-Roman times. Both have partly shaved heads and are naked but for leather thongs round their arms

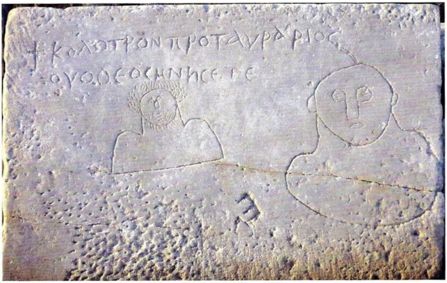
imposing Agora Gate that leads from the Tetrapylon Street into the vast pleasure garden known as the South Agora may follow. A verse inscription naming this complex "The Place of Palms", found on a piece of fallen masonry belonging to the Agora Gate, gives its correct name. Excavation over the past five years has uncovered a grand urban park of a kind known to have been fashionable in imperial Rome; it is western Turkey's most unusual ancient complex. Its construction saw a massive engineering project paid for by local grandees, and involved cutting back the theatre hill and supporting it with a massive 20-metre-tall retaining wall to create enough flat space for a complex measuring 230 by 60 metres with some 500 metres of colonnaded porticoes around it. The bizarre sixth-century repairs to some of the columns' Ionic capitals might, however, have made an imperial architect blush. These long porticoes enabled Aphrodisians to stroll down avenues of palms – deep trenches revealed plantings for Cretan date palms (*Phoenix theophrasti*). The huge, waist-deep, artificially raised pool (175 metres long, 25 metres wide) had semicircular ends with fountains and double seating that allowed viewing either way.

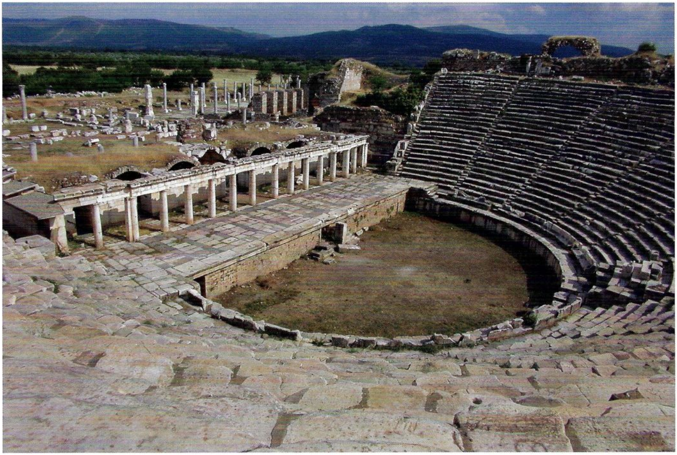
Graffiti abound in Aphrodisias. The Place of Palms is no exception. In 2016, along with an unexpectedly intense find of post-antique medieval coins, broken

marbles and one beautiful fragment of a Julio-Claudian male portrait, the most outstanding find was a sixth-century graffito on the pool edge commemorating one "Kolotron, chief of the gold workers", accompanied by engraved busts of champion athletes, one wearing an elaborate victor's crown and the other – a much larger bust – of a thick-necked boxer or wrestler with a single lock of hair emerging from his otherwise clean-shaven head, hairstyle of the professional late-Roman heavy athlete. The graffitist himself is well known from other inscriptions in both Theatre and Stadium.

The first surprise during the 2016 excavation of the Tetrapylon Street came south of the Sebasteion's Propylon: a possibly mid-Byzantine bathhouse built partly across the street, unusual in itself and evidence of the city's adaptation in the face of contemporary stress. The second surprise was a large, veiled female portrait head, clearly of the early imperial period, discovered amongst fallen rubble north of the Propylon. It has an ideal Augustan physiognomy, with the tight "melon" hairstyle of a beautiful young woman. Careful mounting of the head on a surviving statue found earlier nearby showed that the two belonged together. The statue was identified from the inscription on its base as "Aemilia Lepida, daughter of Marcus Lepidus". Aemilia's statue once belonged to the famous statue display on the Propylon, which honoured more than 15 princes and princesses of the extended Julio-Claudian family, all the way back to Aineias and Aphrodite. The Aphrodisians were of course not at all concerned about the scandalous hot gossip surrounding Aemilia's unhappy fate, and preserved the statue that honoured her on the Propylon until the seventh century.

Well born, the daughter of an aristocrat of long lineage – the powerful Tiberian senator Marcus Lepidus – Aemilia was married in AD 23 to Drusus Caesar, who, with his brother, was designated imperial successor to the suspicious Tiberius Caesar. Seven years later both brothers were arrested on charges of treason, imprisoned and subsequently disposed of. Like her husband – whom, according to Tacitus, "she had pursued with ceaseless accusations" – Aemilia also met her end in the high drama of Palatine politics. She remained unpunished, infamous as she was, for as long as her father lived but subsequently fell victim to the informers for "adultery with a





Opposite, top No ancient building at Aphrodisias escapes its share of graffiti
Bottom One of hundreds of sarcophagi found in the city. A husband and wife, both priests, are led to Hades, seated Åon the right
Above The Theatre's stage, built by Zoilos before 28BC, originally had three storeys. A deep arena-pit was dug in the second century so gladiatorial and animal contests could be staged safely

slave". Tacitus adds, "there was no question about her guilt, so without an attempt at defence she put an end to her life".

Each season's work by the archaeologists at Aphrodisias produces surprises and new treasures. Aemilia's beauty personifies all the emotions that Aphrodisias evokes in those bewitched by this ancient city. Striking male beauty had been unearthed in 2005: a miraculously well-preserved late-Antonine portrait head, this time of a young man of the local elite. It was found on the floor of an important chamber at the south end of the Basilica. Such spectacular discoveries are but a part of the complex project pursued under the direction of Professor Bert Smith, of Oxford and New York Universities, who succeeded Kenan Erim as director in 1991.

Aphrodisias remains remarkably untouched by the intrusions of the 21st century. The heady spoils of over half a century of excavations are safely housed in the museum and its garden – ornately carved sarcophagi, the finest statuary by generations of local craftsmen, trial pieces from the sculpture workshop; and a whole new gallery has been added to display the 70 and more sculpted reliefs, in their original sequence, from the Sebasteion's north and south buildings. The teams of local villagers who have worked for decades with the architects and conservators are now highly skilled artisans – the new generation of Aphrodisians are conserving the artworks of their forebears.

Aphrodisias is smaller than Ephesus, less showy than Pergamum, less ancient than Sardis, yet it yields to none for addictive charm, a charm that is all to do with its atmosphere: millennial sanctity coupled with the splendour of ancient architecture and the finest marble statuary, in a site excavated with subtle expertise. The site is still studded with vines, pomegranates, figs and mature stands of poplar. When the sun goes down and the moisture rises, red squirrels still chase each other's tails about the great plane tree with its roots entwined amongst the ruins of the Sebasteion's lost temple. Octavian the Triumvir, the future Emperor Augustus, rightly declared that, of all the cities in Asia, Aphrodisias was the one to be preferred. ◆

The author would like to thank Prof George Janossy, Dr Julia Lenaghan of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, Dr Thomas Kaefer, Dr Gerhard Paul, Trevor Proudfoot, director of the Cliveden Conservation Workshop, and Prof Bert Smith of Oxford University and NYU, Director of Excavations at Aphrodisias

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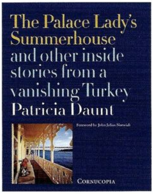
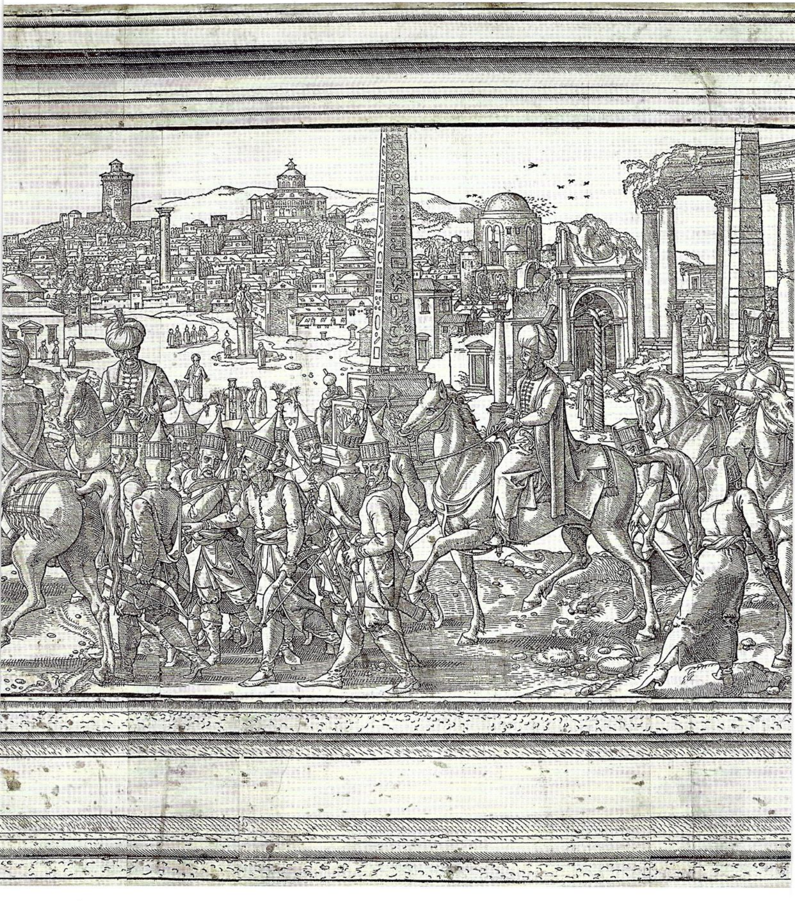


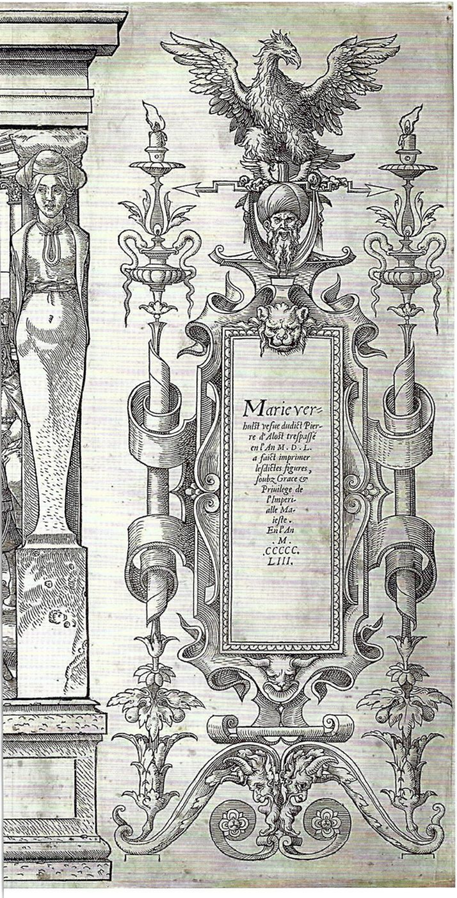
The Palace Lady's Summerhouse
and other inside stories from a vanishing Turkey
Patricia Daunt

Foreword by John Julius Norwich

Cornucopia

This article appears in 'The Palace Lady's Summerhouse and other inside stories from a vanishing Turkey', by Patricia Daunt (Cornucopia Books, £25), available from cornucopia.net. Royalties will be donated to the Friends of Aphrodisias, of which Patricia Daunt is secretary (aphrodisias.org.uk)

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DESIGNS ON THE EMPIRE

Süleyman the Magnificent rides through Constantinople's ancient Hippodrome in one of a series of designs for an array of sumptuous tapestries. Sadly, they were never to see the light of day. The designs were the work of the Netherlandish artist Pieter Coecke van Aelst and followed his remarkable journey to the heart of the enemy Ottoman Empire. Annick Born suggests Coecke had a hidden agenda, spying for his Habsburg masters

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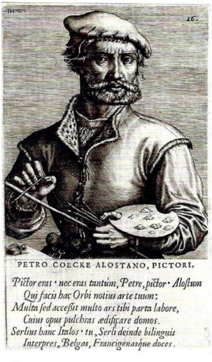
Plate VII
Süleyman Riding Through the Ruins of the Hippodrome
A detail of Plate VII from Pieter Coecke van Aelst's seven-part Turkish series, 'Ces Moeurs & Fachons de faire de Turcz avecq' les Regions y appartenantes' (Customs and Fashions of the Turks with the Regions belonging to them). Originally intended as designs for a series of tapestries, these woodcuts were published by his widow in 1553. All the woodcuts in this article are from the only known extant complete first edition, now in the British Museum

The travels in the Ottoman Empire of Pieter Coecke van Aelst (1502–1550), one of the most outstanding Netherlandish artists of the first half of the 16th century, constitute an extraordinary historical event and a milestone in his life. In 1533 he became the first draughtsman from the Habsburg Netherlands to visit Ottoman lands and to stay in Constantinople – moreover, at a time when the house of Osman was in conflict with the Habsburgs and allied with their sworn enemy, France.

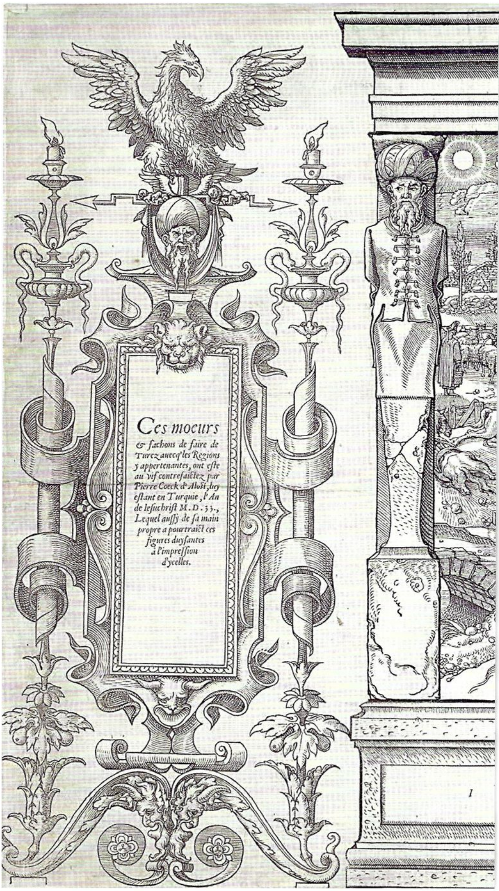
Painter, designer of tapestries and stained-glass windows, translator of the *Books of Architecture* by Sebastiano Serlio (1475–1554), Pieter Coecke was a versatile,



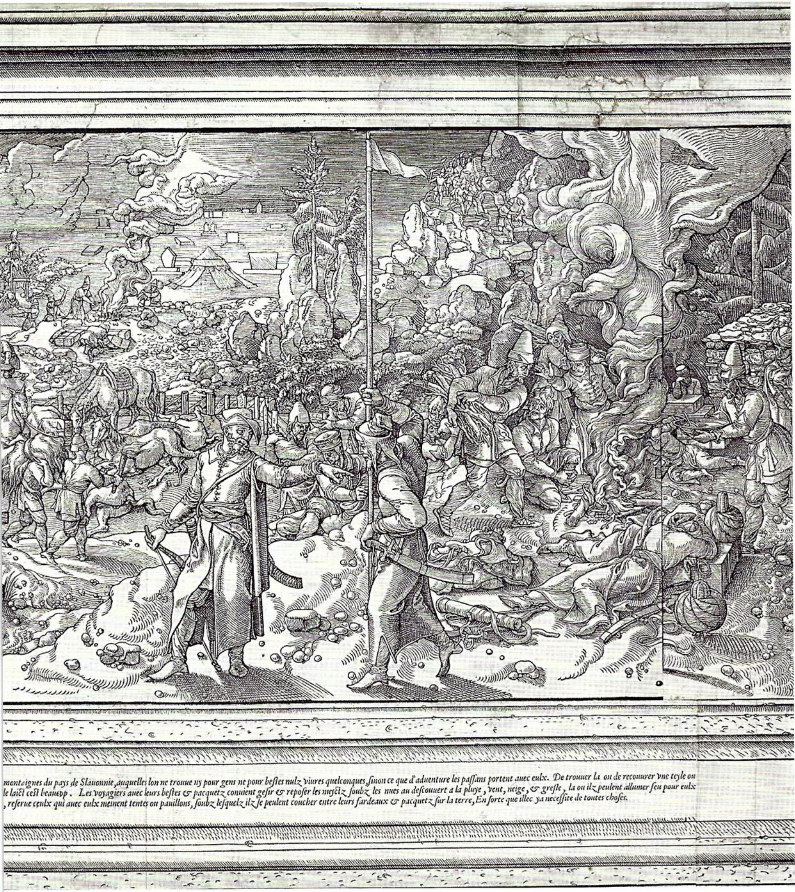
PETRO COECKE ALOSTANO, PICTORI.

Pictor eras · nec eras tantùm, Petre, pictor · Aloſtum
Qui facis hac Orbi notius arte tuum:
Multa ſed acceſſit multo ars tibi parta labore,
Cuius opus pulchras ædificare domos.
Serlius hanc Italos · tu, Serli deinde bilinguis
Interpres, Belgas, Francigenasq́ue doces.

Two faces of Pieter Coecke van Aelst
Above The artist, by Johannes Wierix (Volcxhen Diericx, Antwerp, 1572)
Right The well-armed archer, in Plate 1 of 'Ces Moeurs', 'A Military Encampment in Slavonia'



Ces moeurs
& fachons de faire de Turcz auecq'les Regions y appertenantes, ont eſte au vif contrefaictez par Pierre Coeck d'Aloſt, luy eſtant en Turquie, l'An de Ieſuchriſt M.D.33., Lequel auſſy de ſa main propre a pourtraict ces figures duyſantes à l'impreſſion d'ycelles.



monteignes du pays de Slauonnie, auquelles lon ne trouue ny pour gens ne pour beſtes nulz viures quelconques, ſinon ce que d'aduenture les paſſans portent auec eulx. De trouuer la ou de recouurer vne teyle ou le laict ceſt beaucop. Les voyagiers auec leurs beſtes & pacquetz conuient geſir & repoſer les nuyctz ſoubz les nues au deſcouuert a la pluye, vent, neige, & greſle, la ou ilz peulent allumer feu pour eulx, reſerue ceulx qui auec eulx meinent tentes ou pauillons, ſoubz leſquelz ilz ſe peulent coucher entre leurs fardeaux & pacquetz ſur la terre, En ſorte que illec ya neceſſite de toutes choſes.

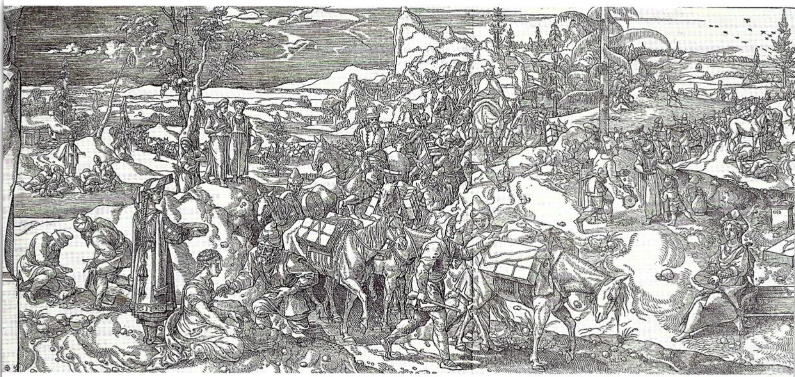


PLATE II
A Passing Caravan
IN THIS SCENE, SET SOMEWHERE IN THE OTTOMAN BALKANS, A VLACH SELLS HORSESHOES WHILE GREEK WOMEN, RECOGNISABLE BY THEIR LONG BRAIDED HAIR, SELL BARLEY, OATS, WINE, BREAD AND PIES. SIX OF THE SEVEN SCENES WERE CONCEIVED AS PAIRS, AND COECKE PAID PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO THEIR ORCHESTRATION, BALANCING GROUPS OF FIGURES

talented artist, innovating in each discipline he embraced. He was trained in the workshop of the Brussels court painter Bernard van Orley, and by 1526 had married into a wealthy artistic Antwerp family. His first wife, Anna, was a daughter of the painter Jan Mertens van Dornicke. Her brother-in-law was the landscape painter Jan van Amstel. In 1527, Coecke became a free master of the Antwerp Guild of St Luke, probably on the death of Van Dornicke, allowing him to take over his father-in-law's workshop. He was steeped in the artistic life of Antwerp while maintaining connections with Brussels artists, especially those with links to the tapestry trade.

Those connections were extended by Coecke's second marriage, to the miniaturist and book printer Mayken (or Marie in French) Verhulst Bessemers, whose large family of painters originated in Malines. She was born between 1515 and 1522 and died after 1596. Her sisters, similarly, took artist husbands, the most famous being the painter, printer and writer Hubert Goltzius, who published some of the first books illustrated with chiaroscuro engravings, such as *The Life of Julius Caesar*.

Coecke had several children by his wives and also from an illicit relationship. Most in turn became artists, while a daughter, Mayken, from his union with Verhulst, would in 1563 wed Pieter Brueghel the Elder, who probably received training in Coecke's studio before enrolling as a master in 1551, just after the unexpected death of his future father-in-law. The year 1563 was also the date of Brueghel's most famous painting, *The Tower of Babel*.

Coecke and Verhulst were prominent in Antwerp society and well acquainted with the circle of humanists and printers, while Coecke's ties with the Brussels tapestry industry brought him work for the imperial court and its entourage, as well as for the luxury goods market. Probably after his return from Constantinople, Coecke was appointed as court painter by Charles V, ruler of the Habsburg Netherlands, the Spanish Empire and, from 1519, the Holy Roman Empire.

The exact circumstances of Coecke's journey remain uncertain, though there is evidence of it from the woodcut series of *Ces Moeurs & Fachons de faire de Turcz avecq' les Regions y appartenantes* (Customs and Fashions of the Turks with the Regions belonging to them) and from several ancient sources. Karel van Mander, in his 1604 *Schilder-Boeck* (Book of Painters), reported that Coecke went to Constantinople at the request of

This attempt to sell tapestries at the court of Süleyman the Magnificent could well

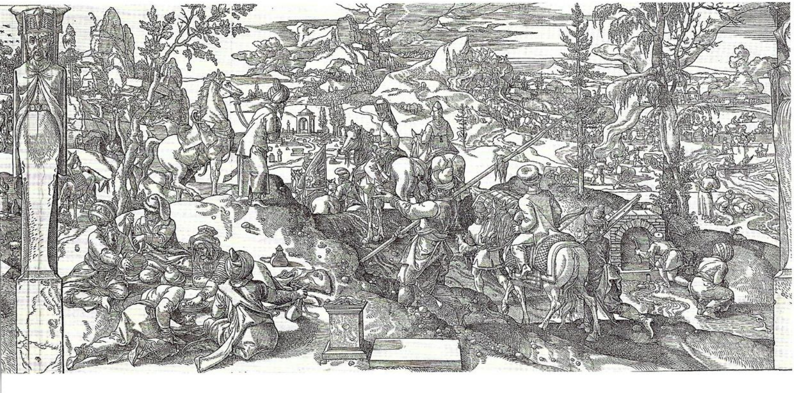


Plate III

Turkish Soldiers Resting

A caravan of camels and mules winds its way through a rocky landscape. In the distance is a village with a mosque and minaret. The river is a scene of much activity. The French text draws attention to the way Turks eat off a round hide spread on the ground (bottom left), the respectful exchange of greetings, how they relieve themselves (right), and how they worship 'their Gods and Idols'

the Brussels tapestry-makers Dermoyen.

This attempt to sell tapestries at the court of Süleyman the Magnificent, perhaps through the grand vizier İbrahim Pasha, is confirmed by two contracts, drawn up in Antwerp and Venice in June and August 1533. However, in my view, the commercial enterprise could well have been a pretext for entering enemy territories and spying for the Habsburgs; it probably benefited from the patronage of Cornelius de Schepper, who was despatched on two missions to Constantinople, in 1533 and 1534, to negotiate a truce over Hungary. He was the envoy of Charles V and his brother Ferdinand, King of Hungary and Bohemia and Archduke of Austria. Coecke's name does not appear in any document related to the business project or to De Schepper's embassy, yet he was involved, in one way or another, in both.

According to Van Mander, Coecke stayed in Constantinople for about a year and learned Turkish. From his journey – which I believe triggered Coecke's enduring interest in architecture, although it has not been the subject of detailed study – the artist brought back sketches that ranged from classical ruins, Byzantine buildings and Ottoman sacred and secular buildings, to landscape vistas and panoramic urban views including the great diversity of peoples in the Sultan's territories. This body of drawings, executed outdoors and remarkable for their sensitive observation of human subjects, became a fertile source for the works he produced after his return, such as the *Moeurs* series, initially designs for large-scale tapestries, as evidenced by the oblong format of the compositions, each scene being part of an ensemble. The designs were *modelli*, the final drawings in the process of creating tapestries, which were customarily submitted to patrons for approval. They would have been one-tenth the size of the cartoons executed from them. The figures in these monumental colourful compositions would have been almost lifesize. Intended to be displayed in a public space and seen from a distance, it was important that they be easily comprehended.

The *modelli*, now lost, were created in 1545, probably ordered by the Habsburg court or its immediate circle and not – as scholars have so often suggested – produced for Süleyman or his entourage more than ten years earlier. In the event, no tapestry was ever woven, though the *modelli* were used as a direct source for engraved woodblocks.

The seven interrelated scenes made from these engraved blocks form a frieze

have been a pretext for entering enemy territories and spying for the Habsburgs

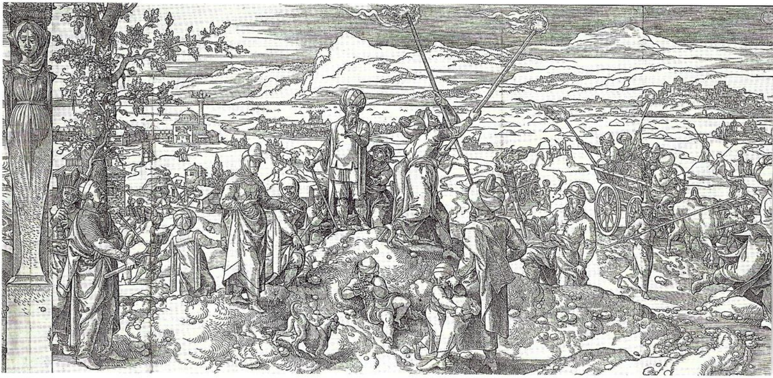


Plate IIII
The Feast of the New Moon
The Turkish inhabitants of 'Macedoine' rejoice at the sight of the new moon and celebrate with flaming torches, loud music and cries of wonderment

representing different places and regions, separated from one another by alternating male and female terms – end pillars in human form. These are dressed in Turkish costume, bearded and turbaned or veiled and draped.

The series would have been presented in the form of a scroll and/or perhaps displayed on a wall. To my knowledge, the only complete impression of the *editio princeps*, or first edition, is in the British Museum. It seems to have been conceived more like a book, with a title page and a colophon stating that the scenes were *"au vif contrefaictez par Pierre Coeck d'Alost, luy estant en Turquie, l'An de Iesuchrist M.D.33"* (drawn from life by Pierre Coeck d'Alost, when he was in Turkey, the year of our lord M.D.33), and the woodcuts were published posthumously, in 1553, by his widow, Mayken ("Marie") Verhulst, perhaps to commemorate the 20th anniversary of her late husband's extraordinary journey. The set measures 482.5cm by 45.5cm (nearly 16ft by 18in).

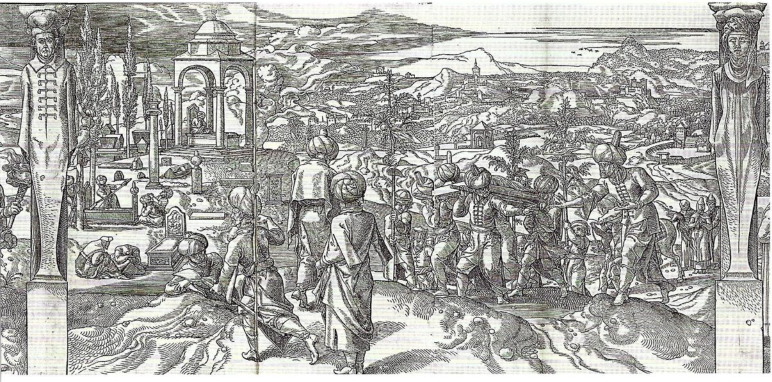
The prints, numbered I to VII from left to right, have an accompanying commentary in French, bringing to life particular details, customs and beliefs for the viewer unfamiliar with Turkish civilisation and Muslim traditions.

As early as 1604, Van Mander noted that the woodcuts should be viewed in succession, from *Süleyman Riding through the Ruins of the Hippodrome*, to *The Feast of the Circumcision outside Constantinople*, then *A Turkish Burial*, *The Feast of the New Moon*, *Turkish Soldiers Resting*, *A Passing Caravan* and *A Military Encampment in Slavonia*. In other words, in reverse order to the numbering of the prints, with Süleyman riding into the Hippodrome in the opening scene and looking west across his vast conquered territories to the borders of the Habsburg Empire.

As with the equestrian statues of ancient Rome, the portrayal of the Sultan on horseback enhances his status as Emperor of the Turks. The strong relationship between the ruler and the city is emphasised by the easily identifiable urban landscape used as a marker of sovereignty and power, which delivered a strong political message: the recognition of Süleyman the Magnificent as the legitimate ruler of the former Eastern Roman Empire.

The cityscape is based on sketches made on the spot and afterwards assembled and amended for compositional purposes. The gravure as it was printed (Plate VII) shows what remained in 1533 of the sphendone – the U-shaped tribune – with the semicircular *propylaeum* on the southwestern side, and, next to it, probably

The woodcuts contrast with the images of violent and cruel Turks widely disseminated in



the ruins of the Antiochus Palace. On the left, the profile of Ayasofya, the old Byzantine basilica converted into a mosque by Mehmet the Conqueror in 1453, stands out against the sky. Rather than a truthful topographical rendering, Coecke has chosen to display a number of prominent landmarks, insignias of power, recalling the conquests of Süleyman's illustrious predecessors: the obelisk of Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the Serpent Column formed by three intertwined snakes (with heads still in place), and the obelisk of Theodosius the Great. The sculptures of antique gods and goddesses, seized in 1526 from the royal castle at Buda in Hungary, were erected by İbrahim Pasha in front of his palace, today the Museum of Turkish and Islamic Arts, and were destroyed in 1536, after his execution.

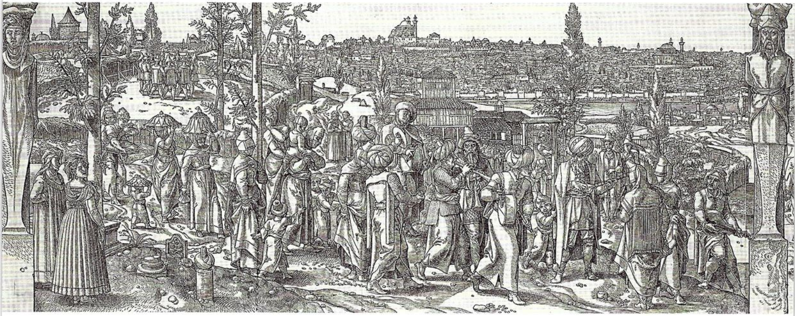
Here, too, are the column of Constantine the Great (Çemberlitaş) on the Divan Yolu (the Road to the Imperial Council), and the Galata Tower, emblematic of the Genoese community in Pera, neither of which is visible from the Hippodrome. What is probably the Firuz Ağa Mosque, built in 1491, although with a five-bay rather than today's three-bay porch, occupies a significant position at the centre of the woodcut. Eager to represent the daily life he had witnessed, Coecke pictured men praying under the porch and others entering the mosque. The anecdotal aspect of the scene should not detract from its deeper meaning. By representing the faithful praying in a modest mosque, as the Sultan goes to Friday prayers in Ayasofya, the artist highlights the relationship between the Sultan and his people. At the same time he stresses the moral weight and religious authority of Süleyman as Caliph of the Muslim community. So Coecke summarises the Sultan's dual status as ruler of the secular and spiritual life in the Ottoman Empire.

The general theme of the woodcuts contrasts with the images of violent and cruel Turks widely disseminated in the Habsburg Empire, especially after the Battle of Mohács (1526) and the Siege of Vienna (1529).

By the 1540s, travelogues and accounts penned by ex-slaves in the Levant had become a popular genre, and the burgeoning interest in the Ottoman world and its customs, fuelled by book and print images, assured the *Moeurs* a favourable reception. The series is therefore part of a literary and visual tradition, albeit one that Coecke transcended, propagating a new genre that could be considered the first visual ethnographic reportage, even if no critical study is available to assess the authenticity of his work as a historical

Plate V
A Turkish Burial
At a funeral in the 'manière Turcquoise' four men shoulder a bier carrying the deceased and his turban. Children carry fruit trees and his horse follows behind. Much importance is attached to the cypress tree that marks each tomb. There is rivalry among families to grow the tallest possible tree, in the belief that its height enhances the glory of the departed's soul

the Habsburg Empire after the Battle of Mohács (1526) and the Siege of Vienna (1529)



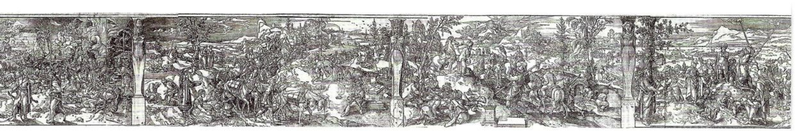
'Plate VI'
The Feast of the Circumcision outside Constantinople
The Golden Horn is the setting of the most immediately recognisable view of the series. What appear to be the Fatih Mosque and the recently built Yavuz Selim Mosque stand out on the hills of the Old City. Coecke creates visual drama in Plates VI and VII by having two processions converge in the centre. Derived from drawings made when he lived in Constantinople, the scenes display his extraordinary eye for detail

source. Pieter Coecke inserted into his vast and versatile landscapes a multitude of details attesting to a deep understanding and respect for foreign culture, while shedding light on customs, beliefs and curiosities for Western viewers.

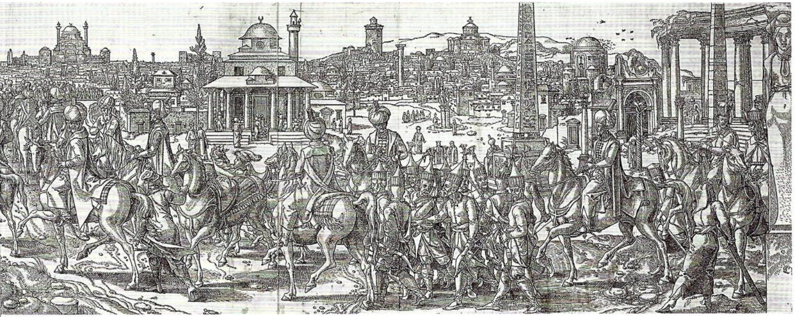
In *The Feast of the Circumcision outside Constantinople*, the second scene (above), a procession of figures in a dazzling diversity of poses stretches along the northern side of the Golden Horn. Pieter portrayed the urban fabric of Constantinople with its walls seen from Pera, where the Europeans settled; the exact viewpoint has not yet been identified. The wooden house, with its garden and trees, suggests that the event takes place in what would then have been countryside. Musicians, women going to the baths with children in their arms, servants carrying loads on their heads, men dancing in a circle – each one is a distinct character, confirming Coecke's first-hand experience.

In *A Turkish Burial* (previous page) the artist represents Muslim funeral rites for a non-Muslim audience, inviting reflection on religious faith in thought and in practice. A group of men carry a body for burial, accompanied by children who hold small fruit trees to be placed on the grave. Two women in tears stand before a tomb while men prepare a grave.

The identity of the cemetery has not been established. At the time of his visit, Coecke would have been familiar with the city's two main graveyards, Karacaahmet in Üsküdar on the Asian side, and the cemetery at Eyüp on the southern shore of the Golden Horn. Places of worship and promenade, they were adorned with cypresses, those strong evergreens symbolising life and immortality in Turkish tradition, their slender shape recalling that of a minaret, and the birds in the branches the souls of the departed. The cypresses clearly impressed travellers, to judge by their observations. This woodcut bears a commentary that reads: "Around their tombs or graves many cypress trees are planted, among which they pray for their deceased. They climb these trees annually, looking at each one of them and noting



In 'The Feast of the Circumcision outside Constantinople' a procession of figures in



upon whose grave the highest tree has grown… thinking and believing that the soul of the person buried beneath that tree is of higher glory than the others whose trees are less developed."

Plate I in the printed frieze, *A Military Encampment in Slavonia*, represents a caravan stopping for the night between, probably, Sofia and Ragusa (today's Dubrovnik), escorted by *sipahis* (cavalrymen), recognisable by their sugarloaf-shaped headgear. The roads are treacherous, particularly in winter. Coecke has masterfully rendered the atmosphere of a night-time encampment, with torches brandished and fires burning, around which soldiers and travellers meet. The horses lie down to rest and a man brings them hay. On the left, a *sipahi* carries a dish of food while two men lie asleep in the foreground.

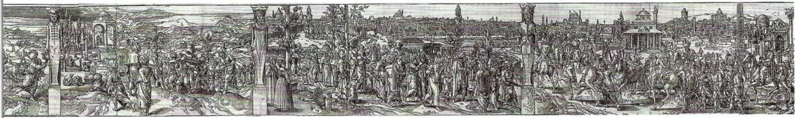
At the centre and in the foreground, the artist has represented himself as an archer in Slavonian costume, pointing at a man in profile holding a standard. So Coecke asserts that he was there and witnessed the events. Moreover, by looking back towards the earlier scenes, Coecke virtually holds a dialogue with Sultan Süleyman at the opposite end of the series.

The artist, who may well have visited Mantua on his return journey, took his pose from that of the nude Mars in the fresco of *Mars and Venus Bathing* in the Sala di Psiche of the Palazzo Te in Mantua, executed around 1526–28 by Giulio Romano. In the context of the long-lasting conflict between the Habsburgs and the Ottomans, it is probably no coincidence that he depicted himself as Mars, the god of war. ◆

Dr Annick Born is an art historian specialising in 15th- and 16th-century Northern European art. Her recent research focuses on diplomatic ties and artistic output between the Habsburg and Ottoman Empires, and she is preparing a book on the journey of Pieter Coecke. She is a titular member of the Royal Academy of Archaeology of Belgium

PLATE VII
Süleyman Riding through the Ruins of the Hippodrome
SÜLEYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT IS SEEN RIDING PAST THE OBELISKS AND THE SERPENT COLUMN FROM DELPHI, ITEMS OF ROMAN BOOTY THAT LINE THE OLD HIPPODROME TO THIS DAY. HERE, COLUMNS AND MINARETS BREAK UP THE HORIZONTALITY OF THE COMPOSITION, AS THE TREES DO IN PLATE VI

BELOW THE ARTIST (FAR LEFT) AND THE SULTAN (FAR RIGHT) ARE AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF COECKE'S SERIES. IN THE 16TH-CENTURY 'EDITIO PRINCEPS' IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, THE FOLIOS ARE JOINED TOGETHER. WOODCUTS IN OTHER COLLECTIONS ARE ON SEPARATE SHEETS, EXCEPT FOR A 17TH-CENTURY SET PRESERVED IN THE FORM OF A SCROLL IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY IN BRUSSELS



a dazzling diversity of poses stretches along the northern side of the Golden Horn

THE CITY OF A THOUSAND AND ONE CHURCHES

Today a ghost town in the middle of nowhere, a thousand years ago Ani was a bustling commercial city where East and West converged. By Robert Ousterhout.

Photographs by Brian McKee

The ruins of Ani, now at the end of the road at Turkey's closed border with the Republic of Armenia, offer a melancholy spectacle of isolated monuments amid rolling pastureland. A drive from the nearest city, Kars, is uneventful, the landscape bleak and treeless, with fields and flocks dwarfed beneath an oversized sky. The weather commands our attention, as the clouds jostle for prominence and sudden downpours appear out of nowhere. Beyond an occasional shepherd, there are few signs of habitation, fewer of modernity.

And suddenly we arrive. The grand stone towers of the fortification wall stand sentinel, though it is not immediately clear what they are guarding. As we approach, the vagaries of the landscape come into sharper focus: the walls are preceded by a dry moat that drops dramatically on either flank, and behind the wall, the triangular plateau on which the city once rose is framed by deep, unexpected ravines – impassable gouges in the landscape.

In the mid-10th century, the Bagratid family had acquired the Citadel of Ani and surrounding properties, and

ST GREGORY OF THE ABUGHAMRENTS

Set dramatically at the edge of the plateau near the centre of Ani, this small family chapel built in the late 10th century for Grigor Pahlavuni is typical of the fine, centrally planned churches of medieval Armenia. It has six sides internally and 12 externally, with a distinctive conical roof. Ani is surrounded by a huge landscape of moorland and treeless hill

in 961, Ashot III Bagratuni moved his capital from Kars to Ani. The city grew quickly, beyond the Citadel: Ashot had built his city walls at the narrowest point of the plateau, but by 989 new walls were constructed to the north, enclosing a much larger area, more than a kilometre square.

The uninhabited vastness is striking, today seemingly empty save for a few scattered monuments – distinctive, dark red stone rising above green moorland. On closer inspection, foundation walls, fallen ashlars, intricately carved blocks, vestiges of the distant past, are everywhere: beneath the thin layer of pasturage lie the remains of a grand, densely settled city, much of it still waiting to be discovered.

An entrepôt at an important crossroads, Ani controlled East–West caravan routes and became a centre of trade and production in its own right. In 992, the seat of the Armenian Church was transferred to Ani, which became a spiritual centre. At its height in the 11th century, the city was renowned for its wealth and boasted a population of more than 100,000. Excavations are revealing significant elements of the street system, as well as shops, houses and baths. It was once known as the "city of 1,001 churches"; only a handful stand today.

The region had been under Arab rule since the seventh century, but by the mid-eighth century, several members of the Bagratid family had emerged as rulers of Arab protectorates. Initially styling themselves princes, with increasing power and autonomy, by the 880s they styled themselves kings. But the region remained a series of small, semi-independent, often feuding polities, set between the expanding power of Byzantium to the west and the emerging threat of the Seljuks to the east, with borders and political alliances remaining fluid.

After a period of flourishing and rapid growth in the late 10th and early 11th centuries, the rulers of Ani realised their precarious position. As a consequence, at his death in 1041, Hovhannes-Sembat willed his kingdom to the Byzantine emperor. But Byzantine rule was contested and short-lived: in 1064 the city fell to the Seljuk Turks, followed by a period of instability. Captured by the Georgians in 1200, Ani was given to the Mkhargrdzeli family, who ruled initially as their vassals and subsequently as vassals of the Mongols after 1237. Ani regained something of its prosperity, but with the increasingly volatile political situation, the city was gradually abandoned as the region came under the control of the Karakoyunlu Turks, who moved the capital to Yerevan.

Ani endured for several centuries as a small village amid its grand ruins. Travellers of the 17th century claim to have seen 200 churches in and around Ani. By the early 19th century, however, the site was completely abandoned, only to be "rediscovered" by British and European adventurer-travellers thrilled by its unique and evocative architecture.

The region came under Russian control in 1878, and Ani was excavated, intermittently from 1882 to 1917, by the Georgian-born historian and linguist Nikolai Marr. The border region was contested over the following decade, however, during which many of the artefacts and monuments, and even Marr's excavation records, were destroyed. Ani became virtually inaccessible for much of the 20th century.

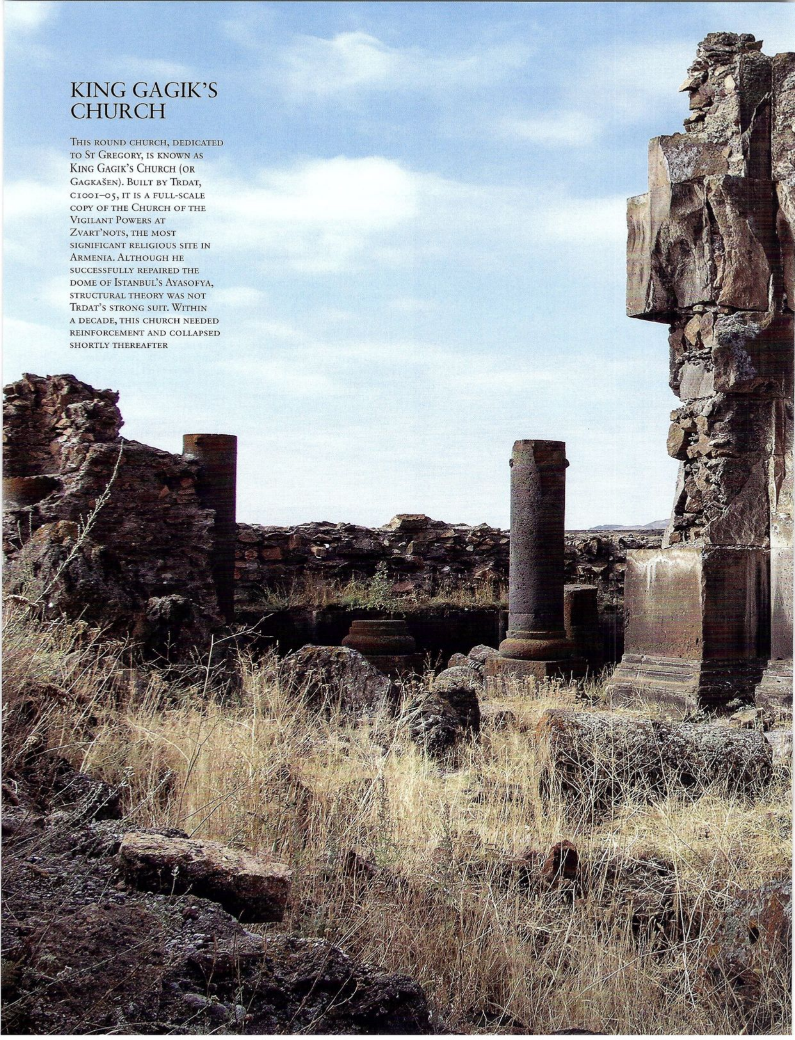
Isolation, combined with the romantic evocations of 19th-century travellers, provided Ani with a unique cachet as mysterious, exotic and even mystical: in the 1920s, George Gurdjieff posited that Ani had preserved the secret knowledge of the ancient Assyrians, while in 1918, Josef Strzygowski claimed Ani was the ultimate source of European Gothic architecture.

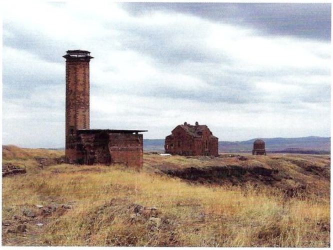
Now regularly visited by tourists, the monuments of Ani are again receiving the attention of archaeologists, architectural historians and conservators.

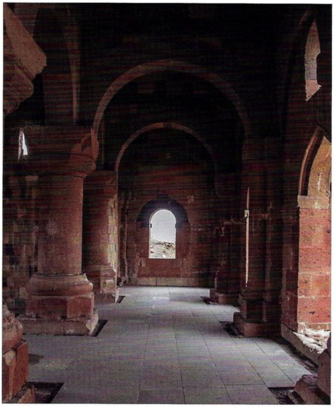
LEFT A STRIKING VIEW INTO THE DOME OF THE CHURCH OF ST GREGORY OF THE ABUGHAMRENTS. JUST 5 METRES ACROSS, IT LOOKS MORE IMPRESSIVE THANKS TO ITS SIX HORSESHOE NICHES

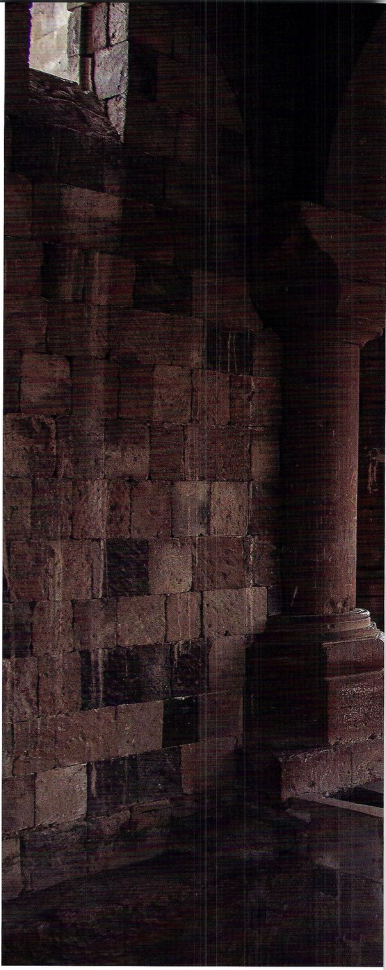
KING GAGIK'S CHURCH

This round church, dedicated to St Gregory, is known as King Gagik's Church (or Gagkašen). Built by Trdat, c1001–05, it is a full-scale copy of the Church of the Vigilant Powers at Zvart'nots, the most significant religious site in Armenia. Although he successfully repaired the dome of Istanbul's Ayasofya, structural theory was not Trdat's strong suit. Within a decade, this church needed reinforcement and collapsed shortly thereafter









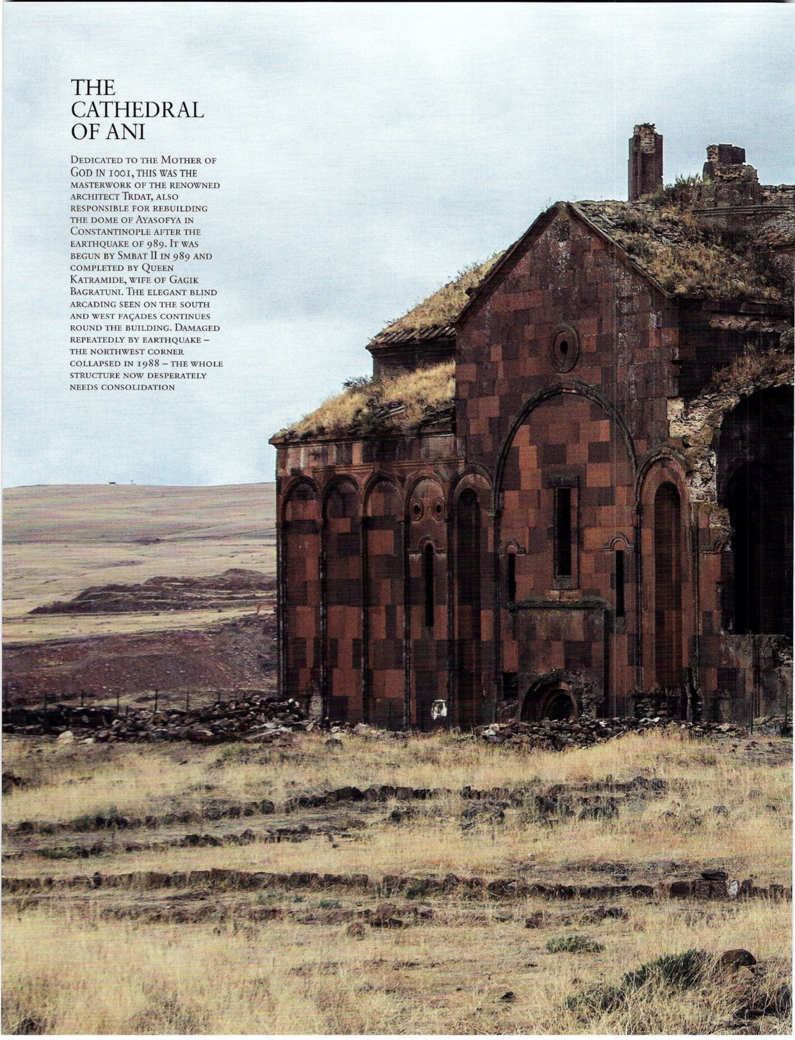
MINUCHIHR'S MOSQUE

One of the most curious buildings in a site full of curious buildings, the Mosque of Minuchihr (attributed to an emir of that name, c1075–1118) is only partially preserved, lacks an orientation towards Mecca, and seems to have been incorporated into the remains of an older, perhaps commercial, building

Top The mosque seen from the south. The octagonal minaret bears the inscription 'Bismillah' (In the name of God) in Kufic lettering. To the right are the Cathedral and the Church of the Redeemer

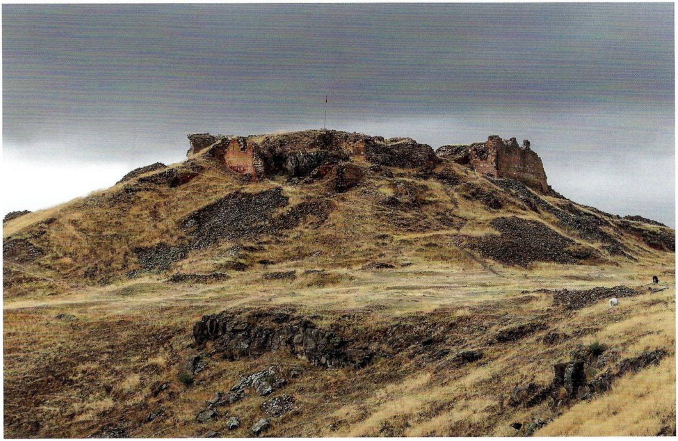
Above The mosque was partly restored in 1906 to display finds from Marr's excavations

Right Set at the edge of the plateau, the mosque stands on two storeys of substructures. Heavy cylindrical piers support the vaults



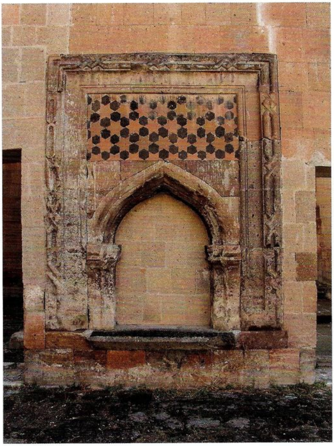
THE CATHEDRAL OF ANI

Dedicated to the Mother of God in 1001, this was the masterwork of the renowned architect Trdat, also responsible for rebuilding the dome of Ayasofya in Constantinople after the earthquake of 989. It was begun by Smbat II in 989 and completed by Queen Katramide, wife of Gagik Bagratuni. The elegant blind arcading seen on the south and west façades continues round the building. Damaged repeatedly by earthquake – the northwest corner collapsed in 1988 – the whole structure now desperately needs consolidation



The Cathedral

Opposite The interior, looking west towards the entrance. Tall proportions, linear detailing and lofty vaults make it one of the most satisfying medieval interiors. Scholars have long been intrigued by the way the stepped profiles of the piers continue into the vaulting, foreshadowing later European Romanesque architecture. The well-travelled Trdat may have observed this structural clarity in surviving Roman (as opposed to Romanesque) monuments

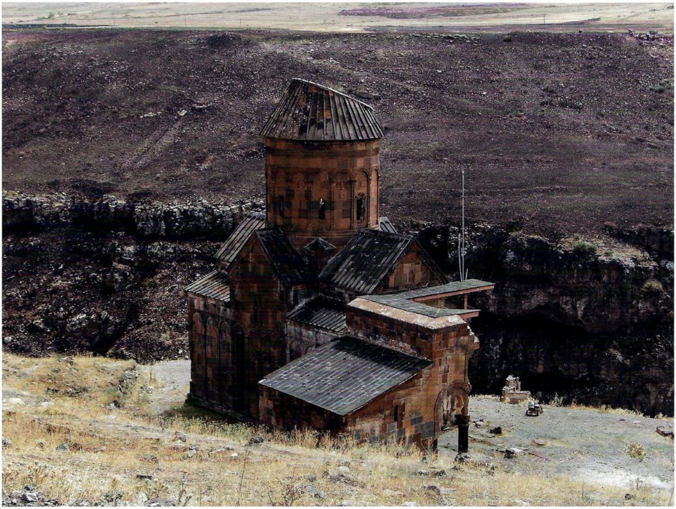


The Citadel

Above The heavily fortified citadel contained the palace of the Bagratids and their predecessors. The family made the newly conquered city their capital in 961. The palace contained several ceremonial halls, chapels and a bathhouse, excavated by the Russians at the beginning of the 20th century, but incompletely understood

The Baron's Palace

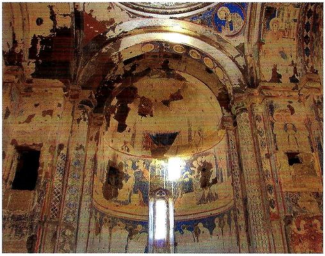
Left A decorative niche in the so-called Baron's Palace, probably the 13th-century residence of a wealthy merchant, ornamented with Seljuk-inspired carving and polychrome tiles

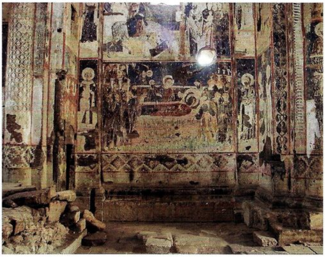


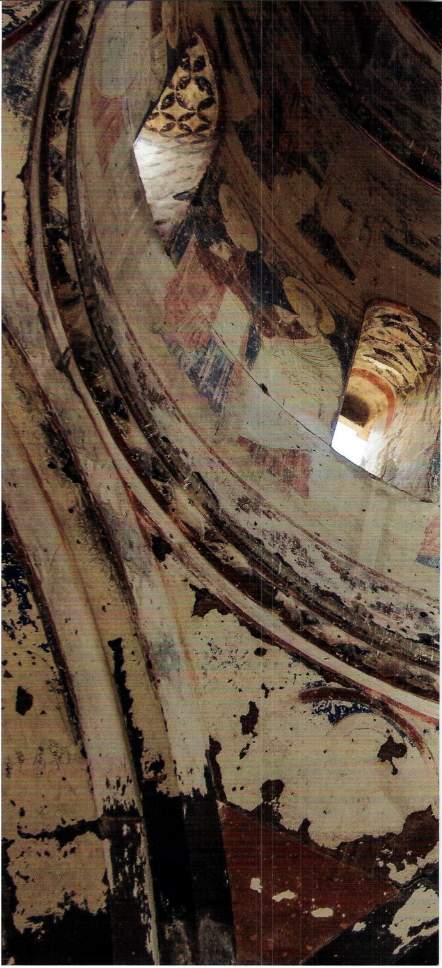
TIGRAN HONENTS' CHURCH

Opposite Built in 1215 by the wealthy merchant Tigran Honents, the Church of St Gregory the Illuminator is seen here from the west, with remains of its narthex arcade. The painted decoration is attributed to a Georgian master. The lush sculptural decoration is typical of the period, perhaps imitating the patterns of silk textiles

Above On the edge of a precipitous ravine, the recently conserved Church of St Gregory the Illuminator is seen here from the northwest. Only part of the conical roof above its dome remains

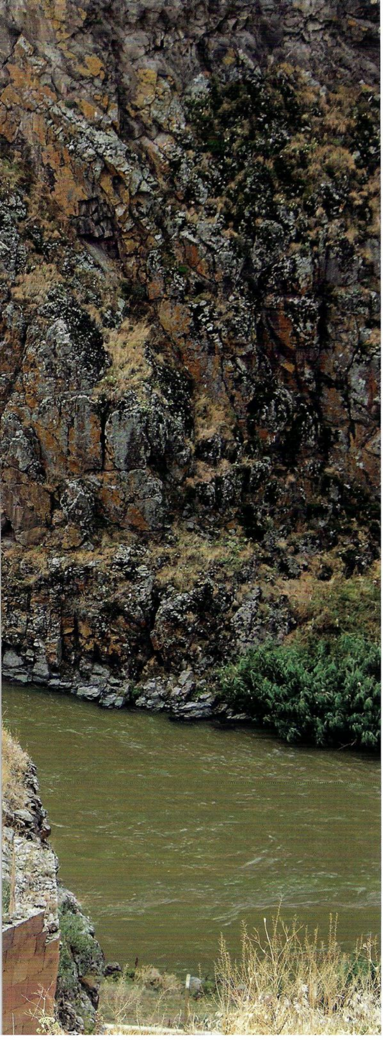


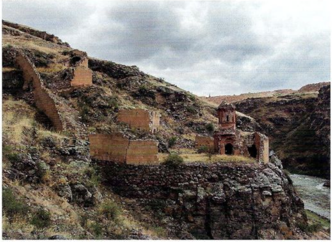


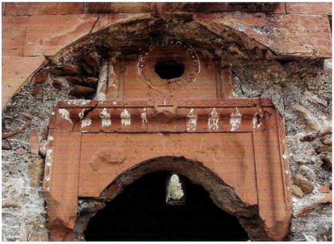


TIGRAN HONENTS' CHURCH

TOP THE CHURCH PRESERVES MUCH OF ITS ORIGINAL PAINTING, WITH SCENES AND FIGURES SET AGAINST A RICH BLUE BACKGROUND
ABOVE THE LARGE SCENE OF THE DORMITION OF THE VIRGIN PAINTED IN LAPIS LAZULI
RIGHT THE DOME'S INTERIOR FEATURES THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST, WITH THE EVANGELISTS IN ROUNDELS IN THE PENDENTIVES





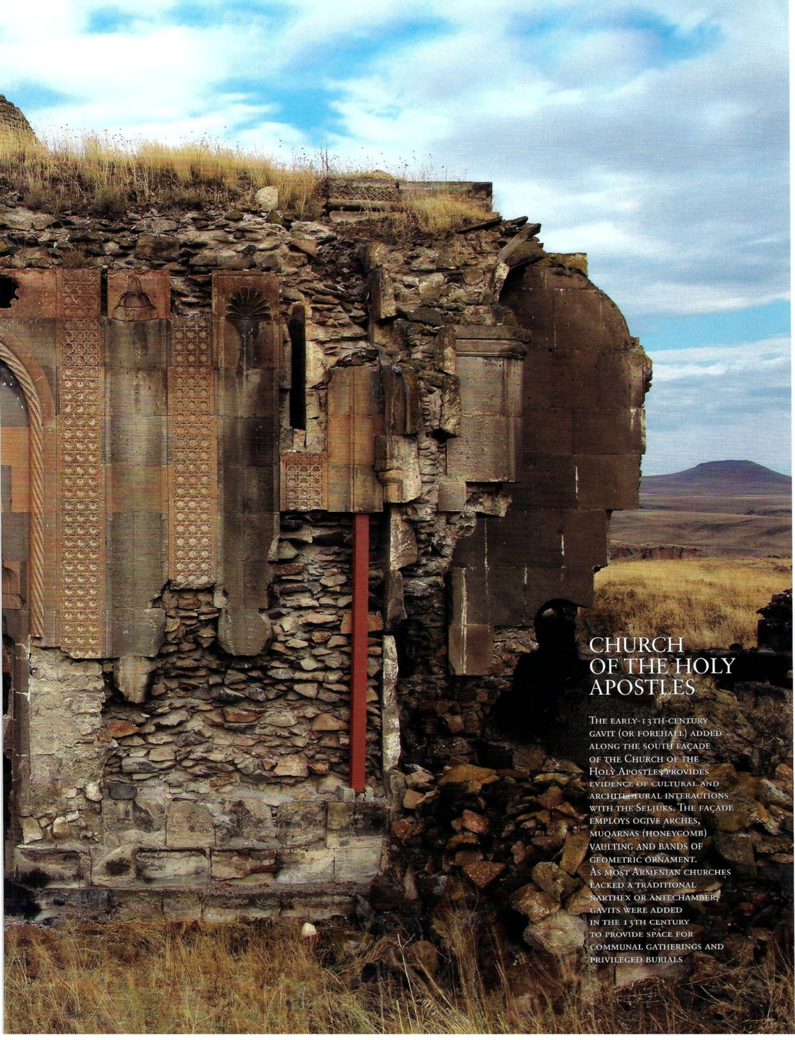


THE VIRGINS' CONVENT

Right Set on top of a rocky promontory above the Arpa river, the tiny chapel of the Virgins' Convent was built in the early 13th century to commemorate the 3rd-century martyr Hripsime and her companions. Its attenuated dome is covered with a distinctive 'folded-plate' roof. Delicate arcades and interlaced relief enliven the walls

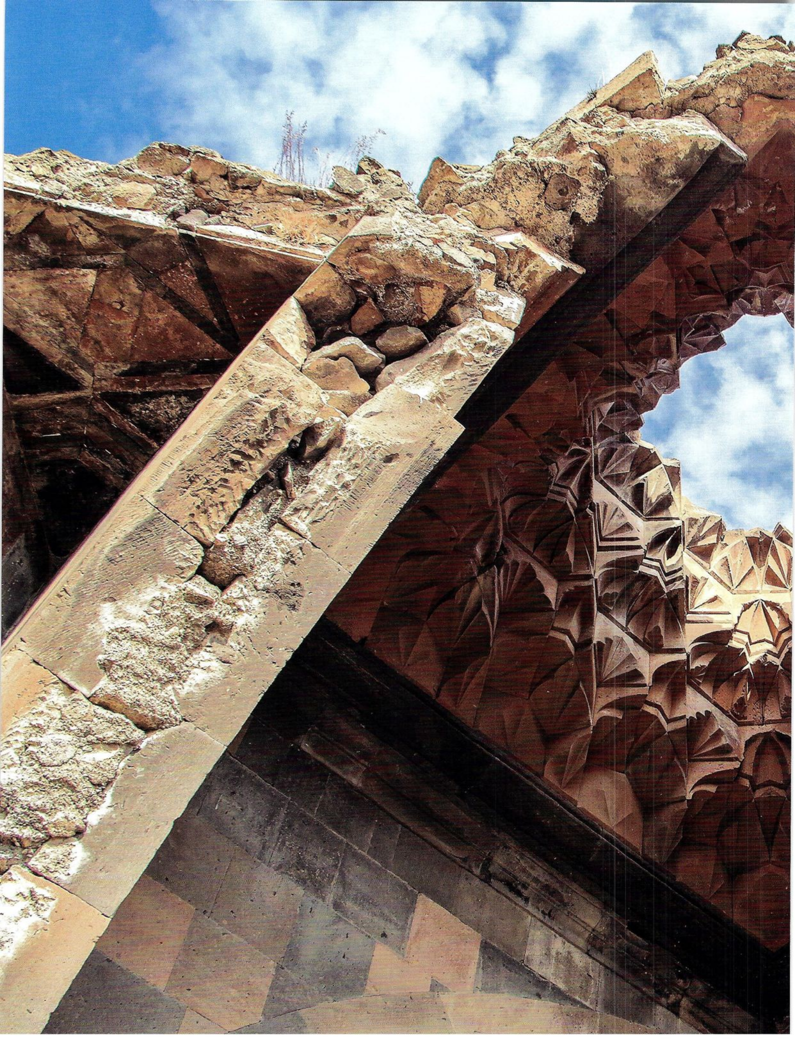
Above The chapel doorway reveals how the convent was built of finely carved stonework on a rubble core

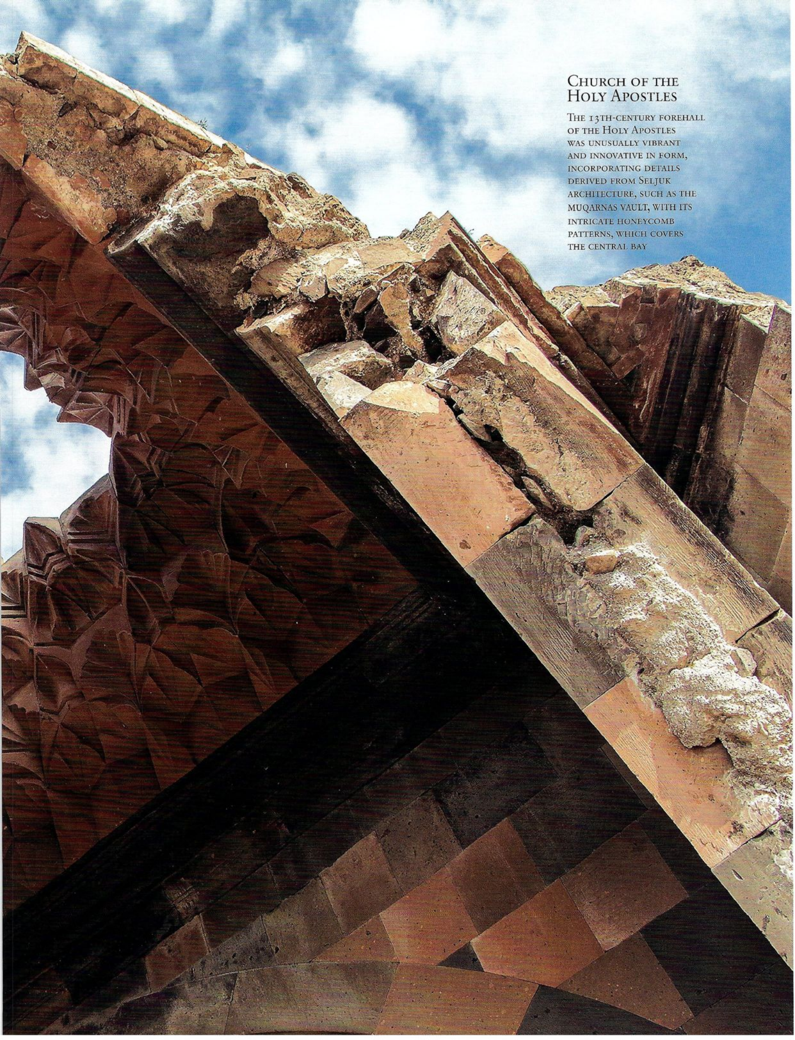
Top A view of the convent from a distance. A single-arched bridge, built in the 10th century, once spanned the gorge here – only its abutments survive. To the left of the convent a vaulted passageway, perhaps intended to protect the isolated community from disruptions by bridge-going traffic, once led down from the plateau to the river



CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

The early-13th-century gavit (or forehall) added along the south façade of the Church of the Holy Apostles provides evidence of cultural and architectural interactions with the Seljuks. The façade employs ogive arches, muqarnas (honeycomb) vaulting and bands of geometric ornament. As most Armenian churches lacked a traditional narthex or antechamber, gavits were added in the 13th century to provide space for communal gatherings and privileged burials.





Church of the Holy Apostles

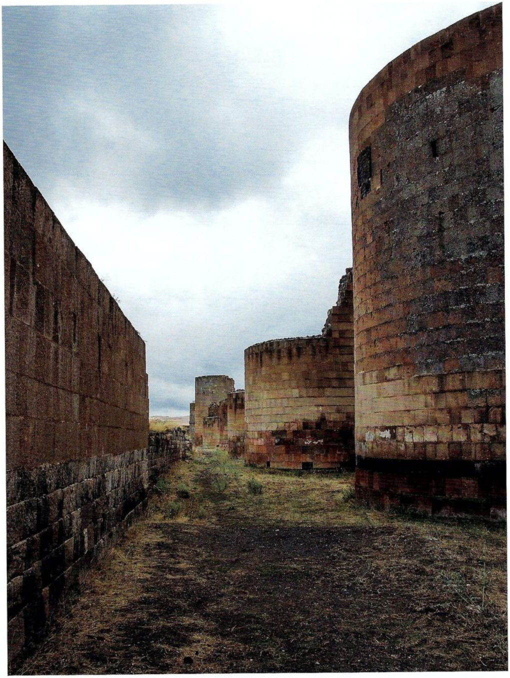
The 13th-century forehall of the Holy Apostles was unusually vibrant and innovative in form, incorporating details derived from Seljuk architecture, such as the muqarnas vault, with its intricate honeycomb patterns, which covers the central bay

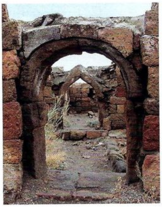
THE WALLS OF ANI

RIGHT THE WALLS GUARDING THE VULNERABLE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY WERE BUILT UNDER SMBAT II (977–989). MODELLED ON THE LAND WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE, THERE WERE TWO LINES OF DEFENCE: A TALL INNER WALL AND A LOWER OUTER ONE, BOTH LINED WITH TOWERS, PRECEDED BY A DRY MOAT. UNLIKE THOSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE, ANI'S WALLS HAVE 'BENT' ENTRANCES, WITH THE GATES STAGGERED FROM THE OUTER TO THE INNER WALL FOR SECURITY. LIKE THE CHURCHES, WALLS AND TOWERS WERE BUILT WITH ASHLAR FACING ON A CONCRETE-RUBBLE CORE, OFTEN WITH PATTERNS IN DIFFERENT COLOURS OF STONE AND APOTROPAIC SYMBOLS

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

OPPOSITE THE ELEGANT DOOR FROM THE GAVIT TO THE NOW-RUINED 10TH-CENTURY CHURCH HAS A VERY CLASSICAL LINTEL WITH ACANTHUS FRIEZE AND DENTIL MOULDINGS. THE INSCRIPTIONS ARE SECULAR IN NATURE, RECORDING LEGISLATION RELATED TO TAXES AND TRADE





AN ARCADE OF SHOPS

LEFT TYPICAL OF THE HOUSES, INNS, WAREHOUSES, BATHS AND MILLS THAT PACKED THE CITY CENTRE'S COMMERCIAL STREET IS THIS SHOPPING ARCADE WITH ITS VARIETY OF ROUGH ARCHES

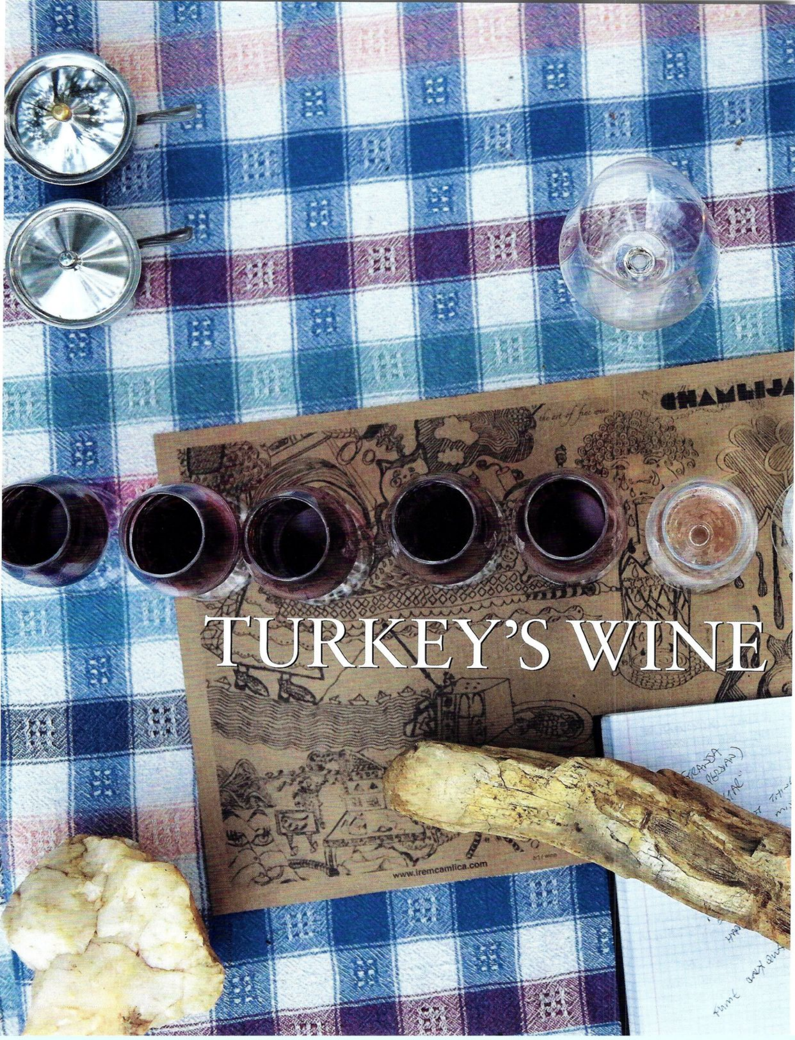
FURTHER READING

This article is the third in a series. For the first two parts of the Brian McKee's photographic tour of eastern Anatolia, see Issue 54, 'Beauty and the East: Landmarks of Van', by Robert Ousterhout and Scott Redford, and Issue 55, 'The Great Defender: the Eastern City of Van', by Scott Redford.

Issue 42 was dedicated to Turkey's northeast, with 54 pages covering Kars and its history, the Eastern Express, Georgian churches, native butterflies, wild flowers and walking in the Kaçkars.

TRAVEL NOTES

Ani is a two-hour drive from Erzurum airport. The nearest hotels are in Kars, a slightly bumpy 45-minute drive. Book a taxi if you are not driving yourself. Two recommended hotels are the Kar's Hotel (karsotel.com) and the Cheltikov (hotelcheltikov.com). Several travel agents, such as Istanbul-based Peten Travels (petentour.com), include Ani on their bespoke tours of eastern Anatolia.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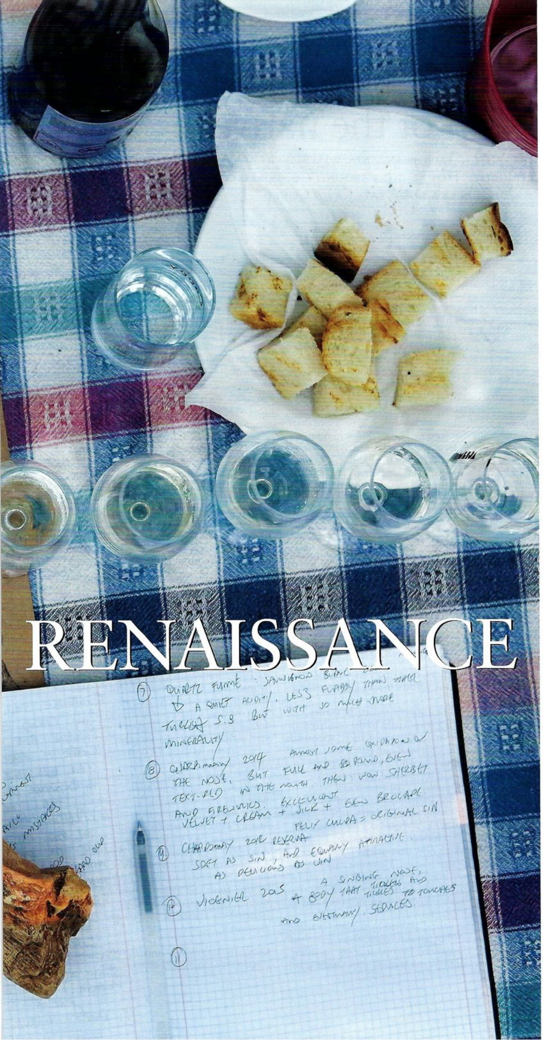
TURKEY'S WINE

RENAISSANCE


⑦ QUARTZ FUMÉ : SAUVIGNON BLANC
A QUIET ACIDITY. LESS FLABBY THAN THAT
TURKISH S.B BUT WITH SO MUCH MORE
MINERALITY
⑧ CHARDONNAY 2014 ALMOST SOME OXIDATION ON
THE NOSE, BUT FULL AND ROUND, EVEN
TEXTURED IN THE MOUTH. THEN: WOW SHERBET
AND FIREWORKS. EXCELLENT
VELVET + CREAM + SILK + EVEN BROCADE
FELIX CULPA = ORIGINAL SIN
⑨ CHARDONNAY 2012 RESERVA
SOFT AS SIN, AND EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE.
AS DELICIOUS AS SIN
⑩ VIOGNIER 2015 A SINGING NOSE,
A BODY THAT TICKLES AND TINGLES TO TONGUES
AND EVERYWAY SEDUCES.
⑪

KEVIN GOULD

AFTER A ROAD TRIP LIKE NO OTHER, TAKING IN MANY OF THE BEST OF TURKEY'S BURGEONING WINERIES, KEVIN GOULD AND THE CORNUCOPIA TASTING PANEL RAISE A GLASS (OR SEVERAL) AND RECOMMEND THE BEST OF AN IMPRESSIVE BUNCH

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN FROM ISTANBUL'S THRACIAN HINTERLAND: WINE FROM THE CHAMLIJA WINERY AND FOSSILS FROM THE GREAT SEA THAT COVERED IT 65 MILLION YEARS AGO. WINEMAKERS LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE EFFECT OF THE SOIL ON A WINE'S CHARACTER. CHAMLIJA'S VINES THRIVE ON LAND RICH IN THE REMAINS OF PREHISTORIC SEA CREATURES

Return of the natives

AFTER DECADES OF PLANTING EUROPEAN VINES, WINEMAKERS ARE NOW EXCELLING WITH INDIGENOUS GRAPE VARIETIES. HOT REGIONS AROUND THE WORLD COULD TAKE A LEAF OUT OF TURKEY'S BOOK, SAYS KEVIN GOULD

When we die, our lives pass into fiction as others give their varying accounts of us. Attempting to manage our legacies is fruitless: we will be remembered not as we intend, but as others wish.

But *in vino veritas*. Winemaking takes place mostly in the vineyard. Carefully grown grapes can make a bad wine, but poor grapes will never make a good one. When we taste a wine we are tasting the place it came from, transliterated by the skill, sensitivities – and ego – of the winemaker. When grapes are crushed, a great winemaker allows their juice to live, and its stories to develop and multiply.

In its wine glass, the fruit of the land – pressed, fermented, aged and bottled – retails its stories to our senses and our minds. Thus the job of the taster is simple. It is not cleverly to analyse the wine's flavours, as that is an exercise in futility. You suggest "raspberry notes" and I suggest that "raspberry" means ten different things to ten different people, and that its "notes" make it more, say, redcurrant, which in turn suggests ten different ideas of what a redcurrant does or does not taste of.

Instead the taster benefits her or himself more by asking only: "Does this wine taste true? Does it have life? Does it have length? Better still, in tasting it, can I imagine the place and the culture that gave birth to it?" For in this approach lies success. Not just for the taster, who is now free to enjoy the wine rather than resort to tortuous comparisons and analogies, but for the winemaker, too, who can get on with her or his job, which must be to allow their grape juice faithfully and sincerely to express itself.

There are two schools of winemaking, as there are in cooking. In the first, the winemaker/cook takes ingredients and teaches them a damned good lesson, manipulating them into some vision of how Nature should express herself. I admit to finding this method boring, old-fashioned, insolent and conceited. Wines and dishes made this way may be intellectually interesting but are an elaborate fiction.

The second school takes the best of what there is, and does as little as possible in order for those ingredients to achieve their highest potential. Making food or wine this way requires respect, sensitivity, great skill and confidence. The intention is to honour, and not to subordinate the ingredients. There is great complexity in this simplicity, and great luxury in it, too. The trend in Turkey is now to make wines in this way.

I have been honoured over the past 35 years to taste some excellent Turkish wines – and more than a few horrors, too. As a Turcophile, I admit to wanting to like Turkish wines; as a wine lover, I am duty-bound to call out bad winemaking whenever I taste it.

The Turkish wine industry has certainly come a long way. The Neolithic settlements at Çatalhüyük and Göbeklitepe prove that wine has been made and drunk in Anatolia since at least 10,000 BC. Add to this history the widely accepted fact that the area around southeast Turkey is where *vitis vinifera*, the grape that has colonised the world and its wine glasses, was first grown. The Hittites and Phrygians loved a drop of it, and wines have been made here continuously, by Turks and non-Turks, ever since. As they should: Turkey is the world's fourth-largest grower of grapes.

Another pleasure was to meet young Turkish winemakers who are making fresh, exciting, brave wines. That some of these are women only adds to Turkey's potential to become a force in international winemaking

When I first started tasting in Turkey, winemaking was caught in the one-handed grip of the state monopoly Tekel, apparently made by people who had either never tasted the real stuff, or who had and hated it. Inevitably in this diverse, dynamic and contrary country, courageous and often wildly gifted individuals and corporations have driven the wine industry forward. The journey has not always been linear. But the direction is forward, and Turkish winemaking now deserves its place in the world's wine glasses. There are challenges – and more international awards – ahead. And as anybody who knows anything about Turkey knows, these will only add to Turkish resolve.

In the 1990s, and led by the late, lamented Güven Nil of Sarafin wines, there was a rush towards planting European grape varieties. Many of these made good – and some great – wines. European and American experts were (and are) employed to bring Turkey up to speed on vine and clone selection, viticulture techniques and winemaking. This phase may now be coming to an end. While the local market may be learning to appreciate the virtues of a Turkish Cabernet Sauvignon, Turkey's winemakers must also look to export markets to secure future growth. As such, a Turkish Cab Sav will have to compete with Cab Savs from South America, Europe, Australasia and China. In this competition, the consumer is the only winner, as increased supply and choice drive down prices. And because Turkey's generally hot (for winemaking) climate means that European varietals usually clock in with high sugar and therefore high alcohol, pleasing, ageable acidity is in short supply.

So it is with pleasure and relief that I can report that the lessons learned from growing international grape varieties are being transferred to Turkey's historical native grapes. The very best wines we tasted for CORNUCOPIA were made with indigenous grapes. Where once Öküzgözü made a thin and tart wine, we found brilliant, rich, complex versions that would grace any dinner table. With her patrimonial grapes and unique terroirs, Turkey will be differentiated, special, sought after.

Another pleasure was to meet young Turkish winemakers who are making fresh, exciting, brave wines. That some of these are women only adds to Turkey's potential to become a force in international winemaking.

In moving away from following others to following its own star, Turkey's destiny may well be to lead the way for other hot-climate winemakers. As ever, the country's future is tied to its past.

Were there a strong, internationally minded marketing body for all Turkish wines, its next step would be to delineate five or six Appellation areas to promote both quality and consumer recognition.

For this survey of Turkish winemaking our editor suggested a winery road trip, followed by a comprehensive tasting in Istanbul. The road trip would start around Izmir and meander tipsily north, turning right at Gallipoli before reaching Istanbul via Thrace. It would have been churlish to refuse.

OPPOSITE TASTING AT CORVUS, ONE OF THE BOLD NEW GENERATION OF WINERIES

KEVIN GOULD

ON THE ROAD

By good luck rather than good judgement, the Cornucopia road trip included visits to a representative cross-section of Turkish winemakers. Our tasting notes from each winery are included in *The Cornucopia Wine Tasting* on page 100.

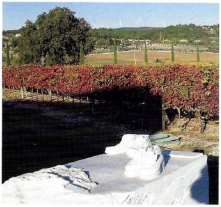
Urla

The 2 Rooms (2roomshotel.com) is the swanky B&B above Urla's shiny high-tech gravity-fed winery (urlasarapcilik.com.tr). I am in one room, gazing out over a dramatic droplet-shaped vineyard to the pine-hairy hills beyond. These are studded with stately wind turbines turning in lazy harmony. Among the vines, a white sculpture of boots represents the population exchanges of 90 years ago that removed the region's Greek winemakers, the descendants of Ionians who made wine here for at least two millennia.

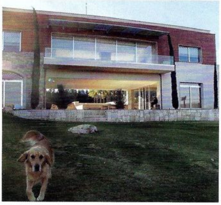
Here's Can (pronounced Jan) Ortabaş, whose family came from Crete – a man with a vision and with no time to waste. "I was a rich guy before I started making wine," he smiles, Villiger cigar in hand. "And now I'm a happy man." Can sees himself as a farmer, and his duty as remembering and reviving the culture of winemaking in Urla's kind climate.

Can is in the vanguard of Turkish oenotourism, and conceived and constructed the Urla Bağ Yolu (Urla Vineyard Route), where visitors from Izmir, Alaçatı, Çeşme and far beyond taste at eight local wineries. Eighty thousand of them came to Urla last year, and Can sells 35 per cent of his boutique-sized production direct to them. There's a constant and well-dressed procession of them through his airy, modern room for tutored tastings. We taste with Hasan Deniz, Urla's young Margaret River-trained winemaker. Nearly every wine we taste includes some indigenous varieties: Can has been energetic and diligent in identifying local grapes. "This peninsula

The Merlot grapes from Chamlija's Çamtepe vineyard in northern Thrace are full of character. The secret, Kevin Gould believes, is that the landscape and culture are allowed to impose themselves on the grape, not the other way around. In this unconventional vine-growing area, each vineyard resembles a sea of vines landlocked by fields of sunflower and wheat



BERRIN TOROLSAN



BERRIN TOROLSAN

Above left A sculpture at Urla recalls the population exchanges of the 1920s
Left A friendly golden retriever greets guests. Upstairs are the bedrooms of Urla's '2 Rooms' hotel

CHAMLIJA WINERY

is the site of 12 Ionian cities," he offers, "and even 100 years ago it produced 72 million litres of wine." (Turkey today makes 60 million litres.) "I visited every village on the peninsula and tasted over 60 varieties before finding our own native grape, Urla Karası." This grape (along with Can) gets its own mention in *Wine Grapes*, the magisterial bible by Jancis Robinson, Julia Harding and José Vouillamoz.

Can drives us around his vineyards, where we unearth Ionian amphorae and thousand-year-old terracing, and see his horticultural nursery with its 800-year-old olive trees. As we leave Urla, more thirsty tourists turn up for their tutored tastings.

SEVİLEN

The road to Sevilen starts underneath Izmir airport's flight path at their İsabey restaurant, where we are entertained to excellent yoghurt and artichoke soup before driving 40 minutes south to Magnesia on the River Meander, once the southern gate to nearby Ephesus. Behind the archaeological detritus of Magnesia's columns and in the shadow of Mount Thorax is a large and blank industrial area. We pass two gaunt milk cooperatives and come to Sevilen's immense winery.

Where Urla makes 200,000 litres of wine a year, this place produces 10 million bottles. In a reception area the size of a football pitch we meet Enis Güner, the third generation to run this business, and his winemaker, Sibel Çoban – the Turkish Cybill Shepherd. In addition to the volume lines that keep the holidaymakers of Antalya buoyed up (or is that submerged?), Sevilen also makes upmarket wines, and these we taste to the sounds of Mozart and a pair of warblers that have flown in from the winery.

Enis is trim and serious and has the look of a man who works very hard at his job. "I believe in God, and I believe in wine," he toasts. And we drink to the winemakers who transfer and transform, grape to bottle, beauty to beauty…

TAŞKÖY

Another morning, another road, this one through the dusty and unlovely suburbs north of Izmir. After Menemen, a left turn leaves the semi-trailers behind and swings us along a lane fringed with fields of high blonde wheat in which skinny olive trees are marooned.

Every click or so there's a yellow-painted stall selling "home-made" black mulberry juice and syrup, and mastic jam (the mastic island of Chios is just over the headland). We soon realise these are all identical, suggesting some great enterprise somewhere churning out litres of the stuff. There's a flooded field of paddy; where the land is too poor to cultivate, limestone bleaches through the thin topsoil and oleanders of grandma pink splash the scene and cheer the eye. The air is sharp with the cleansing tang of wild thyme when, ten minutes shy of Foça – ancient Phocea – a beaten-up sign heralds "Breakfast, Olive Oil and Wine".

At Taşköy (foca.com.tr) you pass the olive press and enter a tiny, dark office-cum-shop behind which the minute winery is available for inspection. Mr Hilal produces country wines here for local sale. His small family fields are planted with organic Sauvignon Blanc, Syrah, Cabernet Sauvignon, Misket, Öküzgüzü and the local Foça Karası. We taste his wines in the office, tapped straight from the tanks into smeary glasses, while Mr Hilal's assistant calmly smokes his way through a dozen fags. Spitting is into the oleanders outside. Then to the restaurant, where the cheese and *pastırma börek* just about stand up to these honest country wines. Taşköy's olive oils are light, fragrant and exceptional.

CORVUS

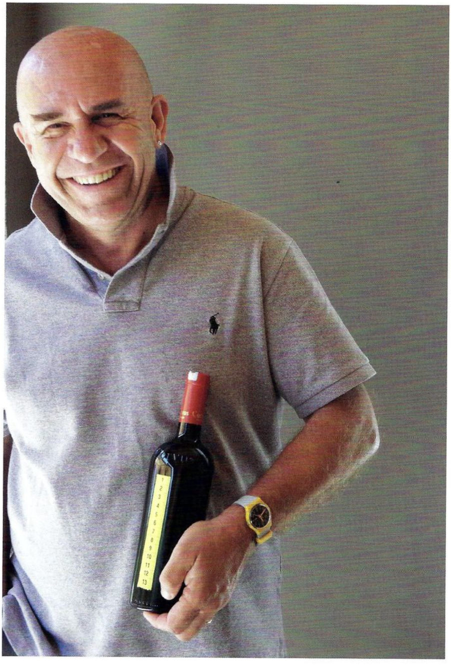
We hit the asphalt again. The coast road leads us through Ayvalık's millions of olive trees and up to Burhaniye, where the weekly market yields yellow cherries, four grades of samphire, heavy village olive-oil soap the colour of meringues, bonsai-sized pears and strange and beautiful herbs for tisanes.

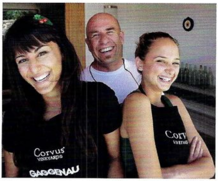
A straight run along the low-built coast, then up and inland towards Ezine, home to celebrated cheeses. The ferry at Geyikli leaves almost as soon as we're on it, and here's Bozcaada. It heaves slowly towards us, low and unassuming, tiny next to Gökçeada in the distance. Thanks to Reşit Soley, Bozcaada is now trendy, with a sprinkling of sleek and satisfied yachts in the harbour. Reşit's here, too, beaming from ear to ear.

His energy and the successes of his Corvus wines (corvus.com.tr) have rejuvenated the island, honoured its ancient winemaking heritage and given heart to Turkey's boutique winemakers. With tiny island plots and an ex-Tekel winery, Reşit crafts exceptional wines that dance and sing and thrill, like Bozcaada's winds.

Dinner is made for us by Sema Hanım at Kuşlu Konak, and is blessed by Corvus wines including a grand, operatic Corpus 2007. We feast on tiny *topik* chickpea balls stuffed with wine-caramelised onions, smooth fresh fava paté with dill, delicate *biber dolması*, marble-sized deep-fried *köfte*, Ezine cheese *börek*, and beef and onion *yahni* stew with almond-studded *perde pilaf* with its pastry crust. Oh, and warm, buttery home-made *künefe* with shredded wheat and goat's cheese. Followed by a long lie-down.

A sunny morning of inspirational tasting and visits to Reşit's pedigree sheep, followed by spanking grilled mackerel overlooking Ayazma beach, and we tear ourselves quietly away from Bozcaada and north past Troy to Çanakkale, which after the island feels like Los Angeles.





ALL PHOTOGRAPHS: KEVIN GOULD

LEFT REŞIT SOLEY GAVE UP A SUCCESSFUL CAREER AS AN ARCHITECT TO FOUND HIS CORVUS WINERY ON THE NORTHERN AEGEAN ISLAND OF BOZCAADA
TOP REŞIT WITH TWO ASSISTANTS IN 2008
ABOVE VISITING THE ISLAND VINEYARDS

SUVLA

The ferry across the unquiet waters to Kilitbahir is full of Greeks, Macedonians, Bulgarians and Romanians, their cars stuffed with bargain Turkish purchases. Right turn to Eceabat and we rest for the night at Suvla's striking winery, having first grazed on *bruschetti*, wild purslane that grows like weeds in the vineyards, and hefty, peppery local burgers masquerading as *köfte*.

Selim Ellialtı's vision for Suvla (suvla.com) is as a lifestyle brand. To this end he produces very good-value wines for the drink-at-home market dominated by urban 25-to-40-year-olds. The brand also comprises restaurants and wine shops and locally produced foods. The winery shop and restaurant is epic and filmic, and its team young and fresh. Australian viticulturist Mark Sims tours us around the peninsula vineyards. The Gallipoli campaign that so formed Australia's sense of nationhood happened right here, and Mark's emotional attachment to the place is palpable and moving. He takes me to a sandy, empty, nameless cove opposite Gökçeada. Samothraki and Greece look swimmable, so I peel off my clothes and swim gratefully among a shoal of silvery, shifting sardines.

CHAMLIJA

The Thracian landscape opens out, and by Keşan we're in a world of rolling sunflower prairie, patched alternately with breeze-brushed wheat. At Uzunköprü there's a broad valley wet with rice paddy. And from here to Büyükkarıştıran, near the town of Lüleburgaz, we see not one vineyard.

Chamlija (chamlija-wine.com) is Turkey's most original winemaker. Mustafa Çamlıca is a contrarian, and may be touched by genius. He started making wine in his garage. He abides by no rules other than those dictated by his heart. This means the past decade has seen him buying odd-sized plots of land surrounding ten villages in the foothills of the Istranca Mountains, none of which have been under grapes in living memory. These he buys and farms according to magnificent logic: these 65-million-year-old hills were once part of the great Thetys Ocean (indeed, at 400 metres, in his Pinot Noir vineyard near the village of Avren, we find fossilised oysters) and are thus rich in all the nutrients that create remarkable terroir. He points to a gully, the course of a long-extinct river. The land on the left side has somehow similar characteristics to those of Bordeaux's Left Bank, and so here he'll grow grapes for his Bordeaux blend. Barmy? Not at all!

Mustafa's wines have life, length and tremendous truth. He is as devoted and sensitive to his terroir as any winemaker anywhere, and (with his twenty-ish assistant Selin Özdemir), far more inspiring than most of them. In keeping with his individualistic approach, the Chamlija cellar door is the bucolic Çamlık Restoran, just off the Istanbul-Edirne highway. Here we eat the juicy, yielding *kalems* – chops – of sheep that graze the land next to his vineyards, plus their magnificent, fat-coronaed kidneys, and CORNUCOPIA tastes wine after great wine, under trees alive with crows, next to shrubs all aflutter with tortoiseshell butterflies.

The drive to Istanbul is a little hazy, but we are hugely revived by the cool and fragrant embrace of the Adahan Hotel in Galata, where over the next few days we and our hosts, Lale and Sedat, will dutifully and selflessly conduct a thorough and intensive tasting of many tens of wines. Reader, we do this for you.

BERRIN TOROLSAN

AT THE LAID-BACK ÇAMLIK RESTORAN AT BÜYÜKKARIŞTIRAN, CHAMLIJA'S MUSTAFA ÇAMLICA AND HIS WINEMAKER, SELİN ÖZDEMİR (LEFT), PREPARE FOR A TASTING. SUCCULENT CHOPS WILL FOLLOW, FROM SHEEP GRAZED ON THE SAME MINERAL-RICH LAND

Native grape varieties

Whites

Beyazkere
Rare, recently (re)found on the Urla peninsula.

Bornova Misketi
This Muscat was lauded by Herodotus. Reaches fragrant heights when vinified both dry and off-dry.

Çavuş A table grape variety that makes a fine light wine on Bozcaada.

Vassilaki Another Aegean table-turned-wine grape, as is **Karalahna**.

Emir At its best from Cappadocia, as is **Narince**.

Kınalı Yapıncak
Championed by Suvla in Gallipoli.

Sabatiano Grown on Gökçeada; in Greece, a Retsina grape.

Reds

Kalecik Karası Known as Turkey's Pinot Noir because it makes a light, fresh, nuanced red wine. Kalecik Karası is not Turkey's Pinot, and neither is Pinot France's Kalecik Karası. Local varietals include **Ada Karası**, **Urla Karası**, **Foça Karası**, **Çal Karası**, **Sergi Karası** and **Horoz Karası**.

Papazkarası No relation to Kalecik, this is the father of Kadarka, half-brother of Furmint, and son of Procupas. In Bulgaria it is called Karaseta. This is the great grape of Thrace.

Kuntra aka **Karazakız** An Aegean and Thracian grape.

Öküzgözü Meaning "Bulls Eye". Juicy and medium bodied, originally from Mesopotamia but now widely planted, and often blended with the heavier Boğazkere.

Boğazkere Drying and grippy tannins characterise this "throat scratcher".

Terroir turc

An understanding of her or his terroir is essential to every winemaker. Terroir is usually understood as the geography, geology and climates that create the environment that lend flavour identity to any plot of grapes. To this theoretical formula I respectfully add humans, for the accumulated human grape-growing experience in any place must have a practical effect on that fruit. With more than 10,000 years' viticultural experience it's fair to say that Terroir Turc is both well established, and widely and deeply understood.

THE CORNUCOPIA WINE TASTING

This is not an exhaustive list of all Turkish winemakers. There are boutique houses and at least one major player not present. But we believe this selection represents the health of Turkish winemaking in 2017.

W: white
R: red
RR: rosé
DW: dessert wine

ARCADIA

THRACE
Çeşmekolu, Kırklareli

W Pinot Gris 2015
Shy and sherbety on the nose, with lovely bouncy texture; a mouthful of fresh summer herbs. Entirely friendly and agreeable.

W Sauvignon Blanc, Sauvignon Gris 2015
High (14.5°) alcohol means this wine lacks definition and freshness. The alcohol gives width, but not length.

W 'Gri' 2015
Sauvignon Gris
Flabby again from high alcohol and rather more aggressive than the grapes would suggest. Doesn't sing. Does rather drone on.

RR Pinot Gris Rosé 2016
A confusing wine, neither fish nor fowl. Somehow both too thin and too fat. Not bad per se, but doesn't even approach the heights of their Pinot Gris white.

BÜYÜLÜBAĞ

THRACE
Avşa Island, Sea of Marmara

RR 'Iris' 2015
Adakarası
Alp Toruner is probably the only winemaker in Turkey to use airborne wild yeasts to ferment his wines. This means that they sometimes need a few minutes in the glass to cast off any farmy aromas. But after that this wine has everything to like. Gorgeous juicy acidity, a happy balance between freshness and seriousness, it reminded us of the polka-dot dresses worn for Seville's *ferias*: fun, flattering and with a serious and practical place in local culture. This is straight-up good wine, from an interesting place. Would be excellent with Black Sea turbot.

CHAMLIJA
Alice's

MONICA FRITZ

MUSTAFA ÇAMLICA, FOUNDER OF THE CHAMLIJA WINERY, AT HOME IN THE ISTRANCA MOUNTAINS. HIS DAUGHTER IREM (RIGHT) DESIGNS THE LABELS – AS INDIVIDUAL AND CHARMING AS THE WINES THEMSELVES. THE ISTRANCA RANGE SCREENS THRACE'S NORTHERN BLACK SEA COAST, HELPING TO MODIFY THE SEA AIR AND PROTECT THE VINES. FOR MUSTAFA THE MOUNTAINS ARE BOTH HIS SPIRITUAL HOME AND THE GUARDIANS OF HIS VINEYARDS

R Merlot 2014
Nice, satisfying wine, with a happy hint of minerality that we'd like to think is conferred by the iodine-rich island winds.

R Öküzgözü, Boğazkere 2015
There's a balance between assertiveness and juiciness here, but it fades to a thinness that we found to be unsatisfying.

R Cabernet Sauvignon 2014
We're not usually fans of 100% Cabernet. It's often too hard (knocks table with knuckles to demonstrate), too unyielding. But this baby is a beaut. Velvety in the mouth, then rich, subtle and nuanced, meaty even, and certainly juicy. Its finish is so long it took us to infinity – and beyond. Yes please.

CHAMLIJA

THRACE
Kırklareli, İstranca

W Blanc de Noirs 2016
Papazkarası
White wine from a late-ripening red grape that gives it the slightest blush. Warm and full in the mouth; delightfully, intriguingly soft, yet shapely. Not huge, but with great and unforgettable presence. Scarlett Johannson bottled.

W Riesling 2016
Pretty and flirtatious on the nose (who writes this stuff?). Anyway, it's also completely alive in the mouth, filling and penetrating the senses. A wine to lift the spirits, to brighten any day, lift any mood. A wine to take you out of yourself.

W Narince 2016
The freshest expression we've ever tasted of this grape, more usually grown in Tokat in northern Anatolia. Concentration, acidity, depth,

persistence, balance and elegance hitherto unsuspected (of Narince). Were this music, it would be Jobim's 'One Note Samba'.

W **Alvarinho, Narince 2016**
It's all getting too much for us. Imagine a nose that says "Kiss me!" and a body that then does the dance of the seven veils (or should that be the seven headscarves?). *Un vin de séduction.* Made with Alvarinho from vines that came from Melgaço in Portugal, this wine was conceived by Mustafa as coming from the westernmost and easternmost parts of Europe. The two grapes here achieve lasting *détente*.

W **Alvarinho 2015**
Subtle yet strong, less frivolous, more defined and definitely fuller than its Portuguese and Spanish counterparts. Superb winemaking; no oak.

W **Alvarinho Reserva 'Melgaço'** 2015
Mustafa's artist daughter İrem designs his labels. This is of a Thracian woman in Spanish clothes, painted in the colours of the Portuguese flag. Drink this with a slim volume of poetry by, say Fernando Pessoa. You'll still be enjoying the wine's lingering harmony long after you've finished the book.

W **Quartz Fumé 2015**
Sauvignon Blanc
Mustafa unearths a chunk of this smoky quartz from the Istranca Massif for us to amplify his message that these cool-climate (for Turkey) wines have exceptional minerality and acidity.

W **Chardonnay 'Felix Culpa'**
Reserve 2014
Felix Culpa = Happy sin or fortunate fall. This wine is delicious as sin, and equally irresistible.

W **Viognier 2015**
Smells sweet, tastes dry, finishes long. Such a memorable and beautiful liquid.

RR **'Rosé de Istranca' 2016**
Papazkarası
Not glib or flighty but considered and considerate. Would add joy to so many foods and situations. We taste this at sunset, colour matching colour.

R **Papazkarası 2015**
It's alive! And tremendously mouthwatering! We drink it with (very large quantities of) fatty, juicy, savoury lamb and beef Trakya *köfte*, the wine encouraging more meat, the meat encouraging more wine. Note "drink". Any pretence at "tasting" this wine has long since been discarded.

R **Mavrud 2015**
This clodhopping Bulgarian blending grape here is so light on its feet that it seems to dance on the tongue.

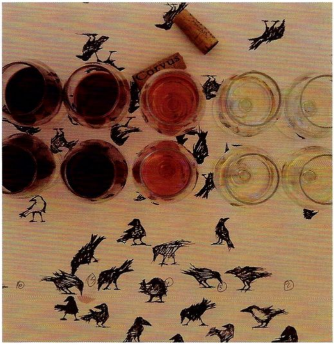
R **Öküzgözü / Boğazkere 2015**
Mustafa's field blend has remarkable sweetness and acidity.

R **'Sui Generis' / Nev'i Şahsına Münhasur 2014**
Cabernet Franc, Merlot, Cabernet Sauvignon
This fruity and juicy Bordeaux blend is Chamlija's bestseller.

R **Kalecik Karası 2015**
Fresh, lively and lovely, with all the poise of a fine Burgundian Pinot, plus something older, wiser, more elemental.

R **Pinot Noir 2014**
A finish as long as Frank Sinatra's retirements.

R **Cabernet Franc 2014**
Though usually found to be softer and more "feminine" than Cabernet Sauvignon, this late-harvest wine is Chamlija's most austere. No bad thing – it has a low pH (3.45 for those who care about such things) and it will age for decades. We taste it in shifting shadows as a murder of crows wheel and caw through the trees above.



KEVIN GOULD

BELOW THE PLACE MATS AT CORVUS ARE DESIGNED BY REŞIT SOLEY HIMSELF. 'CORVUS' MEANS 'CROW.' MYTHOLOGY HAS IT THAT IT WAS ON THE ISLAND OF BOZCAADA (ANCIENT TENEDOS) THAT THE CROW TURNED FROM WHITE TO BLACK

R **'Istranca Bordeaux Blend' 2013**
Merlot-dominated, this rich and luxe wine has Chamlija's trademark vibrancy and beautifully integrated tannins. It is still a baby, and will not be released until 2023 to celebrate the Republic's centenary.

R **'Thracian Gold' 2013**
Dotted around Chamlija's vineyards are dolmens in which Thracians were buried with their gold. This wine is Mustafa and Selin's homage to their ancestors. "Gold is immortal," explains Mustafa. "It's the one metal that never oxidises." Neither does this wine, which is only made in exceptional years. It's an Haut Brion Merlot-dominated blend with Cabernets Sauvignon and Franc. Like the rarest berry juice on the nose, opening to something symphonic in the mouth. It puts you in touch with your (best) self. Forget food, forget the outside world, sip slowly, let it develop and submit to Thracian Gold.

CORVUS

AEGEAN
Bozcaada

W **'Teneia' 2015**
Çavuş
Great winemaking, with the nose, textures, flavours and finish all in happy harmony, plus some addictive acidity. Try to stop yourself pouring another glass.

W **Bornova Misket 2015**
Misket's immensely flowery/ripe/sweet nose married to a start-to-finish that's bone dry the whole way through. We'd like to drink this with *hünkar beğendi*.

W **Blend Bianco 2014**
Field blend
Corvus are Turkey's only wines to have won Parker points. This one got 92. On the label is a quote by André Gide, and a manifesto by Reşit Soley. The unflashy nose does not prepare us for a body that makes us stop, reflect, take time. A wine born of obsession with detail and trust in the grapes' endless capacity to express themselves.

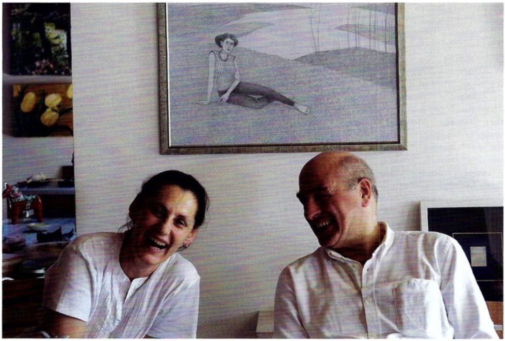
RR **Cappadocia Blush 2016**
Emir, Kalecik Karası
How charming to be with a wine that wants dialogue with the drinker. Quietly, insistently, this one interrogates the tongue: "You thought I was just a 'blush', did you? Well, now can you imagine how many more things I can be: serious and amusing, dry and yet with an echo of sweetness..." Your tasters now take a cold shower and promise to be less overwrought in future.

DW **Passito 2014 Vassilaki**
More than the equal of the *passito* of Pantelleria. Late-harvest dessert grapes are stacked in vented boxes and exposed to the drying island winds. This shrivels and concentrates them but doesn't "cook" them as the sun would raisins. Made into wine, Corvus Passito balances sweetness and acidity with tightrope accuracy. Each mouthful shimmies, slides and defies, causing gasps from the crowd. 94+ Parker points and worth every one of them.

R **Blend No 6 2009**
Cabernet Sauvignon, Shiraz, Merlot, Malbec
The grapes are vinified separately; the blend is made, then released only after 5–6 years. This vintage still tastes young: it has the structure to age for at least another decade. Elegant but with a memory of the wild, it reminded us of a young Brando wearing a vicuña coat. And if that's not pretentious enough for you, how about:

R **Corpus 2010**
Cabernet Sauvignon, Petit Verdot, Merlot, Malbec
93 Parker points. Round and full and still fresh, with a meaty chew but no crunch, and a crescendo of horns rising to a fanfare. Hail to Corpus! The body may be flesh, but this wine makes us feel immortal!

R **Corpus 2007**
Cabernet Sauvignon, Cabernet Franc
Power and finesse. An emotional, overtaking wine that starts all basses and cellos and ends with celestial harps.


KEVIN GOULD

Lale Platin and Sedat Sirri Aklan, the owners of the Adahan Hotel in Istanbul's Galata quarter, who kindly hosted – and participated in – Cornucopia's 'huge' wine tasting

GÜLOR

Thrace
Şarköy

W **Sauvignon Blanc 2016**
Uplifting, serious, considered and elegant. Very classy.

R **Öküzgözü, Bogazkere 2014**
Got a yacht, a country house and a trophy wife? Get this. Self-satisfied and overmade, it's a big bully of a wine.

R **Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot 2014**
No trace of terroir. A vulgar, bellowing bore.

R **'The Bridge' Öküzgözü, Malbec 2015**
Western and Oriental grapes, expertly blended to create depth and interest. A big statement from a winery renowned for big wines.

KASTRO TİRELİ

Aegean
Akhisar

W **Narince, Viognier 2015**
Pale and interesting, with nice tension between soft and sharp. This shows sensitive winemaking, with balance between enquiry and equanimity; tinselly and high, like May birdsong.

KAVAKLIDERE

Central and Eastern Anatolia, Thrace, Aegean
Ankara

W **Chateau Serie 'Côtes d'Avanos' Chardonnay 2016**
Corked and faulty.

W **'Prestige' Narince Kapadokya 2016**
Fresh and initially shy, then with defined and elegant fruit. Plenty of minerality. A lovely enough wine, but a hostage to fortune by calling itself "Prestige".

R **'Prestige' Öküzgözü 2011**
At first like a thick, opaque monster, with a dark, heavy, fleshy nose. The tastes of berries, but cooked ones. A serious wine that takes itself more seriously than need be. As before, the "Prestige" name suggests that its makers think it's better than it is.

R **'Prestige' Kaleçik Karası 2013**
We wanted to like this wine, but it lets itself down with a marked lack of development once the initial attractive, light richness fades.

R **'Pindore Chateau Serie' 2012**
Syrah
Very much in the Cornas Côtes-du-Rhône style, a well-balanced and well-made, *très français* wine.

KAYRA

Eastern Anatolia, Thrace
Elazığ, Şarköy

W 'Terra Varietal' Narince 2015
Gorgeous, flirty, playful, a bright and happy wine that tastes like a ukulele orchestra sounds.

W 'Allure' Crispy Chardonnay 2016
The idea here is an early-picked Chardonnay that is sharper and more defined than its often flabbier namesakes. In practice an extremely sweet sultana-y nose plus unbalanced acidity make this something of a slog to taste, like someone who keeps telling you how great they are, and why.

RR 'Allure' Kaleçik Karası Rosé 2016
Pale onion-skin colour, lovely texture to wrap the tongue around. This wine is charming and pert, not a glib rosé. It finishes long and harmoniously with mouthwatering acidity; a wine for lovers and for wine lovers. Excellent – shows the way.

RR 'Terra Varietal' Kalecik Karası Rosé 2016
Fascinating sweet-and-sour nose, with seriously voluptuous texture and quenching watermelon-and-its-peel flavours. A wine with a lovely atmosphere, well made, well formed, well worth it.

R 'Versus' Cabernet Franc 2015
Kayra suggest that this is a "final expression of their label's direction" – and it's nice, as far as it goes.

R Syrah Viognier 2014
Mmmm... umami. Round and rich, elegant and poised, fine and well bred. A serious, sexy wine.

R 'Terra Varietal' Kaleçik Karası 2015
Shows neither the grape nor Kayra at its best.

R 'Alpagut' Öküzgözü 2014
Very charming – what it lacks in body it makes up in acidity. Age has given it a quiet intensity. Happy is the taster with this expression of Öküzgözü. Excellent winemaking.

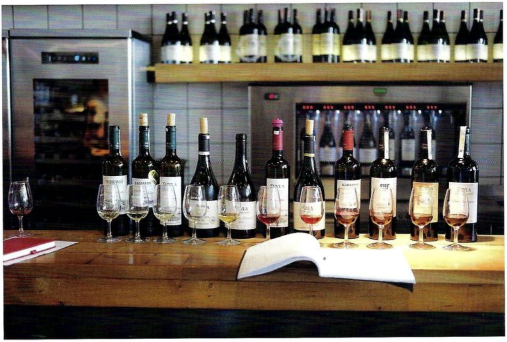
R 'Vintage' Öküzgözü 2013
The older Turkish wine drinker loves big oaky reds; this one bears the signature of Californian winemaker Daniel O'Donnell, and is very much a market pleaser. It's balanced and clean, serious and grown-up.

R 'Vintage' Boğazkere 2013
We enjoyed this wine. How good to find 100% Boğazkere with a lovely, lively nose that so lifts the spirits. There's an unusual softness that balances this grape's expected dryness. Marry it with something rich like a juicy ragout or meatballs and you'll want the bottle never to end. Top stuff.

R 'Buzbağ Reserve' Öküzgözü/Boğazkere 2008
When I first tasted Buzbağ 30-odd years ago, I thought it was filthy. This is raising and rich, integrated and long, and very good wine.

R 'Imperial' Öküzgözü 2013
Ignore the stupid steel plaque on the label. What next – Swarovski crystals on a rosé? Nose was initially blind, as if emperors don't like things to smell. But decant and give it time and this is a fine and elegant beauty, albeit one wasted on the label-loving mafiosi the branding appears to court.

DW 'Madre' Öküzgözü 18.5°
Madeira-style fortified wine. And why not? Think firesides, walnuts to shell, hunks of aged Parmesan. Better still, after a meal, accompanied by super-rich almond and pistachio marzipans like they make at Meşhur Bebek Badem Ezmesi.


KEVIN GOULD

BELOW The tasting room at Suvla, on the Gallipoli Peninsula, is spectacular – a vast cathedral of wine. They make good and surprisingly affordable wines

PAŞAELİ

Aegean, Thrace
Izmir, Hoşköy

W Paşaeli Yapıncak 2016
Pretty freesias on the nose. Crisp and tense structure, cool and poised on the palate. Very good: uncomplicated but with enough complexity to demand further tasting. Begs to be drunk with *spaghetti alle vongole*.

RR Paşaeli Çalkarası Blush 2016
Lovely seahorse label, a gorgeous wine; not pushed, but an entirely charming expression of this grape that starts by humming quietly and ends melodically with your favourite summer-at-the-seaside soundtrack. Great.

RR Paşaeli Çalkarası Rosé 2016
An alarming colour that suggests childhood cherryade. Hard tannins and hard to see the point of this when the Blush is so good.

▷ 104

SELENDİ

AEGEAN
Akhisar

R Selendi Blend 2013
Cabernet Sauvignon, Shiraz, Merlot, Cabernet Franc
All wines from this boutique winery are made from organic grapes and each bottle is numbered. This is bottle 7242 of 9065; the label is by artist Fikret Mualla. It's a spicy and well-made wine that will age for a few years yet, and benefits from decanting. Very expressive of its land and charmingly clear flavours: this is legible, literate and grammatically absolutely correct.

R Sarnıç Shiraz 2013
Bottle 1482 of 2360. Takes time to open, but when it does, a clean and frank expression of this grape. Pleasantly earthy and deep nose with a burst of freshness in the mouth, which mollifies the highish (15.4°) alcohol. Very good.

R Selendi Moralı 2015 (Aegean)
Grenache, Mourvèdre, Merlot, Cinsault
With its mystic-psychedelic label this could be an album cover for a 1970s prog-rock band. Tastes to us like the difficult second album. Astringent, fades early.

R Sarnıç Merlot 2012
Lovely alluring nose, and sexy and elegant in the mouth. A lovely wine, with confidence and poise. Would complement any aubergine dish, and rich cow's cheeses such as Comté and Gruyère.

R Sarnıç Cabernet Sauvignon, Cabernet Franc
Cabernet Sauvignon, Cabernet Franc
Lovely in every way. Again, very clear winemaking – the Öngör family and their winemaker Andrea Paoletti have understood the luxury of simplicity and seem content to grow the very best grapes they can, then treat them with respect and restraint. Excellent, honest and true.

KEVIN GOULD

A TASTING AT SEVİLEN'S İSABEY RESTAURANT, OUTSIDE IZMIR. THEIR BETTER WINES ARE SOLD UNDER THE İSABEY LABEL. ONE OF THE TOP THREE MASS-PRODUCERS OF WINE, ALONGSIDE DOLUCA AND KAVAKLIDERE, SEVİLEN HAS BEEN REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL AT INTRODUCING LOCAL WINES TO THE TOURIST MARKET. BUT IN A BAD YEAR FOR TOURISM, THEY SUFFER. NOW SEVİLEN IS LOOKING TO THE FUTURE AND BEGINNING TO EXPORT

SEVİLEN

AEGEAN, THRACE
Manisa, Mürefte

W 'İsabey' Sauvignon Blanc 2016
Sprite-like and friendly enough.

W Bornova Misketi 2016
Made in the dry style, with a typical sweetly perfumed nose and a zesty acidity. A happy and uncomplicated wine.

W 'Nativus' Narince 2016
From grapes brought by reefer truck from Tokat, ancestral home of Narince. Like the descant in a nonet – a sweet soprano wine.

W '900' Fumé Blanc 2016
Sauvignon Blanc
Named for the altitude of its Güney (South) vineyard. Voluptuous and round, balanced by persistent salty minerality.

RR Kalecik Karası Rosé 2016
Very pale in colour, like an Englishman half an hour into Bodrum. Quietly romantic (unlike that Englishman, probably) and undemanding…

R 'Plato' Kalecik Karası 2015
Not the philosopher, but the Turkish for "plateau". Very likeable, a low-yield wine (ie the fruit is drastically thinned a month or two before harvest, affording the remaining grapes more concentration of flavour) that has resided for six months in old oak. Lovely – integrated tannins give the wine character and texture. Good length and persistence. Very lightly chilled, this would be a treat with *lakerda* and red onion, or any smoked fish.

R 'Nativus' Öküzgözü and Boğazkere 2016
Turkish winemakers like to give Latin-sounding names to their big wines. This one is a nice blend offering sweetness and grip, an iron fist in a velvet glove.

R 'Centum' Syrah 2014
Well mannered, a flattering wine. As Nasreddin Hoca said, "Flattery is a profession where business is always brisk." This wine makes us feel more intelligent and attractive.

SUVLA

THRACE
Eceabat, Gallipoli Peninsula

W 'Behramlı' 2016
Kınalı Yapıncak, Semillon
Suvla's biggest seller, offering excellent price, value, quality, and more juicy acidity and much better winemaking than might be expected at the price.

W 'Kabatepe' 2016
Viognier, Chardonnay, Sauvignon Blanc, Sabatiano
Less successful to us than 'Behramlı'.
W Chardonnay 2016
Suffers from the Gelibolu Peninsula's hot summers – this wine has some pleasing sweetness, but little definition.
W Kınalı Yapıncak Reserve 2015
Needs time in the glass to show off its pretty, retroussé nose. Beautiful acidity. Very good indeed.
W Roussanne Marsanne Grand Reserve 2014
Conceived before Suvla started concentrating on being a lifestyle brand, this is nonetheless an expertly made wine with great length and music, the music being Ravel's *Tzigane*.
R Karasakız 2016
A local peninsular grape that Suvla are putting big efforts into growing and understanding. It makes a light, fresh and crisp wine with interesting acidity, albeit also sometimes with thin and greenish tannins. We'd like to taste it again, lightly chilled, with a huge plate of chargrilled mackerel.
R Karasakız Reserve 2014
Barrel age gives this wine perfume and class and accentuates nicely the slight earthiness that characterises Karasakız. Not a grape to offer velvety mouth-filling body, it instead offers freshness and very cute acidity. If roast chicken with wild mushrooms is the question, this wine is the answer.
R 'Kabatep' 2014
Cabernet Sauvignon, Syrah, Karasakız
A workaday, somehow aggressive wine designed to stand up to strong flavours.
R 'Sur' 2012
Merlot, Cabernet Sauvignon, Cabernet Franc, Petit Verdot
A single-vineyard Bordeaux blend. Elegant and restrained, with lovely equilibrium.
R Suvla Reserve 2014 Petit Verdot / Karasakız
Loud and proud, with mouth-puckering tannins. The wine for a man's man who knows what he likes, and likes what he knows.
R Cabernet Sauvignon Grand Reserve 2014
Plush, and built for ageing. A monster of a wine. Rolls-Royce, Rolex Daytona, Omega Speedmaster. You get the picture.

TAŞKÖY

Aegean
Eski Taşköy, Foça

W Sauvignon Blanc 2014
A trace of oxidation on the nose and a lack of freshness but undoubtedly a wine of character. Which character it's hard to say.
W Misket 2013
Foça's wines are organic. We can imagine drinking quite a lot of this one, were we in the depths of the countryside and furnished with big bowls of hearty beans and greens and great wheels of bread and cheese. Its nose suggests hosannas; in the mouth it's straight-up R'n'B.
R Syrah 2014
Dense, rich, yet low (13°) alcohol, with a balanced lightness and definite charm. Very nice with the *kuzu tandir* (baked lamb) from the restaurant adjoining the winery.
R Öküzgözü 2014
A brutally honest expression of this grape.
R Foça Karası, Cabernet Sauvignon 2014
Very grippy, and undefeated by even the strongest foods. Tackles the drinker like ex-Chelsea defender Ron 'Chopper' Harris.

URLA

Aegean
Urla, Çeşme Peninsula

W Sauvignon Blanc 2015
Great acidity and length, both bright and serious.
W 'Hypnos' Beyazkere 2016
This rare local grape makes an enigmatic wine that hints at mountain maquis while transporting us to the seaside. Very lovely.
W Chardonnay 2015
50% fruit from around the winery, 50% from a vineyard at 1,000 metres. A quiet storm.
W 'Symposium' 2015
Bornova Misketi
Delightful off-dry muscat, perfect for afternoons in bed.
RR 'Serendias' 2014
Pinot Noir, Kaleçik Karası, Grenache Don't expect sweetness – this wine has complexity, elegance and enough grip to help it handle strong tomato-based ragout.
R 'Vourla' 2016
Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot, Syrah, Boğazkere
The winery's signature wine, a Bordeauxish blend with added interest from Boğazkere. It has great rhythm and ageing potential; we'd love to taste this vintage in 10 years' time.
R Boğazkere 2014
Polite and very well brought up: it has been educated in 40% expensive oak.
R 'Nexus' 2015
Merlot, Nero d'Avola, Cabernet Franc
Very pleasurable drinking. Tony Bennett dressed in Brioni at his swinging best.
R Nero d'Avola, Kaleçik Karası 2014
Alive, alive o! We loved this: a meeting of minds and energies. Truth, life and excitement.
R 'Tempus' 2015 Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot, Petit Verdot
A big wine for big occasions. Our notes suggest: "A wine for women, a wine for men, a wine for lovers."

VINKARA

Central Anatolia
Kalecik, Ankara

W Yaşayın Kalecik Karası 2014
Méthode champenoise.
The only sparkling wine in our tasting and it's a beauty. Crisp and biscuity, with a serious bitter fruit elegance and classy tongue-coating mousse. Excellent.
W Narince 2016
Grapefruit and melon on the nose; a slim body and some citrus peel on the palate. A quaffer with which to wash down a roast chicken.
R 'Mahzen' Kalecik Karası 2014
Inviting poached-fruit aromas, but somewhat bitter in the mouth. This grape can achieve more. Could have its place with, say, an İskender kebab.
R 'Mahzen' Öküzgözü 2014
Smells great: inside and outside, field and cellar. Warm, soft and *al dente* in the mouth. Don't expect infinite complexity; do expect honesty. Now light up that cigar, slice up that charcuterie, nibble on that aged cheese and settle in to thoroughly enjoy yourself.
R 'Mahzen' Boğazkere 2011
Macho, if you like that sort of thing. We didn't. ◆

THE WINE PRODUCERS

Arcadia Çeşmekolu, Kırklareli; arcadiavineyards.com
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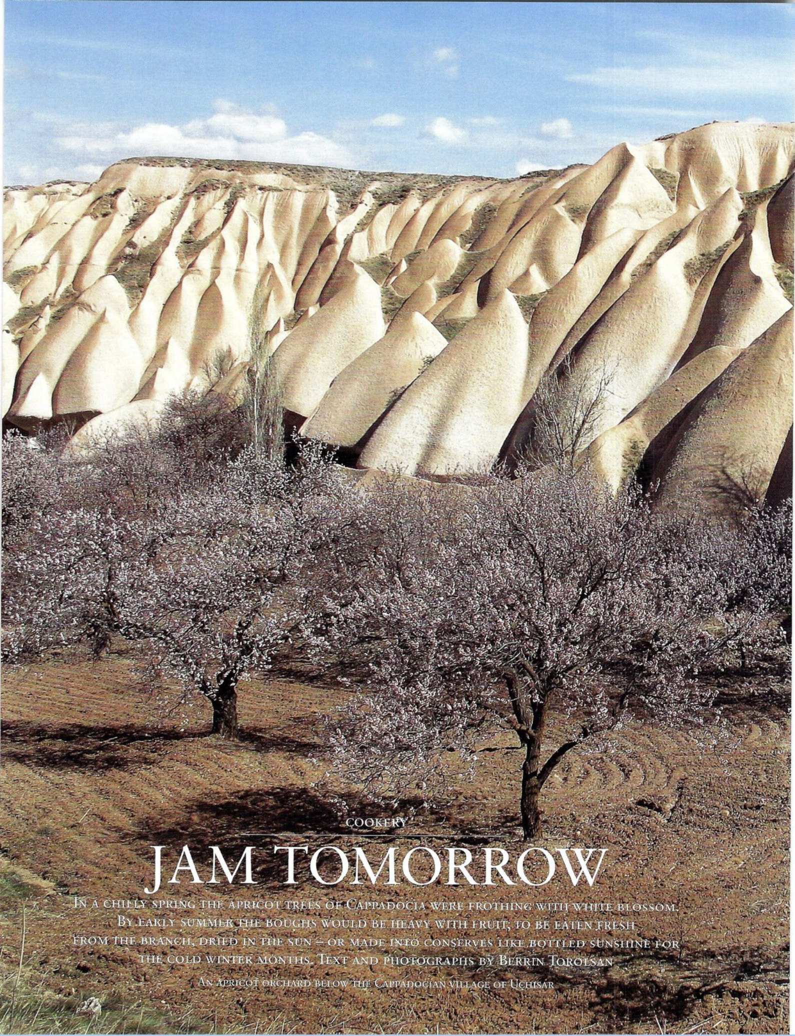
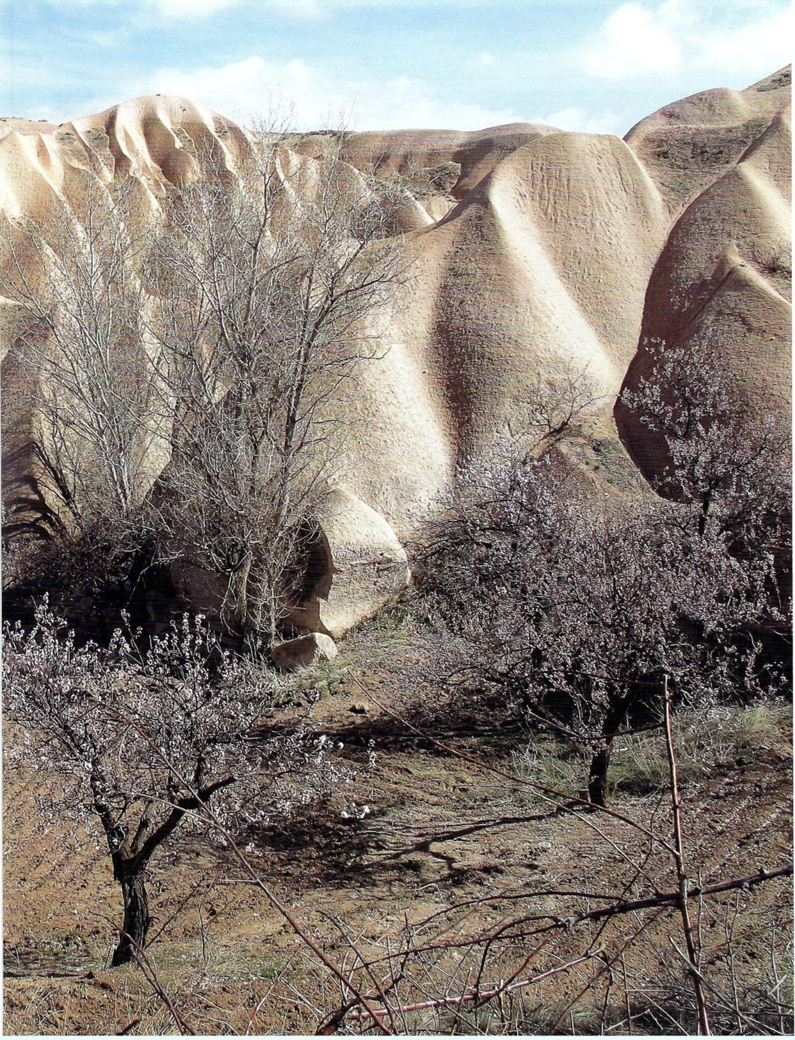


COOKERY

JAM TOMORROW

In a chilly spring the apricot trees of Cappadocia were frothing with white blossom. By early summer the boughs would be heavy with fruit, to be eaten fresh from the branch, dried in the sun – or made into conserves like bottled sunshine for the cold winter months. Text and photographs by Berrin Torolsan

An apricot orchard below the Cappadocian village of Uchisar



Above and opposite Uçhisar's apricot trees and fairytale cones in early April. The sugar-rich nectar is a magnet for bees

The 19th-century geologist William Hamilton, whose father took the Rosetta Stone to London, is best known in Turkey as the first foreigner to climb the central Anatolian peak of Mount Erciyes. In his *Researches in Asia Minor*, he recalls sitting on the summit, feeling no wind but hearing it "rushing and whistling among the clouds and rocks below us". A few days later, riding into the village of "Utch Hissar", in the wondrous landscape of Cappadocia, he was struck by the "most curious and extraordinary sight" beneath his feet, of many thousand "pointed pinnacles… so slender and close together that they resembled a forest of cedars or lofty fir trees".

Following the road down from the village and across the valley, Hamilton remarked on the fertility of gardens and orchards in such dry soil. "But the apricot was the only tree in abundance, producing fruit of an excellent flavour, and I should think indigenous to the country."

The apricot, *Prunus armeniaca* (*kayısı* in Turkish), belongs to the rose family and is related to almonds, peaches, plums and cherries. It is an undemanding tree, freely self-seeding, possibly one of the oldest in cultivation, and is well established on Anatolian soil. This spring, we visited Uçhisar in Hamilton's footsteps. Before a fresh fall of snow had thawed in the valleys, the apricot trees were already in bloom. It was breathtaking to wake up to the sight of those trees covered in delicate white blossom, in a landscape of towering cones, against a peerless blue sky, and easy to imagine that they would be just as spectacular in summer when the boughs were laden with fruit. Hamilton was wrong in his surmise, however: the apricot is not indigenous to Turkey, and to trace its roots we must look elsewhere, across the Caspian.

If Cappadocia is to all human eyes otherworldly, Central Asia has long been, to Western eyes, another planet entirely, cloaked in myth and mystery. But it is there, in Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, that the apricot has its origins, and as the region becomes more accessible, it offers up more of its secrets. Fruit hunters have in recent years found native apricot trees in the Pamir plains to the north, and forests of wild varieties with smaller, sweeter fruit in the Tien Shan mountains. Names of places such as Ming Uruk (The Thousand Apricots), near Tashkent, tell us how ancient the groves are. The apricots of Central Asia are the great-grandmothers of all apricots, just as the native apples that grow in wild abundance there are the great-grandmothers of all apples.

The Indo-Scythian Kushan Empire of King Kanishka covered most of India, Iran and Central Asia in the second century AD, from the Pamir plains to Turfan in the Tarım basin in the north, to the fertile plains of the Indus and Ganges in the south. During his reign the apricot (and possibly the peach) is said to have travelled east to China, and south to India and Persia, reaching as far as the Roman Empire, where cargoes of mouthwatering golden fruits entered the Mediterranean, with Chinese silk and other luxuries, by way of the Silk Road. A recipe for fricassee of pork and apricots, flavoured with pepper, cumin and mint and seasoned with the fermented fish sauce garum, appears in Apicius' *De re Coquinaria* (On the Subject of Cooking), compiled in the fourth century.

In his book *Sino-Iranica: Chinese contributions to the history of civilization in ancient Iran* (1919), the Sinologist Berthold Laufer tells the history of cultivated plants introduced from China, quoting a diplomatic document of AD625. From the kingdom of Sogdiana (today split between Tajikistan and Uzbekistan) a gift of fruit was sent to the Emperor of China: "…they were as large as goose eggs and their colour was like gold". This reveals how apricots, their cultivation perfected through selection and grafting, were exchanged by imperial courts.

In 13th-century Baghdad the royal chefs of the caliphs included apricots in their repertoire of lavish dishes, calling the fruit *mishmish* – the name still used today. It was perhaps the Crusaders who first tasted the honeyed apricot of the Levant and took it back to Europe, calling it "*dimesk*".

By the 1500s, when apricot stones arrived in the New World with the Spanish conquistadors, *dimesk* had become

"*damasco*", the name by which it is still known in Mexico, Argentina and Chile. The modern name in European languages – *abricot*, *Aprikose*, *albicocca*, *albaricoque*, *albricoque*, *albercoc*, etc – is borrowed from the archaic Arabic *al-barqouq*.

The Ottomans meanwhile took the fruit and the name *kayısı* with them as their empire spread across the Balkans. Apricots flourished above all in Hungary, where, according to Anikó Gergely in *Culinaria Hungary* (2015), "the Turks possessed huge plantations of *kajszi*" – flowering gardens that withered away after they left but have since been revived.

Those who have only ever tasted cottony, flavourless supermarket apricots from cold storage can scarcely imagine how delectable is the fruit ripe from the tree, or the difference between apricot varieties. Connoisseurs of old had their favourites. The 14th-century traveller İbn Batuta records that the orchards of "Antailya" (modern Antalya) on the Mediterranean produced fine fruits, including an admirable kind of apricot called the Qamar ad-Din, with a sweet almond in its kernel. "This fruit," he wrote, "is dried and exported to Egypt, where it is regarded as a great luxury." Three centuries later, another traveller, Evliya Çelebi, also praised the "*kamereddin*" apricot as a paradisiacal fruit. But Evliya's favourites were the seven different types of large, luscious apricots of Aspuzu, modern Malatya, in eastern Turkey.

Mahmut Nedim bin Tosun, too, extols the Malatya apricots in his 1898 cookery book, *Aşçıbaşı* (The Chef). He gives a recipe for a sweet-sour stew cooked with these apricots, which he says are unrivalled and far superior to apricots from Damascus or those imported from Algeria. He thinks it must be a godly gift to the soil of Malatya that results in fruits of such superb taste and size.

Wild or locally derived apricot cultivars grow profusely all over Turkey, except in the moist Black Sea region, but today Malatya remains the epicentre of apricot production. Indeed, "Malatya" has become the generic term for all Turkish apricots. The best-known of the numerous varieties grown there – the red-cheeked, freckled *şekerpare* (sugar lump) – has all the sweetness the name suggests. The apricot belt runs from Malatya to the Hunza Valley on the fringes of Tibet, from Turkey to Turkestan, and along with Uzbekistan and Iran, Turkey is one of the world's three largest producers and exporters of both fresh and dried apricots.

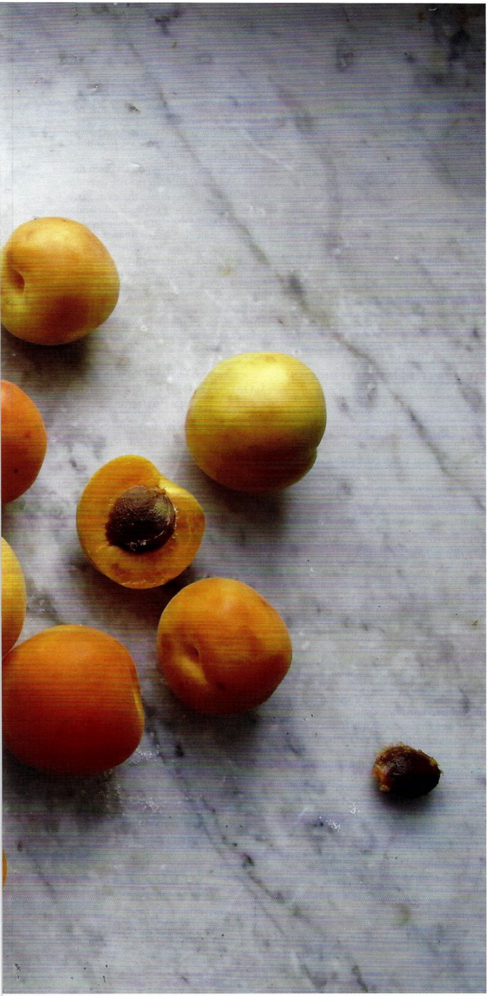
Trees grown from the stones of grafted apricot trees are known in the Turkish countryside as *yeğen*, or nephews, and produce an inferior fruit. But the large, succulent cultivated varieties are sought after both at home and abroad.

One variety is the early, slightly oblong apricot from the distinctive microclimate of the Iğdır Valley in the east. The pale, creamy skin is delicate and the flesh ambrosial. The longish stone inside contains a tasty kernel. Another variety, the round, pink-cheeked *tokaloğlu*, is grown in Konya in central Anatolia and Tokat and Erzincan to the north and east. The fruit ripens slowly, allowing it to be harvested in three different stages. The fragrant, juicy first and second crops are sent to market to be enjoyed fresh, while the late crop of smaller, firmer fruit is ideal for preserves. The leftovers from the last harvest are stoned and spread out to dry in the sun for later months.

The wild apricot *Armeniaca vulgaris* (the Turkish *zerdali*, from Persian *zerdalu*, or yellow prune) is sold dried for cooking. Its tartness goes well with lamb, duck and game. Evliya Çelebi tells us that wild apricots in Malatya are countless: only God knows their quantity, he says, and the fruit is turned into *pestil* (sheets of dried paste, or fruit leather) for export – pulped apricots are poured into containers and set to dry in the sun.

Like the plum, the apricot dries and stores well, providing a precious source of year-round nutrition. On our visit to Cappadocia, last year's dried sweet apricots were heaped up on the stalls of Nevşehir's Monday market – an excellent pick-me-up snack and a delicious addition to savoury dishes. We were told how in early summer the fruit is spread out on every available surface to be sun-dried, painting the landscape with dashes of yellow.

Every region boasts hoards of the finest apricots, each with its particular qualities. The Sufi writer Samiha Ayverdi describes life in a 19th-century Istanbul household in her novel *İbrahim Efendi's Konak*: "Entering the larder, one would always see shelves of



[dried] apricots from Şam, Malatya and Tokat, prunes from Kastamonu, honey from Ankara…" The *şam*, or Damascus, apricot was highly popular in the Ottoman Empire. Today it is farmed in Thrace and all around the Aegean and Mediterranean.

Apricots are an excellent source of vitamins A, C and E, copper, potassium, iron and fibre. They provide lycopene and beta-carotene, which also gives carrots their reputation for enhancing vision. Drying increases the nutrient content, particularly of vitamins A and E, potassium and iron.

Even medieval doctors knew of the fruit's benefits. The 14th-century physician to Celâlüddin Hızır Pasha prized the cooling effects on "hot humours" and used apricots to treat malaria. Mahmut Şirvani, scientist and physician to Murad II, the father of Mehmed the Conqueror, gave recipes for three dishes cooked with apricots and confirmed their cooling effects.

The almond-tasting stone kernels were not wasted, either, having a range of culinary and medical uses. The 17th-century doctor-king Subhan Quli Khan of Balkh wrote a treatise in Chagatay in which he recommends pounded apricot kernels as an ingredient for a calming pomade. Today they are used to make the liqueur amaretto.

Apricot kernels contain amygdalin, sometimes known, controversially, as vitamin B17. Whether or not this is a true vitamin and cures cancer is a matter of heated debate. And do the apricots of the Hunza Valley really make you live to 150? Whatever the medical truth, this luscious golden fruit offers not just health and well-being, but a flavour of summer in the long winter months, a ray of sunshine to light up dark winter days.

KAYISI REÇELİ
APRICOT PRESERVE

1kg fresh apricots

1kg sugar

Juice of 1 lemon

This is my mother's recipe. She used to wait for a variety known as *tokaloğlu* to come to market, late in the season. A single mouthful, these apricots (pictured left) are smaller than a walnut, and their firm texture means that the halves remain intact when cooked.

1 After rinsing, halve the apricots and remove the stones. Place in a deep pan, add the sugar and leave overnight to allow the fruit to release its juices under the sugar's weight.

2 The next day, the apricots should have released sufficient juice and there will be no need to add water. Cook over a very gentle heat, uncovered, for 30–45 minutes, until the jam thickens and the fruit is translucent.

3 Add the lemon juice to the pan. Bring briefly to the boil and remove from the heat.
4 While still hot, transfer to sterilised jars, seal and store in a cool, dark place.

Kayisi Marmeladi
Apricot Jam

Apricots
Sugar
1 lemon per kilo

Since the fruit is going to be processed to make a jam that is less chunky than the preserve above, use any windfall, unripe or bruised fruit unfit for the table. Different varieties can also be mixed together. This jam is simple to prepare and delicious in winter with *kaymak* (clotted cream). It is also very good added to tarts and biscuits.
1 Rinse the fruit and remove the stones.
2 Place in a deep pan, cover with water and bring to the boil, then simmer until the fruit is soft, even slightly overcooked.
3 Whizz the contents of the pan in a blender or food processor. Transfer the pulp to a container to measure the quantity, then return to the pan.
4 Add half as much sugar by volume as you have pulp. Bring to the boil, stirring with a wooden spoon. When all the sugar has dissolved and the liquid is bubbling, reduce the heat and keep simmering for 20 minutes or so, until the jam thickens.
5 Stir in the lemon juice, bring back to the boil one last time, and remove from the heat.

Zerdalİ Aşı
Lamb Stew with Apricots

250g sun-dried wild apricots
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 large onion (finely chopped)
250g lamb or mutton (cubed)
Juice of half a lemon
Salt and pepper

A lavish recipe for a lamb dish called *mishmishiya* given by al-Bagdadi in his *Book of Dishes*, dating from 1226, includes almond paste, rose water, saffron, mastic and much else besides. This stew, or fricassee, is from Cappadocia, where apricot trees are plentiful, and is a simpler version of the medieval dish. *Zerdali*, wild apricots, are tangy and give it an appetising sharp edge. Fahriye Hanım, author of the 1882 cookery book *Evkadını* (The Housewife), recommends using fatty meat. She also says it's possible to make this stew with chestnuts or prunes.
1 Place the apricots in a bowl, cover with water and leave to soak for 2–3 hours.
2 Heat the oil in a deep pan and sauté the onions until translucent. Add the meat and, stirring, continue to sauté.
3 When the meat has browned on all sides and reabsorbed all the juices it has released, add the lemon juice, along with the empty peel of the half lemon, pour in half a glass of water and simmer over a gentle heat, until the meat is cooked.
4 Discard the lemon peel, season with salt and pepper, and add the rinsed, drained apricots. If all the cooking liquids have reduced, add more hot water and continue simmering, covered, for another 10–15 minutes, until the apricots are plumped up and soft to the bite, and the sauce has slightly thickened.
5 Serve hot, with a white rice pilav.

Urikli Palov
Pilav with Dried Apricots

4 tablespoons of vegetable or olive oil
500g lamb (cubed)
5 carrots (scraped and cut into strips)
3 onions (roughly chopped)
1 teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon ground turmeric
2 teaspoons cumin seeds
Salt and pepper
1 cup dried apricots (roughly chopped)
2 cups short-grain rice (previously rinsed)
1 whole head of garlic (unpeeled)
4 cups of boiling water

Pilav, or *palov* as it is known there, is the flagship dish of Uzbek cuisine; it is said there are 60 different varieties. They consist mainly of fried or boiled lamb, onions, carrots and rice, with dried fruit such as raisins, prunes or apricots added for variety. Uzbek men pride themselves on their ability to prepare these most sumptuous *palovs*. The chef – *oshpaz* (*aşbaz* in Turkish) – often cooks over an open fire, sometimes serving as many as a thousand people from a single cauldron at weddings and on festive days. It certainly takes experience to prepare such large quantities, and to get the timing right when dealing with 100 kilos of rice. This version with dried apricots is from Tashkent, not far from the Fergana Valley, where large populations of wild apricots still thrive on the skirts of the Tien Shan mountains. It is adapted from a recipe in Lynn Visson's *The Art of Uzbek Cooking* (1999).
1 Heat the oil in a deep pan. Add the meat and stir-fry with a wooden spoon. When all the juices are absorbed and the meat has released its fat, add the carrots and onions and continue frying a little longer.
2 Season with paprika, turmeric, cumin, salt and pepper and add a glass of water. When it is boiling, reduce the heat to a simmer and cook the meat until it is tender and most of the cooking liquid has evaporated.
3 Stir in the apricots and leave to simmer for a further 10 minutes.
4 With the back of the spoon, flatten the surface of the stew. Pour the rice over the top without mixing it into the stew. Place the garlic head whole in the middle and from the side of the pan carefully pour in 4 cups of boiling water. Reduce the heat and simmer, covered and undisturbed, for 15–20 minutes, until the rice is cooked.
5 Allow the covered *palov* to rest a little before serving. Put the whole garlic head to one side. Spoon the rice onto a platter and pile the meat, vegetables and fruit over it, finally replacing the garlic head on top before taking the dish to the table.

Kayisi Hoşafi
Compote of Dried Apricots and Prunes

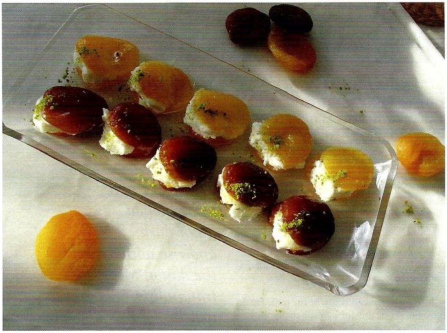
A handful of dried apricots
A handful of prunes
2 heaped tablespoons granulated sugar

Preparing compotes with dried fruit is an old tradition, especially in the winter months, when fresh fruit is rare. According to the 17th-century traveller Evliya Çelebi, the Guild of Compote Makers (Esnaf-ı Hoşabçıyan) ran some 500 shops in Istanbul, and served *hoşafs* (compotes) of both cultivated apricots and the tangier wild apricots (*zerdali*) in crystal bowls. Charles White, in his book *Three Years in Constantinople* in 1844, describes "*kehassy*" (*kayısı*, or apricots) as "abundant" and "small" in size. He observed that immense quantities of sun-dried Damascus apricots were stewed and made into cooling drinks. This refreshing compote is often served with a plate of warm savoury pilav. The golden rule is to soak the dried fruit overnight.
1 After soaking the apricots and prunes, rinse the swollen fruit and place in a pan. Add the sugar and about two glasses of water and bring to the boil. Poach gently for 15–20 minutes.
2 Remove from the heat and leave to cool.
3 Serve chilled.

Kayisi Dondurmasi I
Apricot Sorbet

5–6 ripe fresh apricots
4 tablespoons granulated sugar
Juice of half a lemon

A delightful sorbet prepared in season with ripe apricots, especially good if you can find a fragrant variety. Some recipes recommend



Apricot Dolma: dried apricots with 'kaymak' or clotted cream and a dash of amaretto

dried apricots, or blanching the fresh fruit beforehand, but neither the colour nor the flavour will be as intense. Made with fresh apricots, this sorbet is a winner.

1 Rinse the apricots and halve them.

2 Crack the stones with a hammer or pestle, blanch the kernels briefly in boiling water to remove the skins, and set aside.

3 Prepare a syrup by heating the sugar and half a glass of water, stirring occasionally. When the sugar has dissolved completely, bring to the boil once, then leave to cool.

4 Whizz the apricots to a smooth purée in a food processor or blender. Strain the lemon juice into the purée.

5 Stir in the syrup and mix. Taste, adding more lemon juice or sugar if needed. Chill, covered, and taste again.

6 Freeze the mixture or churn in an ice-cream maker until firm and store in the freezer. Serve the sorbet topped with the kernels of the apricot stones.

Kayisi Dondurmasi II
Apricot Ice cream

5–6 ripe fresh apricots
50ml (about 1.5 oz) double cream or natural yoghurt
4 tablespoons icing sugar

For the most rewarding result, use very fresh apricots, practically direct from the tree. If the apricots are very sweet, reduce the quantity of icing sugar or omit altogether.

1 Rinse the apricots and remove the stones.

2 Crack the stones and set aside the kernels.

3 Whizz the kernels, then the apricots in a food processor or blender. Add the cream or yoghurt and whizz again briefly.

4 Fold in the sugar and taste for sweetness.

5 Serve either chilled or frozen in individual bowls. Amaretti macaroons are a nice touch to complement this fine ice cream.

Kayisili Strudel
Strudel with Apricots and Walnuts

4 sheets baklava yufkası or filo pastry
5 tablespoons butter (melted)

Filling:
1 cup fresh or dried apricots (chopped)
2 cups walnuts (ground)
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon lemon zest
Half a glass milk
Icing sugar to decorate

A salute to Hungary, which is famous for its apricots and its delectable strudels, prepared with homemade, delicate, transparent pastry wrapped round various sweet and savoury fillings. It's not quite the same thing, but this strudel is quick to prepare with shop-bought filo pastry.

1 Spread a sheet of the pastry on a flat surface and brush evenly with butter.

2 Fold the pastry sheet in half and brush again with butter. Prepare the remaining three sheets in the same way.

3 Make the filling by mixing the apricots, walnuts, sugar and lemon zest, adding the milk to give a little moisture.

4 Divide the filling into four and spoon a strip of filling lengthways onto one side of the first of the prepared pastry sheets. Roll the pastry over the filling to form a cylinder, tucking in the ends to seal in the filling.

5 Continue with the remaining three sheets and arrange them neatly seam-side down on a greased baking tray.

6 Brush the strudels with the rest of the butter and bake them in a moderate oven until golden.

7 When cooled a little, finish with a generous dusting of icing sugar, and serve cut into slices.

Kayisi Dolmasi
Dried Apricots Stuffed with Kaymak

8–10 dried apricots
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Kaymak or clotted cream
1 tablespoon amaretto liqueur (optional)
Ground pistachios to decorate

The 15th-century scientist and court physician Şirvani suggests simmering the apricots in honey rather than sugar. In Erzurum, where stuffed apricots are a popular rural speciality, the fruit is stuffed with ground walnuts rather than cream. Simple to prepare, attractive to look at, this dessert goes extremely well with a cup of Turkish coffee at the end of a meal.

1 Rinse the apricots, pat dry with kitchen paper, then use a paring knife to enlarge the opening at the stalk end without separating the two halves.

2 Dissolve the sugar in half a glass of water and bring to the boil. Add the apricots to the syrup, stir in the lemon juice and simmer until the syrup thickens slightly. Remove from the heat and leave to cool completely.

3 Stuff a small piece of *kaymak* or clotted cream into the opening, then arrange these dolma on a serving plate. Spoon over the liquid (with a dash of amaretto liqueur added if you like) and store in the fridge.

4 As a finishing touch, sprinkle a little emerald-green ground pistachio over the clotted cream emerging from the fruit before serving.

Berrin Torolsan, bt@cornucopia.net.
For cookery articles from past issues, see cornucopia.net/cookery

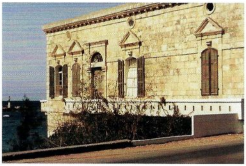
A HAVEN IN THE LEVANT

Weary of the bustle of Beirut, where he was teaching in the 1960s, John Carswell set out to find a home on the coast. In the fishing village of Tabarja, he was seduced by a crumbling Ottoman house that would become his home until civil war tore Lebanon apart

The story of the house (mansion, rather), in which I lived for many years – as so often in my life – was a fortuitous one. I was teaching art at the American University of Beirut (AUB) in the early 1960s, sharing an apartment with a fellow teacher, chain-smoker and alcoholic. When the summer came and he left on vacation, I invited an old friend, Honor Frost, an underwater archaeologist, to come and stay.

She lived in London and when she had been away one summer I had settled in her flat and painted a series of black-and-white panels, mostly abstractions based on the gigantic medieval waterwheels at Hama in Syria, which I had visited the previous year. When Honor returned, she found them (I had naively left them behind). She knew all about the art world and showed them to Erica Brausen, director of the Hanover Gallery in London, who gave me my first exhibition in 1956. I sold nothing and mystified the critics, one of whom said, "It is hard to see what Mr Carswell is up to, or why?" Another accolade read: "The paintings appear to have been the work of an amiable slug."

But back to Beirut... After a while I got sick of life in the city, and one weekend I took a bus north, looking for an alternative. I stopped at Tabarja, a tiny fishing village. There was a café on one side of the bay and I had a drink. I looked across and saw a grand house. I asked who owned it and a man said it belonged to his family and told me something of its history. It had been built by his grandfather, who had emigrated to South America and returned a rich man. He died, and his widow refused to live in it alone. It remained empty until the Second World War, when the French military commander General Weygand lived in it for a time. During an Australian air raid the village was bombed and the house lost its pitched tiled roof. The present owner had a flat concrete roof put in its place, and it remained empty once again.



Left The grand neoclassical stone house, once the home of a French general

Intrigued, I asked if it was for rent. He thought about this for a while then, assuming that as a foreigner I was probably rich, he named a sum well within my means. A contract for the annual rent was signed.

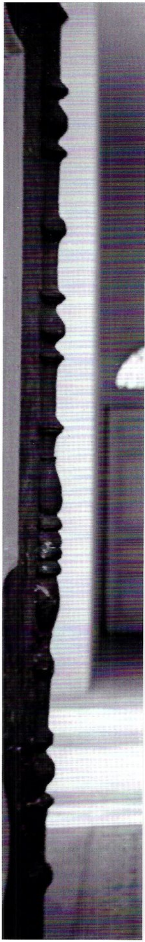
The house was two storeys high, with an outside balcony overlooking the sea and three arched windows. Inside, the central room was flanked by two similar rooms, all with ceilings at least 20ft high. Behind these was a long corridor linking the front and back doors, with two more rooms and a kitchen, a wooden staircase leading up to an attic below the roof, and a primitive lavatory. The whole house was tiled with black-and-white designs.

The spaces were immense, and the only piece of furniture was an imposing wooden armoire, for storing mattresses and bedding during the day, with drawers below. When I had settled in, I chose this room to sleep in. Water was laid on, but no electricity, and for many years I had only paraffin lamps and a torch at night. I learned to go to bed when it got dark and rise with the dawn. The only snag was that my tranquillity was broken every night by the noise of the fishing boats being dragged over the pebbly beach with much shouting and swearing.

I learned to go to bed when it got dark and rise with the dawn. My tranquillity was broken every night by fishing boats being dragged over the pebbly beach with much shouting and swearing

What of the village? Immediately across the road lived Sitt Marie, wife of Abu Yousif, a fisherman. As I was living alone, Sitt Marie decided she had to look after me, do my laundry and clean the house by hosing it down once a week. The other villagers were friendly enough, but conversation was limited by my inability to communicate in my elementary Arabic. This was to change over the years, with the local children learning a little French at school, and later on some English as well. By the time I left everyone was trilingual, like all of Lebanon.

In Beirut I had a three-day-a-week



Right A spacious light-filled hallway linked the front and back entrances, both with fanlights. The imagery on this double front door is Christian

teaching schedule – Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays – which meant that I had no reason to leave home on the other days. I had acquired a *pellissoare*, argot for a sort of covered kayak, and would paddle out of the bay to a group of sandy coves where I could tan and swim in solitude. On Sundays I would venture further afield, with a picnic, taking a bus north to Ras Chekka, where I could clamber down the rocks and repeat the experience. These were the halcyon days of my single life.

The idyll was interrupted by two events.

One day, walking onto the AUB campus, what should I see but the stuffed elephant from the museum collection standing forlornly under a palm tree. I enquired and discovered that a newly appointed American professor was now in charge and had decided that stuffed animals were unscientific. I remonstrated, to be told that he was a professor while I was merely an instructor. I contacted the administration and was informed that it was university

ABOVE THREE WINDOWS ON THE SEASIDE FAÇADE, WHOSE POINTED ARCHES AND TREFOIL-PATTERNED GLASS CAST ATMOSPHERIC SHADOWS IN THE HALLWAY
OPPOSITE LOOKING ACROSS THE HALLWAY FROM ONE CORNER BEDROOM TO ANOTHER. IN HIS BACHELOR DAYS, JOHN CARSWELL WAS LOOKED AFTER BY A HOUSEKEEPER WHO HOSED DOWN THE BLACK-AND-WHITE TILES ONCE A WEEK

property and had to be removed. Could I have it if I bought it, I asked? Certainly. How much was I prepared to pay? I said \$20. Fine, they replied.

Then came the problem of getting it home to Tabarja. I went downtown to the docks, where they had lorries to hire. I found one, and in my rudimentary Arabic asked: "*Bidna camion minshan beruah aljamieh fil illa tabarja – edish?*" ("I want a lorry to take an elephant from the university to Tabarja. How much?"). Shrieking with laughter, they replied: "*ashreen* dollars" – \$20.

We drove the empty truck to the AUB, and there the elephant was. Once it was loaded onto the back of lorry, we set off for Tabarja. I remember oncoming cars swerving in disbelief at the sight of us approaching from the opposite direction. At last we got the animal home and hauled it into the sitting room.

Here a word about the elephant. It was quite small, and could only have been a baby. It was stuffed with straw, with a basket in its

One day walking onto the AUB campus, what should I see but the stuffed elephant from the museum collection standing forlornly under a palm tree

head and a wine barrel inside its body. Also inside its head I discovered a clipping from a French newspaper of 1851, the date of the taxidermist's work. This was significant, as it was the year of the French coup d'état, when it was recorded that Parisians had been so hungry that they were forced to eat the animals in the zoo, including an elephant. But it could not have been mine. This date was also important to me as the year when Marcel Proust's mother was *enceinte* (pregnant), so my elephant, stuffed at the same time (forgive the vulgarity), was christened Marcel. Alas, I have never been able to determine its sex, but never mind. The neat bullet hole in its head shows how it died. Its ivory tusks had been replaced by wooden facsimiles. Marcel's arrival in the village caused consternation, and for months afterwards children knocked on the door, asking to see it.

The second event was the arrival of Peggy, my future wife, and her three children. They had no problem with Marcel, but where to house them? Determined not to destroy the essential character of the house, we put Martha and Kathy in the room opposite ours, and Andy in the back room next to the kitchen. Kathy at that time wanted to practise as a dancer, so we installed a barre and built a stage with a trapdoor on which she could perform, and under which the beds, on castors, could be rolled during the day. I learned as a surrogate father that children have imaginative minds; they would devise plays and performances, often using the trapdoor for the emergence or retreat of the cast (usually Andy).

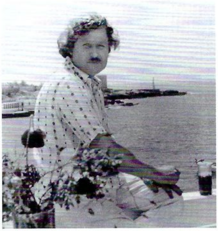
But then the civil war came and we had to leave our house, Tabarja, the university and our lives in Lebanon. In our absence, a notice was posted on the front door saying that no one was to enter.

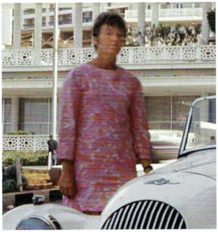
On our return to Lebanon we went to the

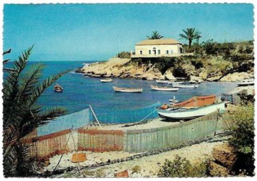
Kathy wanted to be a dancer, so we installed a barre and built a stage, under which the beds on castors could be rolled during the day

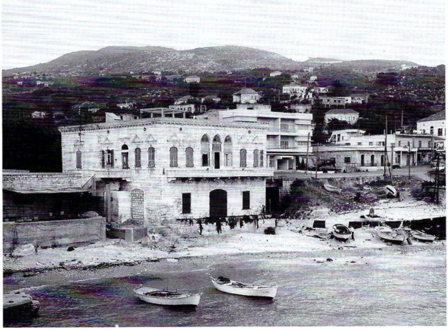
THIS PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM BELOW A POSTCARD OF THE BAY AND FISHING NETS SEEN FROM TABARJA'S CAFÉ; ONCE PEGGY AND HER CHILDREN ARRIVED, THE HOUSE FILLED UP – HERE ARE THE AMERICAN PAINTER JOHN FERREN, IN THE SUIT, WITH MARCEL THE 19TH-CENTURY ELEPHANT; PEGGY WITH JOHN'S BELOVED MORGAN, THE SUBJECT OF HIS LATEST BOOK; A VIEW OF THE HOUSE FROM ACROSS THE BAY; JOHN PERCHING ON THE BALCONY WALL

OPPOSITE THE BEAUTIFUL SPARTAN HALLWAY. THE HOUSE HAD NO ELECTRICTY









village to retrieve our belongings. We had hardly been back any time when our landlord's son asked us to come to his house. We went with heavy hearts, fearing the worst. We knocked on the door to find all our old friends from the village there to greet us. It was really to say goodbye, as they knew we would never return again. We all cried. And we never did return. ◆

John Carswell is an authority on Turkish ceramics and blue-and-white porcelain. His most recent book is 'Speedy Motor: Travels Across Asia and the Middle East in a Morgan' (IB Tauris, £25)

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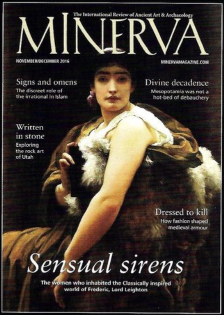
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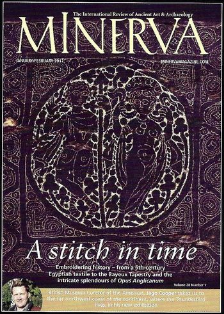
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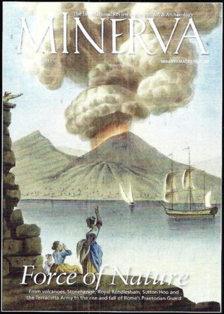
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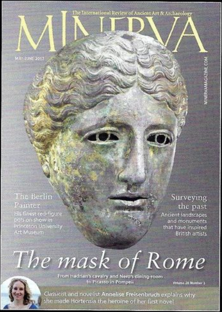
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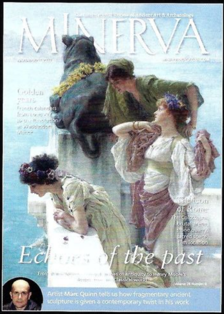
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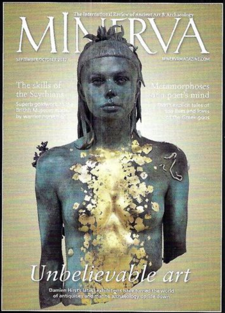
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Village Voices

Azize Ethem recalls the fulfilment of a teenage dream – a longing to visit the ruined desert city of Palmyra. Back home in Iznik, the lake plays host to its summer visitors: egrets and herons, kingfishers and ibis. Now it is time to make ready for the rigours of winter

DURING MY WINTER STAY in London my daughter, Sara, took me to a presentation by Prof. Bob Ousterhout of the photographs taken by John Henry Haynes in Palmyra in 1885. Sara guides me with much patience through tube stations and the intricacies of travelling through the city. Without her help I would have been a bundle of nerves when, and if, I'd arrived at the desired destination.

The ruins of the city of Palmyra had been on my wish list since I was 14, when, visiting a friend for the weekend, we were given permission by her father to read any of the books in his library apart from those on the top shelf. We managed in those two days to read two top-shelf books: *The Scourge of the Swastika* by Lord Russell of Liverpool, and *The Wilder Shores of Love* by Lesley Blanch.

To this day I vividly remember the graphic photographs in Lord Russell's book – in stark contrast to the story of the life of Jane Elizabeth Digby, one of four women whose lives it described. Brought up as I was in an all-female home ruled by my mother's extreme puritanical views, and with the wrath of her very angry god hovering over me, Jane – so very beautiful and so deliciously wicked – became my heroine. Born in 1807, in 1824 she was married to Edward Law, 2nd Baron Ellenborough, 17 years her senior. Jane, generous in love but lacking in discretion, was divorced by Lord Ellenborough six years later, following affairs with her cousin and Prince Felix Schwarzenberg. Divorce in 1830 was only possible by an act of Parliament and the ensuing scandal made living in England impossible for her. After moving to Paris she had two children with Prince Felix, but I imagine his marrying a fallen woman was not on the cards.

Over the next 13 years she notched up two more husbands, one without legally shedding the first. She was the lover of Ludwig I of Bavaria and later of a Greek count who was challenged to a duel by husband number two. She then became the lover of King Otto of Greece, followed by an affair with a hero of the Greek Revolution, Christodoulos. I love the fact that she walked out on him when he was unfaithful to her with her maid. In these years she had several children who were brought up by her various lovers' and husbands' families.

Now in her mid-forties, and having left Christodoulos, she sensibly retained the maid and made her way to the Middle East, settling in Damascus. She had not been there long before she started planning an excursion to the ancient ruins of the desert city of Palmyra – fascinated, I imagine, by the history of the warrior queen Zenobia of the third century AD. Such a trip was not only arduous but dangerous too. A Bedouin chieftain, Sheik Abdul Medjuel el Mezrab, with a group of his tribesmen, was hired as a guide and for protection from Bedu raiders. After six weeks of preparation, Jane, an accomplished rider, set out on an adventure that would have been far from comfortable.

Jane fell madly in love with the much younger Medjuel, and after sorting out the thorny problem of an earlier wife they were married in an Islamic ceremony. This marriage lasted, the couple living half the year in the sumptuous house Jane built just outside the city walls and the remainder of the year in a Bedouin tent with Medjuel's tribe. Jane died in Damascus at the age of 74 and is buried in the Protestant graveyard.

Once I had moved to Saudi Arabia and then on to Turkey, I planned to visit the city of Palmyra which Jane had so loved. My husband, Selim, and I visited his family in Syria many times but on each visit family luncheons, dinners and outings took precedence and the desert city remained out of reach. But I did manage to see Jane's Damascus house, by then dilapidated and occupied by half a dozen families. And I visited the cemetery in the suburb of Dimashq, where I found her grave with the pink limestone slab from Palmyra placed at its foot by her Bedouin love.

Eleven years ago I made the trip to Syria alone, without the knowledge of Syrian relatives. I visited Le Krak des Chevaliers, Hommes, Hama, Aleppo and lastly Palmyra. Unlike Jane, I travelled the 200-odd kilometres from Aleppo through the desert to Palmyra on an ancient bus. The desert was bleak and uninteresting, nothing like the beautiful Rub' al Khali of Saudi Arabia. But the city, with its lush oasis, was all I expected. And thank the gods I went when I did. As we all know, Palmyra has been decimated, and even if it is restored it will not be the same in my lifetime.

IN SPRING I SPENT LAZY HOURS watching egrets and herons standing like statues in the shallows as they waited to swoop on an unsuspecting fish or frog. A kingfisher would suddenly dive with a splash, then fly at speed to a nearby reed. A pair of great crested grebes in full summer plumage were courting further out in the deeper water. Moorhens, along with two male mallards, came and went. In late afternoon the swallows and house martins swooped and wheeled as they fed on midges. For the first time since I have lived here, a pair of glossy ibis arrived and stayed for the summer.

People always ring if they are appearing after dark, as it is rumoured I have a gun and would happily use it – a rumour I have no plans to dispel! The thought of standing in the freezing cold holding a torch as they scurry around the field fills me with dread every time the phone rings after dark. This year's late frosts had Mehmet regularly phoning after ten at night to say he was coming to replace the fleeces he had removed from the young bean plants in my field.

In early July dead fish started to wash up on my sliver of lake shore at the rate of three or four a day over several weeks – all of the same species and about the same size. I have yet to find the cause, try as I may. My friend Dorothy is sure the lake was contaminated in the winter by raw sewage leaking from a village at the other end. Others blame less-than-organic sprays and fertilisers used by local farmers. One villager assured me it was caused by the reeds fringing the shore. The weirdest explanation was that the Wildlife and Fisheries Department had put a chemical in the water to poison fish not native to the lake. How a chemical could be selective I had no idea. It was like myxomatosis, I was told, for fish instead of rabbits. The verdict is still open.

Now summer is coming to a close, with the daytime temperatures far more pleasing. A new crop of beans is almost ready for harvesting and the list of pre-winter chores continues to grow. The storks, herons and egrets have migrated, but the pair of glossy ibis is still here.

Roll on autumn and winter. The sound of rain on the roof, wood fires and that pile of reading to get through. ◆

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Culture shocks

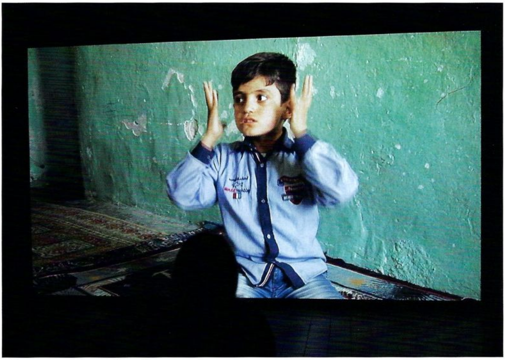
Istanbul is suddenly full of powerful and unsettling art. Andrew Finkel feels the pain at this year's Biennial

Istanbul transforms itself this autumn – as it does every two years – into a treasure hunt for contemporary art. One of the attractive features of the Istanbul Biennial is that it is dispersed, along with a host of neighbouring events, over a variety of venues and neighbourhoods. This is all to the point of the 15th edition, entitled *A Good Neighbour*, and curated by the Scandinavian duo Elmgreen & Dragset.

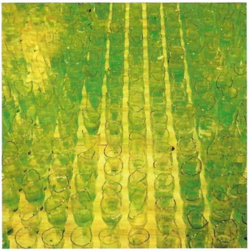
The title drips irony. All the images here are about experiencing alienation and the inhospitable rather than overcoming differences. All, except bottom left, are at the Galata Greek Primary School in Karaköy. There is a green lawn of upturned jagged Coke bottles by South African Lungiswa Gqunta, and a corrugated camp for displaced persons by Olaf Metzel. An *Alice-in-Wonderland* maze, with smaller and smaller portals, is designed by Leander Schönweger to disorientate.

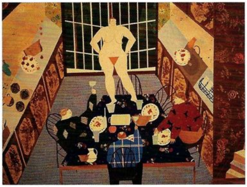
Wonderland is also the title of a deeply affecting video by Mardin-born Erkan Özgen of 13-year-old Mohammed, deaf and mute, who mimes the horror of fleeing his Islamic State-controlled home in Syria. ◆

Entrance to events is free but you have to register, either at venues themselves or, to avoid queues, online at 5bziyaret.iksv.org. Tours are held daily except Sunday at Istanbul Modern, the Galata Greek Primary School and Pera Museum (TL30 single tours, TL55 for all three). Book at rehberlitur@iksv.org, +90 212 334 0832

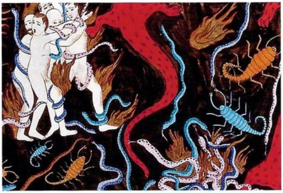


'Wonderland', Erkan Özgen's poignant video of a child miming the horrors of war in Syria

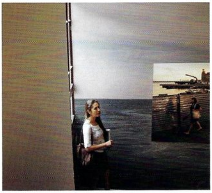




Above 'A Jealous Person', by the self-taught American painter Andrea Joyce Heimer, who likes 'to expose painful and embarrassing realities in a matter-of-fact visual manner'
Left Lungiswa Gqunta's 'South African Lawn'



A detail from Canan's solo exhibition 'Behind Mount Qaf', at Arter, Beyoğlu, until December 24



Face to face with Ali Taptik's photo narrative 'Friends and Strangers'

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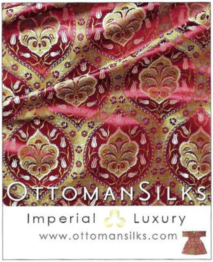
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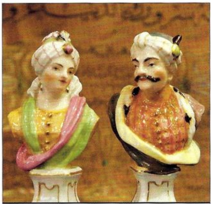
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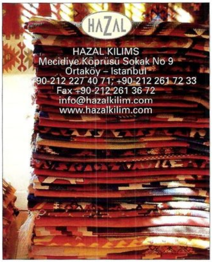
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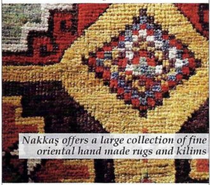
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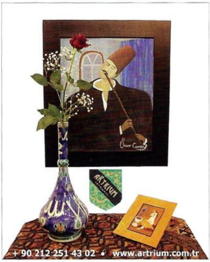
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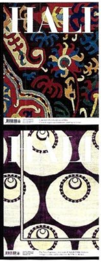

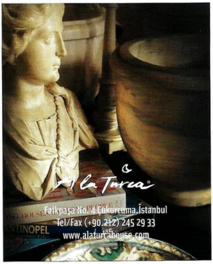
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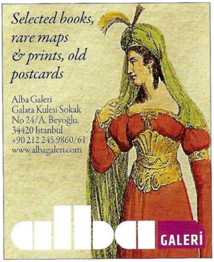
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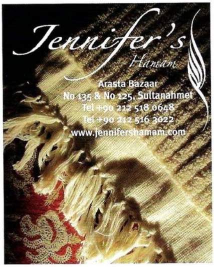
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Heart and head

Andrew Finkel goes in search of something new. He hits the bullseye with a cheap and cheerful joint serving scrumptious Syrian food, and an Oriental fantasy with modern meze

Deep in the annals of this magazine is a review of the Sevgi Ciğer Salonu (The Love Liver Parlour), a dive in the city of Şanlıurfa, where they serve offal from breakfast until late at night, all on heart-shaped metal plates. You can order actual heart as well, not to mention kidney and, for those with an appetite for the classical humours, a helping of spleen.

Heart, though probably no more artery-clogging than bacon and eggs, is not my preferred way of starting the day. Even so, I have begun to wonder whether heart is not the missing ingredient in Istanbul's dining scene. I refer to the abstract, non-thumping kind – a belief by restaurants in the food they serve, a sense of enjoyment, a rejection of the formulaic and a commitment now and then to try something new.

I don't want to be too disparaging. Many Istanbul restaurants have an intimate relationship with their clientele – we all have our favourite meyhane where the owner or the slightly obsequious head waiter makes you feel welcome. But aeons can go by before the menu changes, and as with a friend whose stories you have heard more than once, you visit as much out of loyalty as in expectation of being entertained.

The alternative is an establishment that relies on a concept. Many of the top-end restaurants in Istanbul, as elsewhere, involve huge investments and rely on corporate strategy. You go for the theatre and sometimes the novelty and quite often the food – but the danger of being a habitué is that the glamour fades.

I come to all this from an odd perspective. I have been spending time in West Flanders, a coastal province of Belgium between France and Holland and a region where there is a healthy ratio of Michelin entries to head of population. There are meyhane equivalents – restaurants which serve the same steamed mussels or rib-eye steak, lots of chips and very good beer – but there is a whole school of small restaurants (often run by the husband in the kitchen and the wife in the front of house) that are quietly adventurous and bent on innovation. They serve what they believe in, including a different set lunch every day. And they do what they want. My favourite bistro is so confident of its relationship to its clientele that it is closed at weekends (and on Wednesdays too).

So, on my return to Istanbul I decided that I had to go in search of excitement and, to my credit, I discovered that the city now has a brand-new genre of ethnic food. There are a slew of restaurants near the Fatih Mosque on Akşemettin Avenue catering to the city's new Syrian community. I hit the bullseye first time with **Saruja**: brightly lit, no alcohol, a place to go if you're hungry, not on a first date. The cooks hustling in an open kitchen nearly outnumbered the customers, and the waiters were helpful and courteous. The cold appetisers were really delicious, although the stuffed vine leaves stewed in… was it sumac or lemon juice?… were outrageously sour.

Saruja is famous for its flatbreads laden with meat, and for meat cooked in clay dishes sealed with dough, but also for home cooking that doesn't appear on menus elsewhere. The choice is almost as huge as the portions and it was all very cheap. Our favourite dish was the bulgur dumplings stuffed with meat presented in a hot yoghurt sauce (*kibbeh labaniyyeh*). As a rule, I like falafel, and these were the tastiest I can remember – small, with a thick layer of crunch and not at all greasy, plus (you guessed it) shaped like a heart.

It is not so much heart on display in **Aila** as brain, and happily it comes in the form of intelligence in the kitchen. Chef Umut Karakuş is from the east of Turkey and cordon-bleu-trained and skilfully weaves together both traditions. He made a name for himself as one of the pioneers of what I call "modern meze", improvisations on traditional hors d'oeuvres. So Circassian "chicken" is actually duck ground with simit and walnut. The hummus comes with parsley oil and porcini mushrooms. If this sounds over-fussy, in practice the food is a) full of different flavours and b) visually stunning. Nazuktan, a cold aubergine salad enriched with clotted cream and encased in a porcupine armour of almond flakes, was even better.

Aila is a restaurant at the heart of the newly opened Fairmont Quasar Istanbul. The hotel is part of a high-rise development in what had been the old Galatasaray stadium, just before Mecidiyeköy. It is very easy to get to from Taksim or from the Büyükdere business district but is not in itself an obvious destination. So, rightly, the restaurant sets out to be a self-contained universe – a sort of Milanese-designed Oriental fantasy. There is a library lined not with hide-bound editions of Walter Scott, the pages still uncut, but of jars of different spices. A bright high-arched rakı bar displays nearly every variety of the anise-infused firewater known to man. They go well with the meze, but there is an extensive wine list as well. ◆

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Serene in the wide, wide spaces

'I don't write for others, I don't even write for myself, I just write,' said Yaşar Kemal, arguably Turkey's greatest novelist. Roger Norman recommends his powerful novel *The Undying Grass,* which tells of the Yalak villagers who walk down from the Taurus Mountains each year to harvest cotton on the baking, inhospitable plains of Çukurova

I've been reading Yaşar Kemal's *The Undying Grass* and wishing he had been given the Nobel Prize instead of Patrick White in 1973. White was a remarkable novelist and did an excellent job in shocking the Australian establishment, but his books were too awkward and too particular to win prizes against the likes of Yaşar Kemal, who had everything it takes to be a national literary hero. Kemal belonged to an ancient storytelling tradition, was interested in the common man, knew the life of the villages, objected to privilege and its abuse, and produced a faithful record of the passing of the old Türkmen glories – a seminal passage of Turkish history that was also examined, in a different medium and from a somewhat different angle, by Turkey's most celebrated cineaste, Yılmaz Güney, in *The Herd* (*Sürü*).

I suggested to my students at Anadolu University that the Swedes missed a trick in honouring Orhan Pamuk and not Yaşar Kemal – something like a foreign lecturer in London preferring Dickens to Martin Amis, I suppose. My students received this sally politely, no doubt thinking I'm just an old foreigner with a predilection for the past. True, I feel a mild nostalgia for the great age of the Türkmen tent-dwellers, but what engaged me in *The Undying Grass* was the depiction of ordinary village folk: combative, envious, temperamental, prey to sudden passions and, on the other hand, courageous, compassionate, tender, affectionate.

The story concerns a young man taking revenge on the *muhtar*, the village headman, who has persecuted and humiliated him, but the villagers also persecute and humiliate each other. Even police officers hunting the murderer – locals in uniform – are far from mere bullies. The interrogation of the suspect is carried out in a humane (almost kindly) way, and by the time the trial is done and the sentence passed he appears forgiven, not only by his fellow villagers but by the officials. The *muhtar* was a bad man and everyone knew it.

There is a parallel even-handedness in the treatment of the cotton bosses. The underlying reality of the social and economic order is captured in a sharp, unmistakable vignette: "The agha's men stood behind those dust-smothered mud-caked heaps of rags that were the labourers. Their white linen suits were carefully pressed. They wore white shoes and wide-brimmed hats and held large black umbrellas open against the sun. Their eyes rested with disgust and impatience on the crawling cotton pickers and whenever one of them overlooked a boll of cotton he would receive a merciless kick in the ribs." Yet the only boss we actually meet in the story – the man for whom our hill-villagers have been working – is decent and fair, paying the same for cotton muddied by the rain as for the pure white bolls of the early-season harvest.

The villagers hound a formerly revered miracle-worker when his gift deserts him. Old Halil is beaten up for the theft of a sack of cotton, which he planned to give to someone whose need was greater than his own and who is later given a terrible thrashing for abandoning his mother in their empty village – she was too old and frail to make the journey. There is a suggestion these acts of violence are partly instigated by the moods of the Çukurova itself, its infernal heat, its dense swarms of mosquitoes, the gruelling labour under the sun. The storms that should bring relief find the leaks in the thatch to soak the sleeping workers before ripping off the roofs and tossing them into the fields. "No writer can be a great novelist without their own Çukurova," Yaşar Kemal once said. His own Çukurova, with its plants and soils and trees and weathers, was the reflection of temper and mood, the agent of mischief and disaster. It is economic necessity that forces the hill-villagers to migrate each summer to the cotton fields, their fears, envies and anxieties intensified by the fecund, foetid, brutal Çukurova plain.

White-shoed overseers kicking labourers in rags belong to a former age. Yet the basic economic order has altered little and migrant labour is on the rise, in Turkey as elsewhere. The agricultural development model bandied about at the UN 20 years ago looked forward to family-sized farms with a tractor and a bank loan, reliant on local labour as before, but on both sides of the Aegean, industrial-scale agriculture arrived with a vengeance, skipping intermediate stages, forcing smallholders into the towns and increasing reliance on the seasonal migrant.

Ten years ago on the island of Euboia, every fig was picked by the orchards' owners but now nearly all the harvesting is done by Albanians. They don't get kicked,

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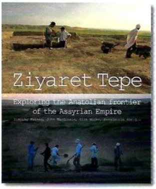
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Exploring the Anatolian frontier of the Assyrian Empire

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I hope, nor do the landowners, turn up to watch the work with umbrellas against the sun, but there's a sharp social divide between the Greek residents and the Albanian birds of passage, even when some of the latter find houses locally and settle in.

In central Anatolia most migrant labourers come from the southeast, travelling up in convoys in early summer and returning home to Urfa or Adıyaman when the last sugar beet has been thrown up onto the trucks and the last corncob snapped from its stem. The camp I saw was neat, the children are schooled in mobile classrooms, there's a salaried sergeant (*çavuş*) to liaise with the authorities. Indirectly, Yaşar Kemal's stories may have helped create more benign conditions for migrant workers. "I don't write for others," he said, "I don't even write for myself, I just write." There was always a political dimension, nevertheless.

Reading of Spellbound Ahmet, Mangy Veli and a man known as Shirtless after a grandfather who was always giving his shirt to someone without one, I wondered how far Yaşar Kemal wrote what he had seen and known and how far he embroidered for dramatic purposes. Did the old women really harbour dreams of meeting the King of the Fairies, who would put everything right? Did the villagers believe in the 40 immortals existing somewhere on a summit in the Taurus Mountains? Was Old Halil, a notorious miscreant and liar, capable of this profound and beautiful observation of an eagle confronting its death?

"That one you see up there all by itself, that aged, mighty eagle will never go back to its eyrie. It will never rejoin the flock. It is a noble eagle, not afraid to be alone. It will stay wheeling up there in the wide, wide sky, solitary, until it dies. No living creature will ever get near it again and it will never alight on this earth, not on any tree, or rock, never… I have a great respect for these old, stray eagles, those exalted creatures that choose death in the skies, that feel their death approaching and soar off to meet it in the high infinity of the heavens. Only when they are dead do they drop back to earth. Yes, my son, they wheel and wheel endlessly, these mighty old eagles, serene in the wide, wide spaces, high up in the blue immensity… On and on they fly until their wings are still. From west to east, from east to west, they rove the sky, and that's where they die, far up in the heavens where the stars are. But for the very old of the human race death comes wretchedly as to a crawling worm." ◆

Roger Norman is a novelist and teacher living in Eskişehir; rnorman@anadolu.edu.tr

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